**THE COMMUNISTS OFFERED ME FREE LOVE** BY M. GOLDGA
COLLEGE STUDENT

OCT. 14,
1939

# Liberty

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1939

## HOW FOREIGN NATIONS POISON OUR MINDS, Will Irwin

## PIGSKIN PROPHECIES –Norman Sper Forecasts Way Big Teams Will Finish

# "Hey-look at the new car Skinny's dad just bought!"

## ...AND REMEMBER THIS WHEN YOU LOOK AT ANY 1940 CAR:

- This year the automobile manufacturers have outdone themselves in offering more for your money—in beauty, luxury, safety and *performance.*

But remember: *You've* got to do your part if you want all of that 1940 performance. That means using a gasoline of high enough anti-knock quality to permit your car dealer to deliver your car tuned-up for full power and economy.

You see, under the hood of every modern car is an important device—the spark adjustment—that controls engine performance.

The farther the spark is advanced, up to the point of maximum power, the better the performance. But it cannot be advanced any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline you use permits—or the engine will "knock" or "ping," *lose* power and economy.

That's why the better the grade of gasoline you use in your car, the better your engine's performance, as shown at the right.

### EVERY MODERN CAR HAS 3 GRADES OF PERFORMANCE

**BEST PERFORMANCE**—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

**GOOD PERFORMANCE**—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines now contain tetraethyl lead, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

**POOR PERFORMANCE**—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be retarded—which means loss of power and economy.

**THIS MONDAY NIGHT...** Tune in **"Tune-up Time,"** featuring Andre Kostelanetz, Tony Martin, Kay Thompson. Columbia Broadcasting System, 8 P.M., E.S.T.; 7 P.M., C.S.T.—10 P.M., M.S.T.; 9 P.M., P.S.T.

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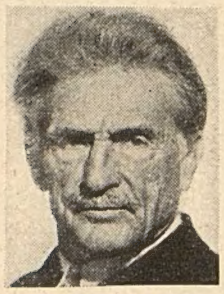
OCTOBER, 14, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 41

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

# BUSINESS HAS FAILED . . . GOVERNMENT WILL TAKE IT OVER



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The responsibility for all the evils that have come to us through unemployment—and the billions of additional indebtedness—have been declared by many government officials to be due to faults of business.

Business is to blame for the huge WPA relief fund . . . for the millions that are on the dole. And we are now informed that if business fails to recover and remove many of these difficulties, the government will step in and take over business . . . that it will go into the investment banking business, finance the expansion of business . . . railroads, bridges, housing, toll truck highways, small businesses, and other enterprises.

It will do this through special governmental corporations to be semi-independent, lending direct, borrowing direct . . . all guaranteed and backed by the government.

It has been stated by some Washington officials that this colossal effort to take over business by the government will be termed the "compensatory fiscal policy."

There have been many caustic complaints about the activities of the present administration in the business world, and these past efforts of this nature are apparently minute in character compared to that which is forecast for the future.

The business leaders who have had a lifetime of training, who have learned to fill their jobs efficiently by the hard knocks that come with years of experience, will be replaced by political favorites. We can well imagine what will happen to the business world if such a plan is carried out.

The government to take over business! Now, can we call that anything else but Fascism? We hear severe criticism of regimentation in Germany and Italy; but if this governmental plan is carried out, it will certainly be a duplication of Hitler's technique.

In Germany and Italy the business is controlled by the government. Business men and the workers, please note, are given orders from governmental sources. There are no strikes or lockouts . . . no unruly labor leaders . . . there democracy has been destroyed absolutely.

And how about the past efforts of our government in various businesses? Have they succeeded? Would it not be more accurate to say that if they had been backed by private capital they would all be bankrupt?

Naturally, government officials can go into business when the government pays the losses. Here is where the taxpayer has to bear the load.

Business may have failed to take up the slack, as it has often been termed in the unemployment field; but there are many reasons for this failure, which have been enumerated on this page on many occasions.

The government should dispose of every enterprise it is now conducting which competes with private business. They should be sold out for the best price that can be secured.

Instead of being tax "eaters," they would then become taxpayers.

If this administration had given appropriate attention to law enforcement and avoided the wild schemes that it hoped might remedy the depression, undoubtedly we would have been in the midst of prosperity many years ago.

The 1940 election is near at hand. The New Deal has made an all-time record for reckless experimenting and wasteful extravagance . . . wild spending without apparently realizing that all these losses must be paid some day . . . thoughtlessly mortgaging our children and our children's children. But with the election near at hand the New Deal has to make a showing. Some reason has to be publicized for their failure to bring about the much desired prosperity promised by their quack remedies, and they will do the best they can to place the onus of this failure where it cannot be traced to their own incompetence, and business will be made to take a large part of the blame.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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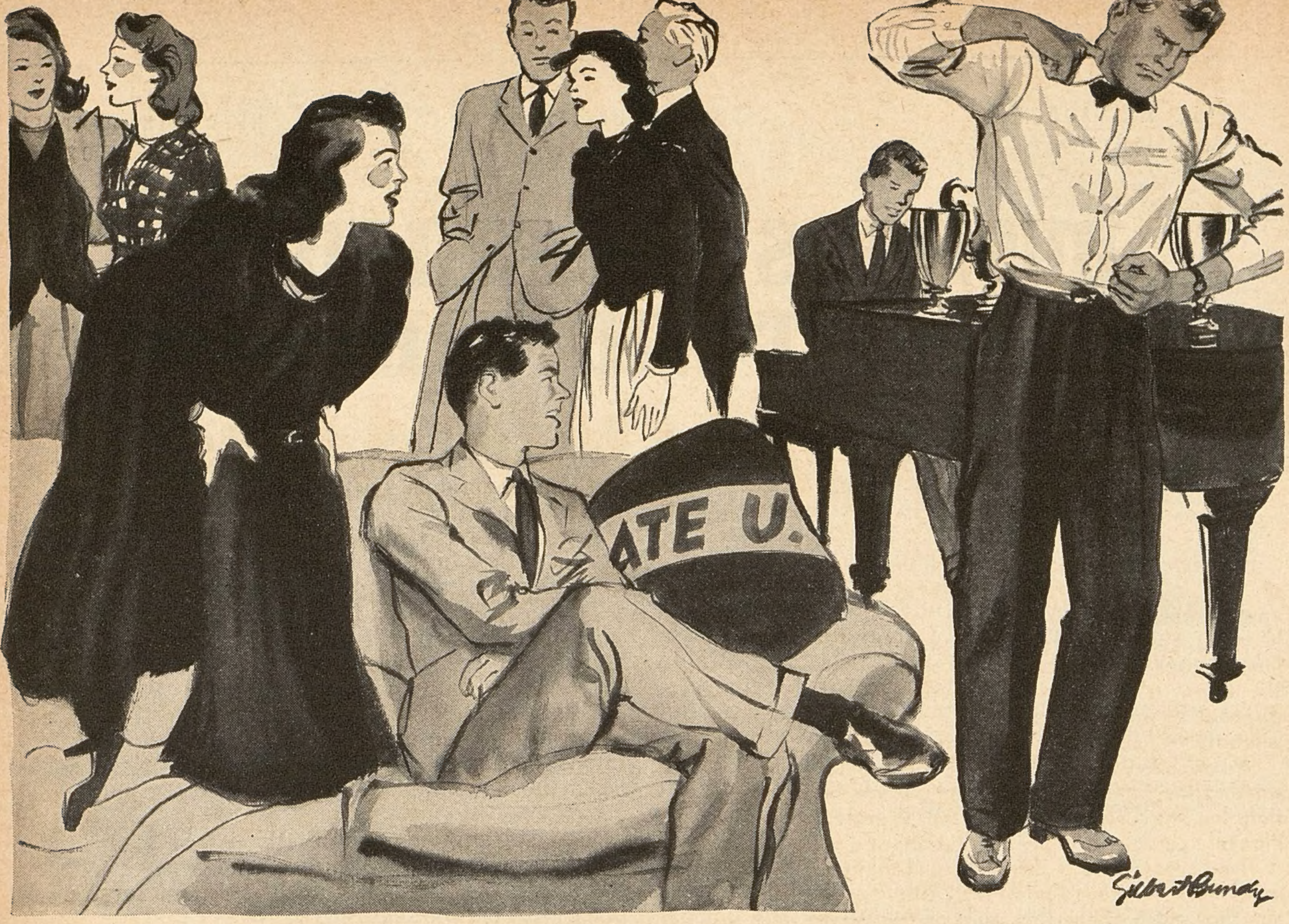


## "So that's your All-American football hero, hey?"

**GIRL:** *Wel-l, Bill may look sort of funny right now, but—*

**BOY:** What's he go in for? Stealing freshmen's shirts?

**GIRL:** *Now, don't start being nasty! His shirts probably* shrink, *the way lots of people's do.*

**BOY:** Not mine. Not smart guys' shirts. We buy ours *Sanforized-Shrunk.*

**GIRL:** *Oh, you mean "pre-shrunk"? My brother says that's not so hot.*

**BOY:** Not pre-shrunk—*Sanforized-*Shrunk! There's a pile of difference, sugar-pie. Sanforizing is a special process—patented and all that. Takes all the shrinkage out of a fabric to within a measly 1%, by Government Standard Test. Says so on the tags.

**GIRL:** *What's that—in shirt language, I mean?*

**BOY:** Won't shrink out of size, angel-puss. You can wash Sanforized-Shrunk shirts until they wear out—and they'll still fit to perfection. Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas—ditto!

**GIRL:** *Sounds wonderful! But I suppose they must cost a lot more.*

**BOY:** Naw! You don't pay *extra* for Sanforizing. All sorts of shirts are Sanforized-Shrunk this year—at all prices. All you have to do is to be sure and look for the label.

**GIRL:** *Oh—excuse me a minute, please. I just thought of something I'd like to tell Bill—*

**BOY:** (To himself) Well, bite my tongue off! To think *I* gave *that* big oaf a break!

***And did you know this?***

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized-Shrunk now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

*Women's Dresses*

*Children's Garments*

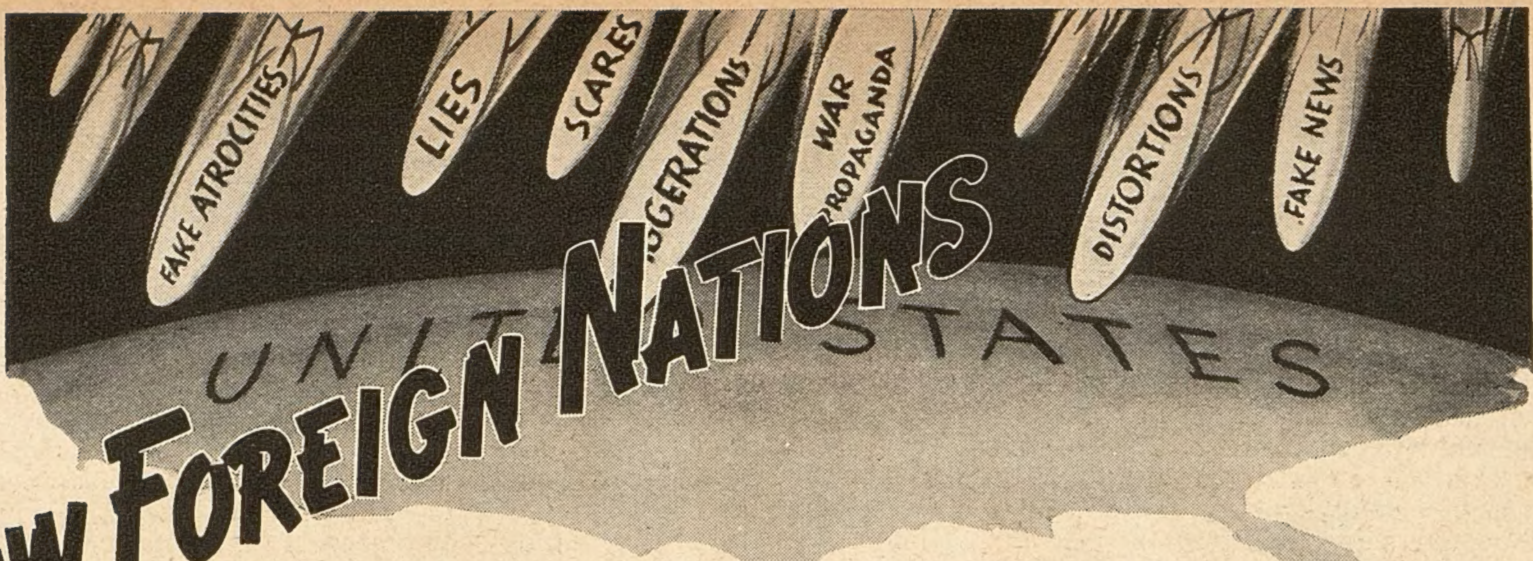
*Work Clothes, Overalls*

*New Flannelettes*

*Wash Uniforms*

*Trousers, Slacks*

*To be sure of* ***permanent*** *fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk*



# How Foreign Nations POISON OUR MINDS

## New light on propaganda's way with us in wartime! Will we be suckers again?

### BY WILL IRWIN

Herbert Hoover suggested to the editor of Liberty this series of articles on the propaganda fired at Americans by the European Powers before we entered the World War. "The way we were propagandized by both sides," he put it, "is all in the War Library at Stanford University. A few scholars have looked them over, but no newspaper or magazine. The propaganda section of the library is the greatest collection of 'part truth' in the world. It is at your disposal. It is timely again, for with another war going on, foreign governments will naturally use the same tactics to drag us in or keep us out."

We found subsequently from other sources that one side at least is already working the same old game, and we have added that story to the new revelations on the propaganda of the World War which Will Irwin found in the Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace—to give its full title.

This library itself is interesting. During the World War, Mr. Hoover, in his relief work, journeyed constantly from London to Berlin to Paris. It occurred to him that much of the literature of the World War was fugitive and ephemeral and would be lost to historians in the future because no one collected it at the time. With this idea as a beginning, he established collection agencies in all the belligerent countries. At the peace, the material was shipped to Stanford University. From this beginning he expanded the whole idea, and after the armistice twenty-three governments in Europe co-operated with Mr. Hoover in building up the greatest collection on the war that exists today.

Not content to limit it to the war, Mr. Hoover has steadily directed the collections to include the social, revolutionary, and economic consequences of the war. The collections on Communism, Fascism, Nazism, Socialism, and upon other vital economic and social results of the war, now outdistance all others.

The library contains 160,000 books, some 6,000,000 documents, and some 10,000,000 other items. It has been endowed by private funds from many sources, and a beautiful tower building is being erected at Stanford University to house it and to accommodate the hundreds of students (many from Europe) who are engaged in constant research work.

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**READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

EUROPE has plunged into a new World War. Of course the general staffs, laying their plans for a slaughter beyond precedent, are taking into major account the attitude and influence of the United States, potentially the greatest military Power in the world. The democracies, remembering that we turned the balance in their favor last time, want us again—of course. The totalitarian Powers, realizing perfectly that our national sympathies lean toward their enemies, are considering, as they did in 1914, ways to prevent us not only from taking military action but from giving aid and comfort through loans and supplies.

Not only are they planning; they are beginning to act. The chief instrument for bringing about such an effect as the manipulators of Europe desire is the same one they used in 1914-17—that "new arm of the service" propaganda. We shall be lied to as persistently as in 1914-17—and far more intelligently. For propaganda has improved immeasurably during the twenty years of nominal peace.

It may help to armor us against our ordeal of the 1940s if I review some of the grosser and more easily disprovable lies dispensed among us during our period of neutrality in the World War. The foresight of one great human figure in the World War has preserved for us these awful examples. The Hoover Library of War, Revolution, and Peace, described elsewhere on this page, comprises, in the part already unpacked and classified, stack after stack of the fugitive matter with which the European Powers flooded us in those days.

Let us begin with the losers in this struggle to win American sympathies—the Germans. Contrary to general impression, they, not the British, took the initiative. Before 1914 the Great General Staff or the Foreign Office, or both, had surveyed every nation whose attitude might affect Germany in case of the impending general war—its press, its popular psychology, and any peculiarities, such as special minority groups, which might come in handy. In the United States they had gone beyond mere study by encouraging German-born Americans and even their sons and daughters to form societies which would keep alive the love of the fatherland. Also, they had made large German firms with branch offices here—notably the Hamburg-American Line—agencies for the distribution of their commercial propaganda. Finally, they had placed several brilliant young men on large American newspapers and in advertising agencies, to learn our advanced American methods of ballyhoo. And at the zero hour of August 1, 1914, they put this machinery to work.

However, the course of events threw them at once on to the defensive. The Germans invaded Belgium. Rumors, grabbed eagerly by the British newspapers and by a few sensational American correspondents, exaggerated some rough work on their part into unprecedented sadistic butchery —"the blood-dripping Hun." This luck followed the German propagandists through the war. No sooner would they begin to get going than the home government would burn Louvain, start submarine warfare on passenger ships, sink the Lusitania or the Essex, send Zeppelins to drop bombs on cities, give British propaganda a foothold by shooting Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, manage its courier service so awkwardly that the British could seize and publish documents proving plots to sabotage our factories, actually blow up munitions plants as in the Black Tom affair, or—final calamity—encourage Mexico to attack us, with the promise of Texas and New Mexico as a reward.

Dr. Bernhard Dernburg came over early in the war to take charge of the propaganda job in the United States. That we should ever enter the war on the German side was too much to hope. But we might be prevented from entering on the Allied side—a danger always present in view of constant provocation. And an "educated" public sentiment might force Congress to prohibit shipments of munitions to the Allies. To accomplish all this, the Germans set up a pressure group—first, Americans of German, Austrian, or Hungarian birth or blood, outraged by what they considered libels against the fatherland; second, the revolutionary Irish or Irish-Americans, eager for a reckoning with England; third, a few minor elements like a faction among the Swedes. A majority faction in the Socialist Party called it a "capitalist war" and declared for neutrality, thus playing the German game.

TO this bloc they tried, with minor successes, to add the Jews. That sounds grimly humorous now, but it is a fact. The chief hold was Jewish resentment against Russia, which, in pogroms under leadership of the reactionary Protopopoff, had massacred Jews by thousands. There were failures, too. German agents tried to stir up the Negroes to revolt. This was a dud. In advance of the Ku Klux Klan, they tried to raise anti-Catholic feeling against France and Italy, with no better luck. David Lamar, "the wolf of Wall Street," with $500,000 of German money as a first payment, started a labor organization pledged to prevent the shipment of munitions. English-born Samuel Gompers blocked that. But in a captured document Dr. Dernburg revealed that his greatest success and his greatest hope lay in encouragement of the 100-per-cent peace societies.

The German propagandists had assumed that they could buy with dollars the influence of our press. They had a rude awakening. But they had almost solid support from the German-language newspapers, managed to insert advertising disguised as news in weeklies published in other languages, and set up a few periodicals of their own. In the Middle West, with its large German and Austrian population, certain newspapers threw their columns open to German copy. The Hearst newspapers, if not pro-German, were certainly not pro-British, and they furnished a valuable channel. The Germans got themselves heard in spite of the fact that the British promptly cut the cables to Germany and eventually clapped a virtual censorship on to the mails. Copy for books, pamphlets, and circulars, and general instructions to propagandists, came through to the German Embassy in the untouchable diplomatic bags. Soon after the war opened, the Foreign Office erected at Nauen, near Berlin, the most powerful wireless station of the period. It reached two American stations, at Tuckerton, New Jersey, and Sayville, Long Island. By this channel they transmitted, in time, a daily news service packed with the facts and falsehoods which they wanted Americans to believe. Toward the end of the struggle the Nauen service sent spot instructions regarding "mouth-to-mouth propaganda"—tall tales to be spread as rumors.

SO much for the strategy and tactics of German war propaganda in the United States. Let us get down to the meat of the matter—the grossest, most effective, and most easily disprovable of those lies which hordes of Americans swallowed during that hectic period.

The first job set for the German propagandist, both here and abroad, was to paint Great Britain as the villain of the piece and France and Russia as her dupes. Lord Grey, British Foreign Minister, had refused to say, in advance of action by Parliament, whether or not his nation would declare war in case Germany invaded Belgium. Grey figured in German propaganda as a conscienceless satanic deceiver who had adopted this attitude in order to make war certain. The invasion of a nation whose neutrality all the Powers had guaranteed needed a lot of explanation. Two or three times in the ticklish decade which preceded 1914, events had moved toward the verge of war; and Belgium, suspecting Germany's intentions, had consulted with the Entente Allies as to the best means for defending herself. This was generally known in Europe but was news to most Americans. A touch of invention here, a trifle of suppression there, and this story came out of the German copy mill as a sinister plot. The Allies had intended to invade Germany through Belgium, with connivance of the treacherous Belgians themselves; Germany had foiled them by acting first.

But such matter appealed only to the intellect; and every propagandist knows that he never gets far until he rouses vivid emotion. And it is much easier to get a man excited over the tragedy of an individual than over that of a nation. Here circumstances rather than conscious effort gave the British the jump.

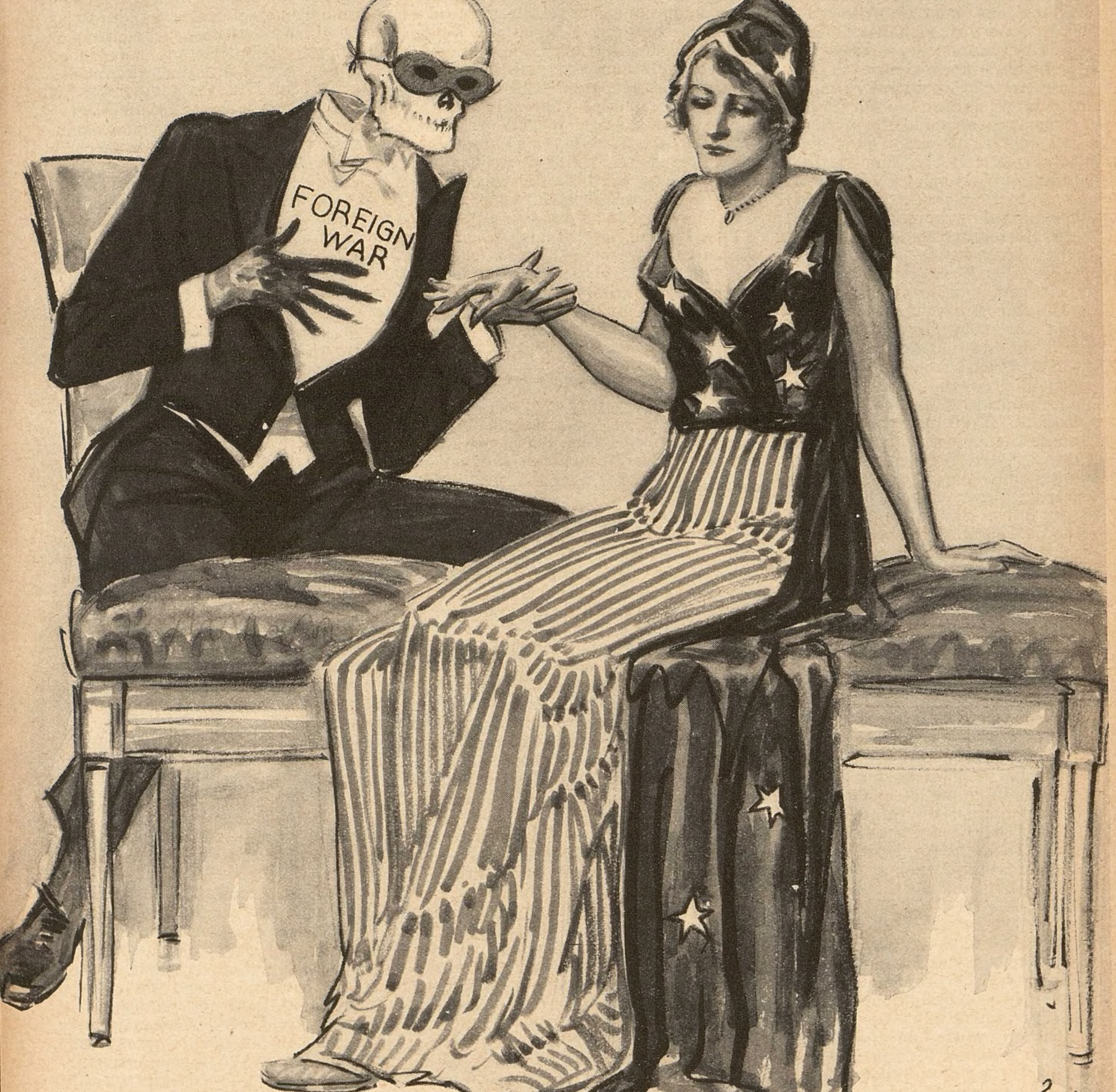
The German army, using Belgium merely as a road to Paris, wanted tranquillity on its exceptionally long line of communications. The cheapest means to make the unfriendly inhabitants leave them alone was terror. So the General Staff issued orders strict to barbarity concerning reprisals on any civilian who raised his hand against a German. He was to be killed; so, in certain contingencies, must every other adult in a house from which a shot seemed to proceed. Some orders included burning of whole streets or towns where officers received complaints from more than one place. I myself witnessed some of this rough stuff. However, the rank and file of the German army behaved rather well in the circumstances, especially as regards women.

But, with the outbreak of war, populations go dippy. The air quivered with rumors of decimated towns; of women, including nuns, outraged by thousands; of children with their hands cut off; of torture, rapine, sadistic cruelty. All this stuff the British and French reporters rushed to print as fact. Their stories crossed the ocean. Our pro-Allies began to rage. Something had to be done!

The Germans began by inducing thirty-seven of their professors with world-wide reputations to sign a manifesto certifying in effect that no German soldier had raised his hand against a Belgian civilian. Since these eminent savants had manifestly not witnessed the invasion, this maneuver fell flat. Rather late, the German propagandists began a counteroffensive. Letting imagination run freely, they invented another Belgian plot. A treacherous government had inspired its cruel subjects to murder, mutilate, and torture German soldiers in the most bloodthirsty manner. Following are a few examples of the fictions created to support this thesis:

WHEN the German army began its invasion by an attack at Liége, the entire civilian population, even women and children, fired on the troops. The girls murdered sleeping Germans systematically, usually by cutting their throats. Worse: they put out the eyes of the wounded, employing corkscrews for the purpose. Varying the act, these same women collected ears and noses from both the living and the dead. (What is a living soldier doing, I wonder, when a pretty girl starts to saw off his nose?) The Belgian mob, as the German army approached, attacked a German Jesuit monastery near Liége, sacked and burned it, and inflicted great outrage on the inmates. (There was no Jesuit monastery near Liége.) None of these stories included the names of the Germans so maltreated, nor even of the culprits whom the army had caught and executed for their crimes.

Eventually the Germans passed on to convincing "photographic proof." They showed pictures of Belgian houses with rows of large-caliber


FOREIGN WAR
Batchelor 1939

An Old Sport Gives Her a Line.

CARTOON BY C. D. BATCHELOR

pipes, finished with iron lids, just under the eaves. These, said the propagandists, were loopholes for civilian snipers. Since some of these houses were erected as many as fifty years ago, the inference was plain. The treacherous Belgians, contrary to all the laws of war, had always counted on the civilian sniper — a mere murderer—as a defense in case of occupation by a hostile army. Refuting this one, here and now: The Belgians insert these pipes to hold up the scaffolding used in cleaning, repairing, or painting their dwellings. The lids are to keep out the rain.

Even more flagrant, according to the German propagandists, was the conduct of the Belgian populace toward the German civilians in their midst during that brief hectic period between the first declaration of war and the arrival of the invading army.

A committee of eminent Germans put their names to a propaganda pamphlet called The Truth About the War. It had a wide circulation in America. I cull a few sentences regarding the treatment of German civilians by the Belgians: “Germans merely suspected of espionage daily shot dead in great numbers. . . . A sailor saw the crowd tearing the clothes off from some German ladies, smearing their bodies with black paint, and then chasing them absolutely naked. . . . A Danish physician [unnamed] reports that in Antwerp . . . the police and civic guards allowed and even took part in these atrocities. . . . A Belgian tore a little child to pieces. . . . The mob threw a German into a blast furnace. . . . A little boy offered a cigarette to a soldier with one hand and shot him with the other.”

ANSWERING this stuff, briefly: The Belgian government was extremely concerned lest its nationals give any excuse for reprisals by violating the rules of war. The King himself and numberless burgomasters and chiefs of police admonished the people against anything of the kind. They could not prevent a reckless boy, here and there, from getting a gun and taking a crack at the Germans, thereby bringing calamity upon himself, his family, and his town. At least 2,000 Belgian civilians died as reprisals for such offenses, real or alleged, including many women and at least twenty-nine priests, and the snipers killed at most only a handful of German soldiers.

As to the conduct and attitude of the Belgians toward enemy civilians, I had direct testimony from Brand Whitlock, our Minister to Belgium, who served as chargé d'affaires for Germany during this anxious interregnum and who usually knew what he was talking about.

“The forbearance of the Belgians was splendid,” he said. “In Brussels, in Antwerp, and in one or two other cities the town hoodlums smashed the windows of German shops. Also, they caught two or three Germans and beat them up a bit; but the police, who did everything possible to preserve order, rescued them. After the first outbreak in Brussels, the Civil Guard rounded up the Germans and camped them out in the railroad yards, where the Belgian Red Cross fed them.”

Atrocity stories, the British discovered, were exceptionally useful in stirring up Americans. British propaganda, when it really got going, loaded the newspapers with horror tales of submarine atrocities, air-raid barbarities, crucified Canadians, Belgian children with their hands cut off. The Germans countered with tales of military outrage on the part of the Allies. The British, they said, were filing slits in the steel jackets of their rifle bullets, which, being so treated, mushroomed on contact with the human body and caused horrible wounds. This was probably true; but, if so, the Germans were doing it too.

The British, added the German propagandists, were also shooting dumdum bullets, those explosive missiles which figured in the “bate stuff” of the Boer War. To prove it, they exhibited and photographed boxes labeled “Dum Dum” which the army had captured in British trenches. The boxes were genuine. Dum Dum is an ammunition factory in India. It so happens, however, that this establishment made no cartridges in the war. The boxes had contained bayonets or infantry equipment.

Did the Allies lie, too? In his second authoritative article, Mr. Irwin tells how Britain and France strove to win the sympathy and help of America. Read it in Liberty next week.

Professor Leon Rains of Dresden—on what authority he does not state—reports from the gory mix-up at Dinant, Belgium: “A German officer had his eyes cut out and buttons placed therein; an eleven-year-old girl tried to murder a German captain; we caught priests with weapons in their hands. . . . One army nurse had her hands chopped off by the enemy soldiers. . . . And after being maimed, wounded, and betrayed by his enemies, today the German soldier is dividing his rations with the homeless and impoverished inhabitants of Belgium and France.”

As time went on, the German propagandists harped constantly on this last theme—the kindly rule of their army in captured territory, the enthusiasm of the inhabitants for the German system. “The Germans not only committed no atrocities in Belgium, but the Belgians are now actually kissing their hands, they love them so much,” reported one American correspondent who had gone enthusiastically pro-German.

The cold facts from my personal observation and investigation: while the blood-and-iron type of old German professional officer, when charged with Belgian affairs, reverted to type at times, thousands of young German officers out of civilian life were doing the best they could to administer affairs justly and humanely. But their feelings were constantly hurt by the attitude of the Belgians, who treated them with cold, aloof contempt.

Germany had bought up a newspaper in Buenos Aires. After the invasion of Rumania it sent a correspondent to “report on the condition of the country.” It was wonderful—since the Germans arrived—he reported. An honest, efficient government had replaced a corrupt, inefficient one. The inhabitants loved their conquerors. The Nauen wireless flashed this story, in translation, all over the world. The fact that it appeared in a newspaper of a neutral country gave it the appearance of an impartial report. That was a trick they worked constantly.

THE Allied invasion of Greece had been about as arbitrary as the German rape of Belgium. It was not advisable to say that, however, since the Germans would thereby condemn themselves. So they sent to the Balkans an American who had begun the war by drawing $15,000 a year as adviser to the German propagandists in New York and passed on to a job as free-lance correspondent on the German fronts. He sent back a widely circulated story regarding the conduct of the French and British toward the Greeks: “The Allies are starving the country by eating up its provisions. . . . They have organized and paid for revolutions and boasted of it. . . . They had threatened utterly to demolish the marvelous art treasures of Athens if the King refused to submit to their brutal will.”

Whether or not the Lusitania carried munitions in her hold on that last fatal voyage, no one knows exactly to this day; but certainly she was not armed. However, the German propagandists armed her at once—with twelve-inch guns. A gun of that caliber would have torn up her decks at the first shot.

The Allied propaganda harped on submarine atrocities. Back came the Germans with bizarre charges against the British navy—captured submarine crews tortured and massacred. This was another plain lie.

These are only dabs and samples of the German literature stacked in the Hoover War Library. After one who knew the World War firsthand reads in them even for a day, he comes away indisposed toward dinner. But they were effective—damnably effective.

“The first casualty of war is the truth”; and the second is common sense. No man or woman with a sober mind would believe half of this mush. But most of its readers were already a little drunk with hereditary hate, and they took it as gospel.

So far, this reads like a piece of Allied counterpropaganda issued in those hectic days of 1914-17. But in the next article I hope to bring the reader back to a sense of proportion by setting forth the story of the subtler and more artistic propaganda dispensed by the Allies.

THE END

# Ed Has His Mind Improved

### BY WALTER BROOKS

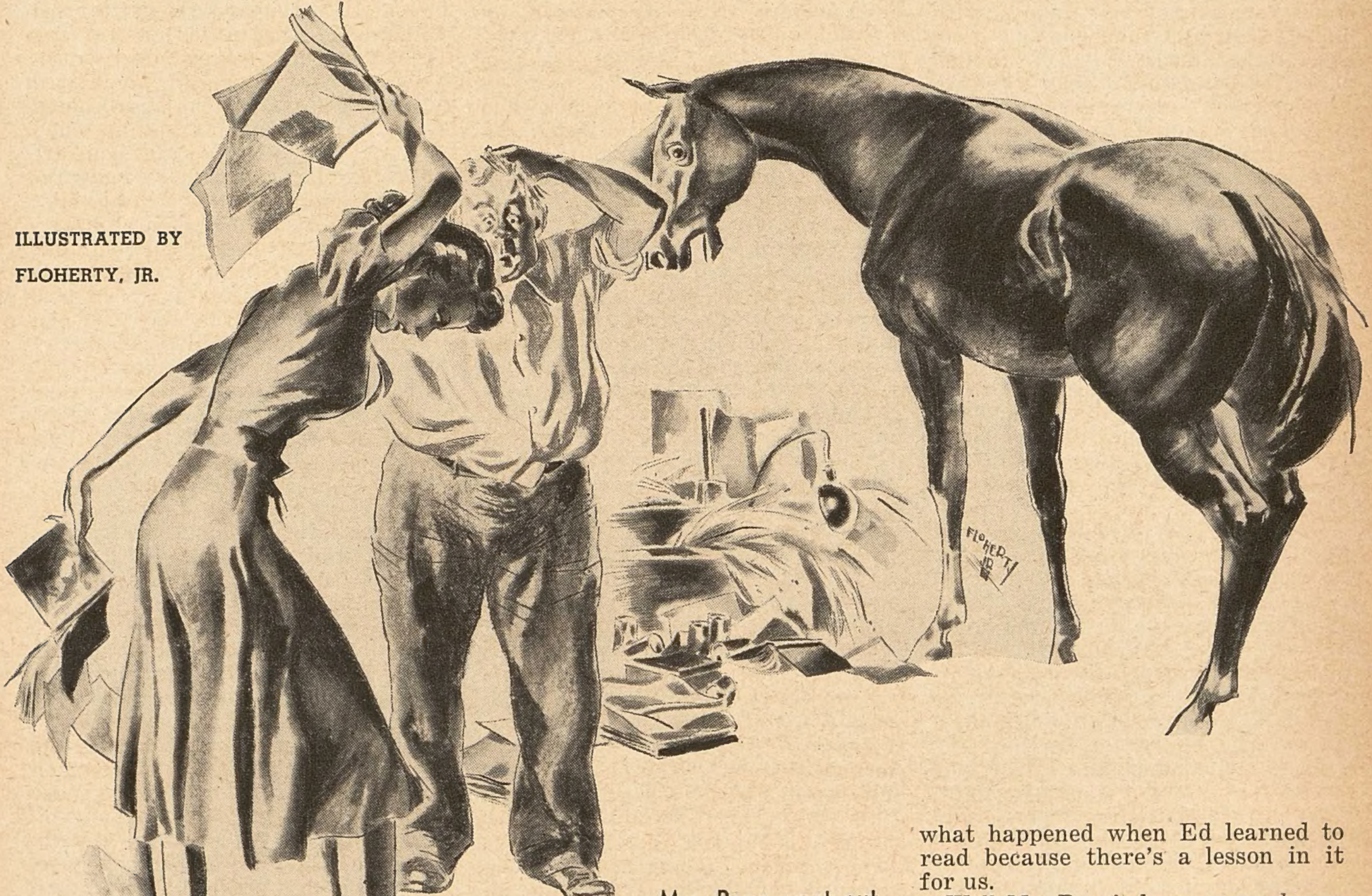
### —and almost becomes a celebrity. Here's another gay and chucklesome tale of Wilbur's talking horse

**READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS**

I SUPPOSE it's kind of silly of me to keep on telling people about Wilbur Pope's talking horse. People are awful skeptical. Prove it they say. Prove it. Well I can't prove it. Neither can Mr. Pope prove it because the darn horse won't co-operate. He'll talk all right when he's alone with Mr. Pope, but get him out in company where you want him to show what he can do and he shuts up like a clam. I've told everybody you can talk Ed said Mr. Pope and I do think you might back me up. All our neighbors here around Mt. Kisco are beginning to whisper behind their hands when I come into a room and I've lost two of my best accounts because they say they can't leave their advertising in the hands of a man who chats with animals. I appeal to your better nature Ed he said. But Ed just laughed. Yeah? he said Who told you I had one? So Mr. Pope had to go around and tell everybody that he had just been kidding and that Ed couldn't talk at all. But they still act funny to him in Mt. Kisco.

Well I don't live in Mt. Kisco and I'm not an advertising man and so I don't see why I can't tell the truth about things. And particularly about what happened when Ed learned to read because there's a lesson in it for us.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FLOHERTY, JR.



Mrs. Pope went out to look them over. Good heavens what trash! she said. Throw these magazines out at once Joe.

Well Mr. Pope's house was always overrun on Saturdays and Sundays with a noisy crowd of Mrs. Pope's friends—at least I suppose you'd call them friends for most of them were young men who were trying to persuade Mrs. Pope to run away from Mr. Pope and marry them or something. It really wasn't any fun for Mr. Pope.

It wasn't good for him either. He was getting a terrible inferiority complex for all of Mrs. Pope's suitors treated him as if he were a sort of oaf. So he bought this horse Ed and spent most of his week-ends riding.

Ed had things the other way round. To him Mrs. Pope was the oaf and Mr. Pope the jewel and he didn't hesitate to say so. He was pretty outspoken even for a horse. Mr. Pope said Tut tut! and Pshaw! and I can't have you saying things about Carlotta Ed. But he liked it. It built him up. He and Ed ambled over the countryside stopping at wayside taverns for beer and lolling and arguing about life under roadside trees.

Well one day they were sitting around like this and Mr. Pope was reading the Sunday paper and every now and then he would read out an item to Ed and they'd argue about it. But by and by Ed said I wish you'd lay off this political and business stuff. Haven't you got any good murders? Murders don't improve your mind Ed said Mr. Pope reprovingly. Neither do the columnists said Ed. I'd like to pick my own news for a change. Well said Mr. Pope suppose I teach you to read?

So after a while they rode home and Mr. Pope sneaked into the house the back way and got a bottle and an old primer from the attic and took them out to the barn. The first lesson wasn't very successful from a cultural point of view because the primer was one of those that starts with A stands for Aardvark. What the hell is an aardvark? said Ed. Why not teach me words I know? Like A stands for Ale? What's this next letter? Mr. Pope said it was B. That's an easy one said Ed B stands for Beer. And what's this? C said Mr. Pope. C stands for Scotch said Ed. No no Ed said Mr. Pope C stands for—let me see—Cognac.

Well this didn't make sense to Ed and Mr. Pope tried to explain and they got into an argument that lasted until it was so dark that they couldn't see the letters any more. The bottle was empty too.

ED was persistent and he had Mr. Pope nail the primer up over the manger and in a week he could read The Cat Chases the Rat as well as you or I can. Then Mr. Pope brought out an old school reader and Ed went to work on that. But after he'd got through the third selection he struck. This stuff is too darn noble Wilbur he said. I can get all the edification I need out of your conversation. Bring me something a little low. So Mr. Pope got copies of a few of the more ribald magazines. And as a slight corrective to these he brought out The Three Musketeers.

Ed simply ate them up. In the manger Mr. Pope had rigged up a reading light which was small enough so that Mrs. Pope couldn't see it from the house and the horse read far into the night. He got very clever at turning the pages with his nose and for the first few months he would hardly stop reading long enough to speak to Mr. Pope except to demand more books. But before long he had read all the adventure stories and even some of the more serious novels in the house. Mr. Pope wouldn't get him any more magazines with jokes or risqué stories in them because twice Ed had got to roaring with laughter in the middle of the night and Mrs. Pope had sent Mr. Pope out to the barn to see if it was tramps. So then Mr. Pope got Ed a card at the public library.

So two or three nights a week they would ride over to the library and get a couple of books. Of course Mr. Pope had to go in and pick them out and Ed didn't always like his selections. That's all right Ed said Mr. Pope but you can't read detective and adventure stories all the time. Some of your reading ought to be to improve your mind. Listen Wilbur said Ed I'm a horse. What good is an improved mind in a stable? Get me a good Western to read tonight will you?

WELL along in the early fall Mr. Pope had to go to Detroit to present a new radio plan to one of his accounts. He got some library books and some detective story magazines for Ed and he hired Joe the handy man to take care of the horse while he was away. And the first thing Joe did was to find Ed's library and tell Mrs. Pope about it. Books in the barn? said Mrs. Pope and she went out to look them over. Good heavens what trash! she said. Throw these magazines out at once Joe. And these books seem to be some Mr. Pope got from the library. You'd better take them back. So Joe took them back.

Well Ed stuck it out without literature two days. On the third evening as soon as it got dark he slipped his halter and by cutting across lots and down back roads reached the library unobserved just before closing time. He peeked in a window. Nobody was there but Miss Sigsbee the librarian. Ed pushed the front door open with his nose and clumped up to the desk. Excuse me ma'am he said have you got anything by Edgar Wallace?

Miss Sigsbee gave a kind of faded squeal and went right over backwards chair and all. Sorry I startled you ma'am said Ed. If you got a slug of whisky handy it would make you feel better. I just wanted a book.

Well Miss Sigsbee was an old fashioned blue ribbon teetotaler and Ed's suggestion brought her round quicker than a drink would have. She was up and back in her chair before you could say John Galsworthy. How dare you! she said How dare you! Leave this library at once. I don't get it ma'am said Ed backing away from her. I just wanted a book. A horse! she said staring at him and she shuddered. Then she stiffened again. Horse or no horse she said you dare to come in here and offer me a drink of liquor! O that! said Ed. I didn't offer you a drink. I don't use the stuff myself. But skip it. Can I get a book out on Wilbur Pope's card?

Mr. Pope! said Miss Sigsbee. You're Mr. Pope's horse. I remember. There was some gossip about his pretending he had a talking horse. People thought he was joking. But then it wasn't a joke! No ma'am said Ed. Now about that book—

Of course we can let you have a book said Miss Sigsbee. But the books Mr. Pope has been selecting for you— Dear me! You won't mind if I select something suitable for you? Well ma'am said Ed if you got any Edgar Wallace— Let me see said Miss Sigsbee How old are you? Ed said he was rising nine. Nine said Miss Sigsbee going over to a shelf. Now here is just the thing for you. Exciting and at the same time a high moral tone. Have you read any of the Rollo books? Naw! said Ed disgustedly.

See here young man! said Miss Sigsbee sternly. Then she stopped and said Gracious! I can't call you young man can I? What should it be —young colt? But at nine you're hardly a colt are you? No ma'am said Ed firmly I'm a grown horse and I don't want my mind or my morals improved. Now can I have an Edgar Wallace? Why of course said Miss Sigsbee we can't force you to improve yourself. And she got an Edgar Wallace and Ed thanked her and trotted off with it in his mouth.

Well Mr. Pope was in Detroit ten days and Ed went over to the library every night and he and Miss Sigsbee got quite friendly.

THE library was badly in need of funds and so far all money-raising schemes had failed. Miss Sigsbee didn't have much sense about such things but she did know that a horse that could read would draw a crowd. So she put it up to Ed. Would he give a public reading? Well it was against Ed's principles to do such a thing but he couldn't help being flattered. Gosh ma'am he said it's nice of you to ask me. But I really couldn't. Nonsense said Miss Sigsbee Of course you could. The library has done a good deal for you and isn't it rather selfish of you to refuse to do so small a thing for the library? Well said Ed slowly now you put it that way I suppose it is. Well he said I'll do it.

The next day Mr. Pope got home and he was pretty sore when Ed told him. I suppose you know what it means—thousands of curiosity seekers tramping over the lawn and eating peanuts and staring at you and news photographers hiding in the oatbin. Never a moment to yourself any more. No cross no crown Wilbur said Ed. I expect it's the penalty of fame. And don't forget there'll be Hollywood scouts too. I'm not forgetting it said Mr. Pope. But what good would it be if I signed up a Hollywood contract for you? You wouldn't go through with it and let me make some money. You'd just refuse to talk again. Probably I would said Ed. But I don't see why I can't have a little fun when it comes my way. And anyway he said I promised Miss Sigsbee.

Mr. Pope was pretty upset. The good times he and Ed had had together would come to an end once the horse was a celebrity. And Carlotta would be furious at the notoriety. He walked down to the library that night to plead with Miss Sigsbee. But it wasn't any good. Anyway I couldn't stop it now if I wanted to she said. I've taken the matter up with the trustees. I hadn't anticipated that they would be so skeptical. Frankly Mr. Pope my position and even my reputation are at stake. Mrs. Dillway and Dr. Polder are the only trustees in town. Mrs. Dillway has agreed always to double any amount we take in through our little entertainments. Of course as there is usually a deficit— But as I was saying I have always considered her and Dr. Polder very good friends of mine but when I told them— Dear me it was a very stormy session. I insisted however and finally they did agree to give me a chance to prove my assertion. We have arranged to meet quite informally tomorrow evening in my garden. Now that you are back Mr. Pope you will of course come over with Ed. You see my position I am sure. If he doesn't read for them at this little dress rehearsal— Mr. Pope saw all right.

SO the next evening he rode Ed over. Mrs. Dillway was a large imposing presence. She did not believe that horses could talk as was manifest in the indignant heave of her massive bosom as she gazed on Ed. The Rev. Dr. Polder didn't believe it either. You see how people really feel toward a talking horse Ed said Mr. Pope as they paused before crossing the lawn toward the three. And here's another thing he said. When the Hollywood producers begin to bid for you I'm going to sign up with the highest bidder. I'm going to sign a bill of sale. Think that over.

What? said Ed. Hey Wilbur you can't do that. You've made your bed Ed said Mr. Pope Come on. No but have a heart Wilb' Ed protested. I'm in a spot. If I let Miss Sigsbee down now she'll lose her job. You should have thought of that before said Mr. Pope pulling him forward. Good evening Miss Sigsbee.

Miss Sigsbee got up and presented Ed and Mr. Pope to the trustees. They bowed coldly to Mr. Pope and Dr. Polder gave Ed a timid nod but Mrs. Dillway flipped open a lorgnette and gave the horse her celebrated basilisk once-over. Ed fidgeted for a second and then he threw up his head. You don't need that thing lady he said. I'll tell you what I am. I'm a horse.

Mrs. Dillway gave a strong shudder. Don't be impudent! she said. Then she turned and caught Dr. Polder by the wrist. He had been saying O dear me! O dear me! and wringing his hands. Be quiet Dr. Polder she said. No! said Dr. Polder trying to jerk away. This is witchcraft—sorcery. I cannot countenance such an exhibition. My bishop— Nonsense! said Mrs. Dillway. It's merely ventriloquism. We shall expose it.

So after a minute Dr. Polder calmed down though he continued to tremble and Miss Sigsbee took a magazine and had Mrs. Dillway open it at random and then held it up for Ed to read while Mr. Pope sat down next to Mrs. Dillway. Ed glanced at the page and shook his head. No he said I can't do it. Why Ed! said Miss Sigsbee. It's hard on you ma'am said Ed but I got to consider my own future. Come on Wilbur let's get out of here.

Mrs. Dillway's lorgnette came up again and she gave a satisfied smile. You see Doctor? she said. Simply ventriloquism. Naturally if this Mr. Pope can't see the page the horse can't read it.

O is that so! Ed burst out and Miss Sigsbee said But Mrs. Dillway the horse really can read. I've heard him. I am sorry to see you persist in this attempt to hoax us Miss Sigsbee said Mrs. Dillway. The outcome can only be unfortunate for you. As for you Mr. Pope it seems to me that you are carrying a silly joke dangerously far.

WALTER BROOKS *has written advertising and publicity and has done editorial work on several magazines. He is the author of children's books, novels, and of several short stories. A native of Rome, New York, he now spends his winters in his house in New York City and his summers in Higganum, Connecticut.*

Well Ed said Mr. Pope resignedly I take back what I said about selling you. You better do your stuff. We're going to get a lot of unpleasant publicity out of this any way of the goods. Leave it to me boss said Ed under his breath. There won't be any public reading and these goofs won't talk either. Then he said to Miss Sigsbee What you want me to read?

So Miss Sigsbee held the page up and Ed began. *The waters of the lake* he read *had changed from lead to silver and from silver to rose.* Good gracious! said Mrs. Dillway he really is reading! Why this—this— Miss Sigsbee I am afraid we owe you an apology. Go on—er—Ed.

So Ed went on. *The first flush of surprise reddened the naked limbs of the slender*— Ed! Ed! interrupted Miss Sigsbee blushing It's *sunrise*—not *surprise.* Sorry said Ed This is kind of fine print for a horse. He winked at Mr. Pope and continued.

Well he read a paragraph or two more and gradually the outraged expression faded from Mrs. Dillway's face. Then Ed read *As Gregory stepped out of the canoe the girl ran to him. He seized her and kicked her passionately on the mouth then drew back and booted her in the eyes.* *Kissed* Ed said Miss Sigsbee. And *looked.* O said Ed and continued. *'Darling' she cried 'if father finds you here—' 'I have my own ways of knowing about your father' he said. 'He will not find me here for he has found a better thing elsewhere today.' The words were obscene and as she nestled in his embrace—*

Really Ed! said Mr. Pope and Miss Sigsbee said crossly The word is *obscure*—not *obscene.* I'm sorry said Ed. I guess it's the company. I mean naturally I'm a little nervous. Let's see—*'Gregory' she said 'Now damn you'*— Hey wait a minute said Ed interrupting himself. I guess it's *How can you?*

Mrs. Dillway had got to her feet. Come Dr. Polder. We have had quite enough of this obscene exhibition. Please understand Miss Sigsbee that from today I withdraw all support from the library. Hey just a minute said Ed. He trotted around in front of the departing pair. There's something you ought to know ma'am he said before you pull anything like that. I'm giving a reading tonight down to the Elks' Hall. It'll be announced that it's for the benefit of the library and of course you'll have to stick to your agreement and match what we take in. You're giving no such disgraceful performance for any library I am connected with said Mrs. Dillway angrily. How you going to stop it? asked Ed and as Mrs. Dillway glared he said Now ma'am I don't want to be mean but we got to raise money. If you want to hand Miss Sigsbee a check for double what me and Wilbur estimate tonight's gate at —well we'll call the reading off.

Well Mrs. Dillway was practically speechless. This—this is extortion! she said. Yes ma'am said Ed Shall we say fifteen hundred? No! shouted Mrs. Dillway but Dr. Polder drew her aside and after a few minutes came back to say that she agreed.

O DEAR said Miss Sigsbee when they had gone it is wonderful about the money of course but I am afraid my position is gone. Pooh! said Ed They won't either of them dare say a word about this. No said Mr. Pope they can hardly go around complaining that they were insulted by a horse. Vulgar but effective—that's Ed. Yeah said Ed and the same thing could be said of Shakespeare. Dear me said Miss Sigsbee I never thought of it that way. But it's true. Just the same said Ed that fifteen hundred smackers will buy a lot of Edgar Wallace. O wait a minute lady he said I know I know. But part of it you're going to get Edgar Wallace with aren't you? If you want to make the world better you got to stop trying to improve people's minds and start improving their dispositions. Speaking of which Wilbur how about a can of beer? O excuse me ma'am for mentioning it. Not at all said Miss Sigsbee archly. After all Shakespeare also drank beer. I wonder—

She hesitated and Ed winked slowly at Mr. Pope. After all he said there can't any of us ever say anything about this evening in public can we? So it might as well be a good one. Wilbur let's creep over to Horley's and bring back half a case.

THE END

# THE COMMUNISTS OFFERED M

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

## This is America! . . Startling facts from one college student's experience

### BY MYRON GOLDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY B. L. KIDDER

I AM not a member of the Communist Party. I never have been. I am simply a typical American undergraduate, studying at a typical American university, who has been approached time after time by various student emissaries of the Communist Party but who has refrained from accepting their doctrines. I have refrained not because of fear of the consequences nor because of the restrictions of a young conscience, but merely because, after a careful investigation, the Utopian precepts of Communism are not, in my opinion, all that its enthusiastic followers claim.

It was with avid interest that I read in Liberty some time ago of the undercover campaign that is being waged against the youth of America by the Communist Party of the United States. I have had personal contact with some of the methods employed by the party to lure youth to its fold that Comrade X mentioned in his articles.

The university which I attend is one of the largest in the world and is located in one of the world's largest cities. Therefore you will find in our student body any number of different types of people, and, as a matter of course, any number of different thoughts in the minds of these people. And naturally a large number of students here are followers of the Communist movement. Still a larger number are neither for nor against Communism but look at it with a neutral eye. Those in decided opposition to Communism are far in the minority.

It is this situation that confronts alert political observers at universities throughout the country. Why? Why do so many young boys and girls become followers of Communist principles? Is it because, as Comrade X pointed out, sex is being used as a lure for our poor innocent young-manhood?

I think not. One reason why I do not believe that the free-love appeal is the magnet that draws youth to Communism is because I have heard too many students laughing and scoffing at the idea. I am from a small city in Georgia. When I first came to the city and the university I was struck with the attitude of Northern youth on life. Among the first surprises I was dealt was that of abominable frankness regarding sex. I recall quite clearly, therefore, one of the first times I heard the Communist Party mentioned by my classmates.

Some of my friends were discussing what we should do that night. Suddenly one spoke up with the air of one who had made a great discovery. " Why, it's Friday! " he said. " Let's go round to the Young Communist League tonight. I feel in the mood for some free love! ".

So we spent the evening at the Young Communist League, and were not disappointed.

This was my first and last visit to a Young Communist League. Shall I tell you what it was like?

My friends and I arrived a trifle late, perhaps a matter of a half hour or so. All business, if there was any, seemed to be finished. The meeting place consisted of the lounge rooms of a certain public hall which was regularly used by this branch of the League. My friends had attended before and seemed to know their way around. On the sofas that one found everywhere throughout the rooms were reclining in quite appealing positions about twenty or thirty girls of our own age. Making love to them were about the same number of boys, and there were several other couples moving about the rooms. When I say making love, I mean making love in earnest.

We were approached by a young girl who told us her name. She asked if we were members. We said no, but that we had been there before. She then assigned certain young ladies to us. The sexy young creature I found myself with had quite an interesting personality. She asked me why I had not been there before, if I was coming again, and did I intend to join the party? In order to please her I replied in the affirmative. She seemed satisfied and the night proceeded in what seemed to be the usual manner.

This was my sole experience with the free-love aspect of Communism. It was not my belief at that time that the girls at this meeting were other than the ordinary college girls who had gone Red. I now know, however, that the leaders of these girls are not mere schoolgirls who have gone Communist, but are, rather, Communists who have gone schoolgirl.

So much for free love. It is present —it may even be a potent factor—in the appeal of Communism to youth. But I do not think that it is a dominant factor. It is more or less the joke of our generation. Most of the co-eds—at least, at the university I attend—laughed at it.

It has been my lot to have been affiliated to some degree with some of the various organizations believed to be Communist in scope. I am speaking of the National Youth Administration, the American Student Union, and various Peace and Democracy leagues. I have found in them many fine young men and women whom I am proud to list as my best friends.

In the publication of the college literary magazine of which I am editor in chief I have been in constant contact with leaders of student opinion, not only in my own university but in other schools throughout the nation. I have heard and have been engaged myself in many off-the-record debates over the principles of Communism.

The editorial offices of the magazine to which I referred are located in a building provided by the university for the purpose of sponsoring student activities. On our floor in the building are located also the NYA offices and the largest existent chapter of the American Student Union.

There is no doubt about this fact: Both of these organizations, the one a United States government group, the other an organization backed by school administrations throughout the nation, are decidedly Communistic in trend.

The NYA is supposedly giving much-needed financial succor to students who could not otherwise attend college. This money is awarded to

On the sofas were reclining twenty or thirty girls. Making love to them were the same number of boys.

# FREE LOVE

students who are deserving, based upon written applications submitted to regional directors with *recommendations* by local faculty members. I know of at least six boys who were told by faculty members who pose as advisers to NYA that they would be given NYA assistance if they would join the local branch of the Young Communist League.

One of my very best friends happens to be an officer of the chapter of the American Student Union mentioned previously. From my many talks with him I have found that this organization is nothing more nor less than a branch of the Communist Party who hide themselves under the title of a student activity. I must confess that the ASU does interest itself in student affairs. It takes an insane delight in being opposed to everything not definitely as Communistic as itself. It is the principal opponent of the R. O. T. C. units at schools and colleges. But I can't see that it ever accomplishes anything in the way of constructive uplift for the student body of a university.

Once I went to a meeting of one of the Peace and Democracy things. I left disgusted when I found that their sole remedy for the inevitableness of war was Communism.

At my university editors of the student newspapers are usually seniors appointed by the faculty adviser to the particular publication. The editor receives in return for his labors a full scholarship to the university for his last year. I have often wondered why it is that the boys selected for these coveted posts are the most Red members of the staff. And why it is that, during the regime that follows, the newspapers, although they cannot afford to be openly Communist, give more space by far to a favorable write-up of a meeting of the ASU than to a play presented by the Dramatic Society or some other school function of equal importance.

Why *does* the Communist movement appeal so strongly to the youth of America? I have said that it isn't so much the free-love idea. What, then, is it?

I have been to two colleges, one a well known Southern engineering school, and the other the large university I am at present attending. Evidences of Communism are far more obvious in big-city universities than in the intense collegiate atmosphere of a smaller school. I think there are two reasons for that: First, many of the students at a metropolitan university are working their way through, all or in part, and they are naturally more susceptible to Communism because of the struggle they must undergo to attain an education. Second, Communist missionaries are far more likely to work in larger schools where there are larger numbers to work on.

After all my observations I have come to see that there are two kinds of Young Communists. There are the boys and girls who really and truly believe that the movement is the salvation of mankind and that they are doing the world a service by supporting the Communist Party. These are usually the serious-minded types of youth. The second class of Young Communists are those who are just in it for the fun of it. Something in it appeals to them. I suppose it's the idea of being a radical. They hardly ever last as Communists; they are never really Communists at all. It's just something for them to talk about. They are young and have young ideas. They want to have the fun of being concerned in something that's being given so much publicity.

THE majority of college youth in these organizations belong, I believe, to this second class. To most of them Communism is just a fad, no more. But I must admit that the real subscribers are forever growing. They spread their doctrines with such enthusiasm that it is hard indeed for the most intelligent student to resist.

And here's the worst part of it all. When some of your professors speak to you on the side after class some day about Communism, you find yourself really confused as to the true light. How easy it becomes to fall into the Red way of thinking then! I think the average adult American would be surprised if he knew just how many prominent educators at American colleges are active members of the Communist Party. They encourage their students to delve into Communism and, if they believe in it, to step into the party without hesitation.

In one of the colleges of the same city in which my university is located, professors even go so far as to distribute Communist propaganda in class. And they quote frequently from the Communist Party organ, the Daily Worker, whether such quotations are entirely relevant or not.

I will say this much: There are a great many more young Communists in universities in this country than most of the adult population even dares to realize. That is because parents do not bother to ask their children what their beliefs are. And the young man or woman, somehow, no matter how secure he is in his belief in Communist principles, isn't going to boast about it to his parents.

Next year I will be a senior at school. I have little more than a schoolboy's knowledge of the outside world. Even now I am wondering if I will graduate into a business world as flourishingly Communist as the world I will be leaving behind.

THE END

# PIGSKIN

From coast to coast—An expert's forecast of how the big teams will finish the football season of 1939

### BY NORMAN L. SPER

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

CORONATION time is here again for King Football, and before this month has run its course his millions of frenzied followers will have started their weekly treks to stadia turnstiles.

How is your favorite team this year? Will it have a good line, a shifty halfback, or a new forward-passing marvel? Will it be as good as it was last year? How will it rate nationally after the last play has been written into the records? Which teams will meet in the Rose Bowl? Which team will win?

We may not be able to answer all your questions, but after two months of intensive study of this 1939 gridiron picture, we'll give you a few pigskin horoscopes—or horror-scopes, depending on which team your heart favors.

Since they are of such importance to the game, let's take a look at the coaches before we talk about any players. You may be one of those who dispute the relative value of a coach. If you are, remember that while it is true that no good coach ever won with bad material, it is equally true that bad coaches have made miserable records with superb material.

The average life of a coach at any one school is five years, and the average coaching career is only ten. Last year's employment mortality rate was particularly high. Of the 100 major football schools in the country, seventeen will see the opening kick-off in 1939 with new head coaches. Of the seventeen whose heads dropped, only four have got new jobs. Among the thirteen who will have to step up to the grilled window and buy tickets along with the rest of us common mortals are such illustrious personages as Pop Warner, Gil Dobie, Jock Sutherland, and Bill Spaulding, exiled from Temple, Boston College, Pittsburgh, and U. C. L. A., respectively.

Besides new coaches, the 1939 season will also see some new rules. Each year the National Rules Committee, governing body of collegiate football, accepts all suggestions from coaches, sports writers, spectators, etc. They discuss them in what is laughingly called solemn conclave, and usually emerge with several new regulations. This year they decided on four changes, two of which concerned equipment.

The first called for uniformity of all footballs. The second provided for an increase in thickness of knee pads, also specified the size and shape of conical cleats, and made the wearing of head protectors mandatory.

The other two rules will interest you more, because they concern the game as you will see it. Both are related to the forward-pass play. One gives the offense a break, while the other, fairly enough, favors the defense. The first calls for a penalty of fifteen yards and the loss of a down if a forward pass strikes an ineligible receiver. In the past the rule was that the offensive team lost possession of the ball entirely.

The fourth new rule, which favors the defense, prohibits ineligible receivers from crossing the line of scrimmage before the ball has left the passer's hand. Thus, the offensive team now can send only five men (three backs and two ends) downfield. Formerly ineligible receivers were sent down to act as decoys. The penalty for breaking this rule is likewise fifteen yards and the loss of a down.

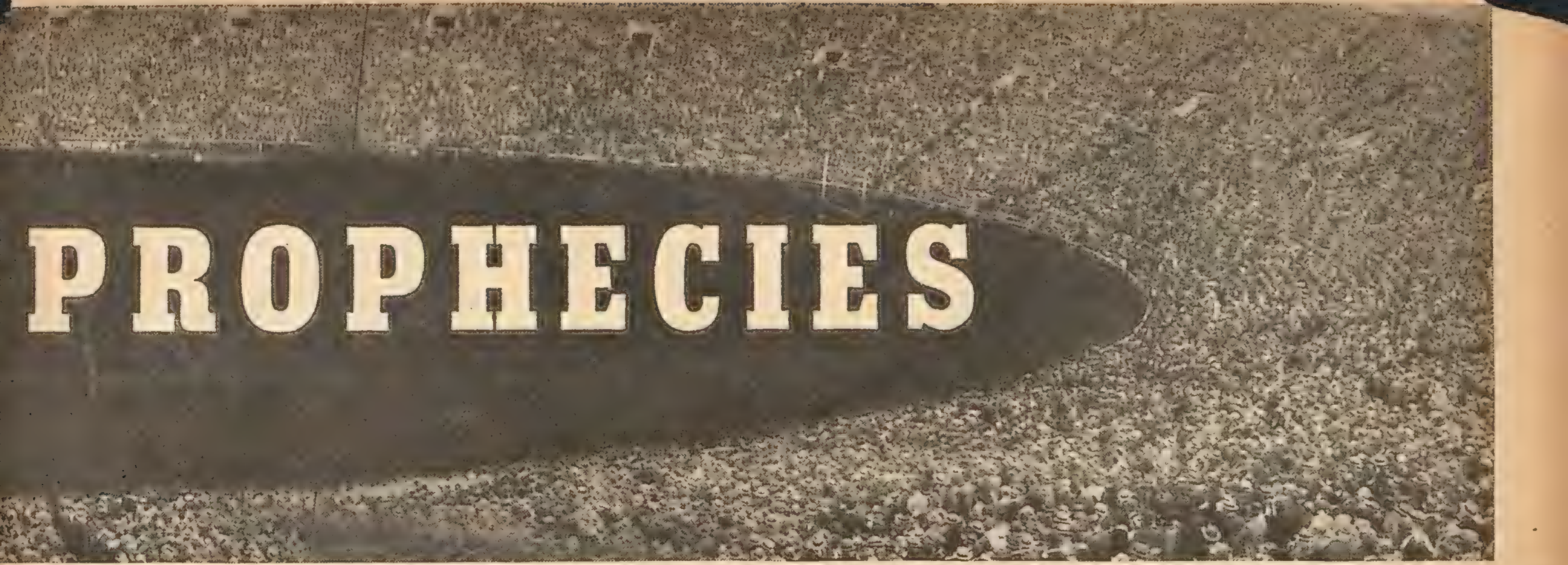
That's all you have to know about the new rules, but if I may, I'd suggest that you also study the ones that are already in the book, because nothing will increase your pleasure when watching a game so much as knowing exactly why the referee has made certain decisions for or against your team.

In addition to being public entertainment, football this year will go slightly patriotic—although, as usual, at the public's expense. Some schools are adding ten cents to the regular price of admission of one home game during the year. Those dimes will be set aside and used to defray part of the traveling expenses of the 1940 Olympic squad.

Why not continue that ten-cent surcharge after this year, and use the dimes for an insurance safeguard for the players? The University of California some years ago recommended the setting up of a trust fund to be administered by the Student Council and the Administrative Board. The insurance would have taken care of all competitive athletes. Like all roads that are paved only with good intentions, however, nothing has thus far resulted. Either the insurance companies wouldn't take the risk, or some one let it slip by in committee.

You will once more hear the autumn air filled with the pesky word "upset" when one of those "just fair" teams beats a strong squad. The answer, ignoring luck for the moment, is usually to be found in the schedules of the two teams. Spacing tough opponents with minor games gives the "just fair" teams an opportunity to pile up victories. They go into tough games well rested, while the bigger-name team may have just come through three bruising Saturdays in a row.

Some schools have taken to stretching their nine- or ten-game schedules into eleven or twelve weeks of playing time. Instead of facing a "breather,"



# PROPHECIES

the team rests the Saturday before a big game, usually visiting the future opponent's game. Southern California, for instance, has a nine-game schedule that runs through eleven Saturdays. California, Stanford, and Notre Dame will be their toughest battles, so they shrewdly arranged the following schedule: Oregon, Washington State, Illinois. Then an open Saturday before the California game, which is followed by Oregon State and Stanford. Another open Saturday precedes the Notre Dame game, with Washington and U. C. L. A. closing the campaign.

Now look at the schedule Elmer Layden's Rambling Irish have to waddle through (without any open dates): Purdue, Georgia Tech, Southern Methodist, Navy, Carnegie Tech, Army, Iowa, and then Northwestern the Saturday before Southern California. Northwestern has one of the best football teams in its history, and Southern California has a squad which rates with the greatest machines ever put together by Howard Jones. Obviously, then, Southern Cal's open Saturday before the Notre Dame game gives them a schedule edge.

Nevertheless, Southern California would be our choice for the nation's number one team even if their schedule called for a game every Saturday and double-headers on Sunday. After a long period of lean years, Howard Jones came back into the sun last year with a powerhouse, and this 1939 crew is even better. They have "it," to coin a cliché.

A prominent Eastern coach recently told us that he could win his sectional championship if his regulars were as good as Southern Cal's third-stringers!

Southern California's second successive entry into the Rose Bowl will be seriously contested by Stanford and possibly Washington. The Palo Alto squad lacks both a seasoned left tackle and center, and also capable line reserves. Washington needs a better defense against passes, and also some more line reserves before they really add any gray to Howard Jones' thatch. Slip Madigan's St. Mary's figures to be the strongest non-Conference team on the Pacific Coast.

The University of Tennessee will have another exceptionally fine team. Like Southern California, they too should march through 1939 with an unsullied record, although they will not gain as much glory as U. S. C., because the caliber of their opposition will have been lower.

The Rose Bowl game on January 1, 1940, will see these two undefeated teams meeting, and for the first time in years the winner of the game will actually be the best team in the country. Last year, you remember, U. S. C. faced Duke on New Year's Day in Pasadena, but Texas Christian and Tennessee were rated the two outstanding teams. As long as the crystal ball is working, we might as well tell you that Southern Cal will beat Tennessee.

### FIRST TEN TEAMS

1. University of Southern California
2. University of Tennessee
3. Northwestern University
4. Fordham University
5. Carnegie Institute of Technology
6. Oklahoma University
7. University of Michigan
8. Duke University
9. Holy Cross College
10. Rice Institute

In the Big Ten, Northwestern will wind up with the encomiums, for, like the two teams previously mentioned, the Evanston school's squad boasts an outstanding group of backfield men, aided and abetted in their plundering by as good a line as can be found in the Midwest. Their path to the title will be disputed by Michigan, which, under Fritz Crisler, is again on the upswing. No game is scheduled between these two Big Ten titans, so the final Conference standings may show a dead heat between the pair. If they were to play, we would have to like Northwestern.

After sifting and sorting all the information about Eastern teams, the inside dope makes it look as if Fordham, Carnegie Tech, and Holy Cross will run one, two, three, in that order. Fordham's toughest hurdle comes early in the season, when it faces the Crimson Tide of Alabama and the Green Wave from Tulane on successive Saturdays. The Rams from Rose Hill will have a top-flight line again, as they have had every year Jim Crowley has been there, and in addition they'll have a great offense. Their toughest battles will be with Alabama and Tulane, as mentioned, and also with St. Mary's, which all but defeated them in 1938. If the Rose Hill gang gets by these early-season games, look for them in the Rose Bowl instead of Tennessee. The West wants an Eastern team if they can get it.

Remaining in the East for another paragraph, it looks as if Pennsylvania, Syracuse, and Army will be up there with the leaders. Princeton will rule the Ivy League. Cornell has too much line trouble. Lou Little of Columbia finds himself with only eight returning letter men. The word is out that Pennsylvania might do a lot of surprising.

In the Southern Conference, Duke figures to be tops again this semester. Wallace Wade, like Jim Crowley, has always had great defensive teams (his 1938 Duke squad was *unscored upon* during the regular season!) and, like Crowley, Wade seems to have come up with a good offensive backfield to match his leonine linesmen. George McAfee, brilliant running quarterback, whose injuries kept him on the bench most of last season, is back and reputedly fitter than ever. Clemson and Wake Forest will give Duke a hard fight for the Southern Conference crown.

Oklahoma, undefeated last season until their meeting with Tennessee in the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day, should be even better this year. With the exception of right-end Young, the same line which held opposing teams to an average rushing gain of forty-three yards per game in 1938 will work in front of this year's backfield. Northwestern will be the only team to beat Oklahoma, and even the mighty men from Evanston will be defeated if they go into this game too overconfidently. Coach Tom Stidham's Sooners will be no team's deep-dish apple pie. Missouri should nose out Biff Jones' Nebraska team for second place in the Big Six.

Creighton, with Marchy Schwartz (remember him at Notre Dame?) doing a magnificent job of coaching, will win the honors in the Missouri Valley Conference, Tulsa being the eventual runner-up. The Rocky Mountain Conference likewise figures to be a two-team affair—between the Universities of Utah and Colorado. Their meeting on November 4 should decide the Conference championship.

The toughest Conference dogfight will take place in the Southwest, where any one of five teams—Rice, Texas Christian, Texas A. & M., Southern Methodist, and Arkansas—can carry off the plaudits. Last year's Rice team was ruined by having to play all of its tough games during the first half of the season, before the team gained poise. This year those games come at the bottom of the schedule.

Rice will lead the close Southwest race, with Texas Christian and the others right on their heels. There will be no undefeated team in the Southwest. Even though Texas Christian lost six regulars, Coach Meyer can still place an all-letter-men team on the field. If Coach Homer Norton can develop a good forward passer at Texas A. & M., they'll grab off all the headlines. Arkansas can take the lead if they can find a good field general. Southern Methodist needs help at guards and ends.

Eight backfield units stand out in the battle for sports-page glory, those eight being Southern California (what, again!), Tennessee, Fordham, Northwestern, Notre Dame, Michigan, Southern Methodist, and Purdue. U. S. C. will be number one in the backfield as well as everywhere else along the football front. They have four outstanding fullbacks in Schindler (1937's star who was out last year with an injury); Peoples, the javelin ace; Sangster, last year's regular, and Musick, a powerful soph. Shell, the captain of this supercolossal team, will likely find himself sitting on the bench most of the year watching Hoffman and Duboski alternate at his left-half position. Lansdell, Swirles, and Johnson will fill the most important spot on any Howard Jones team—quarterback.

Loping Leonard Eshmont, Fordham's left halfback, was the nation's number one ground eater-upper in 1938, gaining an average of 104 yards a game. Jimmy Blumenstock, a four-star sensational sophomore of whom you'll be reading a lot on your favorite sports pages, will be number two left half. Kazlo, Holovak, and Lewczyk, at right half, will be constant scoring threats—if they aren't picketed by the typesetters' union. Principe and Friedgen, two great line plungers, will be at fullback, and Crowley's two blocking quarterbacks will be Fortunato and Krywicki.

Tennessee has the next best. Last year they averaged 27.6 points a game, and they have the same broncos back this season. Cafego, 1938's All-America right half, will move to quarterback. Coffman, Wallen, and Broome will alternate at fullback. Foxx (not Jimmy), Bartholomew, Andridge, Barnes, and Bacon will battle for the two halfback posts. Tennessee's backs are as good, if not better, than Southern Cal's and Fordham's on the offense, but they don't come close to them defensively. For that reason, we rate them below Jones' and Crowley's point grabbers.

Northwestern has ten of last year's letter men returning for backfield duty. In addition, they have a whole slew of talented sophomores, among them Kruger and the brightest star ever to shoot across America's high-school football horizon, Bill DeCorrevont. Hahnenstein, Soper, Mesec, Soukup, and Madsen are the veteran halfbacks whose jobs they'll be trying to steal. Ryan and Richards will be the signal callers, and Clawson and McGurn the fullbacks.

Notre Dame's battalion of "S" men—Saggau, Sheridan, Stevenson, and Sitko—will again give the opposition something to remember them by. Zontini will be at right half, and Thesing and Piepul will struggle for the fullback nomination.

Here, after a process of boiling down, is the way the major teams of the country will stack up on the gridiron:

| SCHOOL | STRENGTH | WEAKNESS |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | Tackles, center, defense very strong | Quarterback, guard reserves |
| Arkansas | Punting, balanced attack | Field general, pass defense |
| Army | First team line, few fumbles | Pass defense, line reserves |
| Auburn | Guards, halfbacks | Ends, left tackles, defense against rushing |
| Brown | Quarterback, guards, ends | Center, passing, pass defense |
| California | Center, punting, right half | Tackles, fullback |
| U. C. L. A. | Backfield, left half especially | Tackles, punting, maybe center |
| Carnegie Tech | Halfbacks, ends, offense and defense | Right tackle, fullback, punting |
| Colgate | Center, running backs | Line play, offense |
| Colorado | Line, pass defense | Backs inexperienced, passing |
| Columbia | Guards, right end | Tackles, left end, line reserves |
| Cornell | Tackles, backfield, few fumbles | Pass defense, line reserves |
| Creighton | Tackles, guards, halfbacks | Ends, center |
| Dartmouth | Punting, ends, tackles | Quarterback, center, pass defense, reserves |
| Detroit | Backfield | Tackles, punting, tackle and end reserves |
| Duke | Defense, improved offense | Center, pass attack, tackle reserves |
| Fordham | Backfield very strong, great defense | Left end, right tackle, punting |
| Georgia | Backfield | Left guard, center, tackles, reserves |
| Georgia Tech | Backfield, punting | Guards, center, pass attack |
| Harvard | Halfbacks | Ends, guards, punting, reserves |
| Holy Cross | Line, line reserves | Quarterback |
| Indiana | Guards, pass attack and defense | No speed, need climax runner |
| Iowa | Backfield, ends, punting | Tackle, guard reserves, line defense |
| L. S. U. | Backfield, left end, pass defense | Fumbling, tackles, punting |
| Marquette | Ends, guards, few fumbles, backs | Tackle, punting, defense |
| Michigan | Very good backs, center, offense | End reserves, punting, defense |
| Michigan State | Right guard, center, right halfback | Ends, left half, light backfield |
| Minnesota | Halfbacks, punting, running game | Center, quarterback, inexperienced team |
| Miss. State | Ends, guards, center | Defense, passing, tackle reserves |
| Missouri | Passing, defense, guards | Center, blocking back reserves |
| Navy | Punting, tackles, fullback | Passing, no climax runner |
| Nebraska | Guards, tackles, ends | Center, offense, backfield reserves |
| N. Y. U. | Backfield, passing, left halfback | Punting, pass defense, right end |
| North Carolina | Quarterback, ends | Center, left tackle, pass defense |
| Northwestern | Center, guards, backfield | Punting, end replacements |
| Notre Dame | Extra strong backfield | Line reserves, tackles, passing |
| Ohio State | Guards, fullback | Passing, ends, defense |
| Oklahoma | Powerful line, defense, passing | Punting, need speed |
| Oregon | Right end, center | Tackle reserves, passing, pass defense |
| Pennsylvania | Left end, quarterback | Tackles, halfbacks |
| Pittsburgh | Left half, left tackle, reserves | Kicking, guards, fullback |
| Princeton | Tackles, left guard, ends, passing | Center, defense against rushing |
| Purdue | Halfbacks extra strong, punting | Fullback, passing |
| Rice | Backfield, reserves | Pass defense, end reserves |
| St. Mary's | Fullback, defense, ends | Punting, no climax runner |
| U. S. C. | Line and backfield great, reserves | Punting |
| So. Methodist | Backs, tackles, center, passing | Ends, guards, punting, pass defense |
| Stanford | Backs, left guard, right tackle, right end | Center, left tackle, defense |
| Syracuse | Ends, right tackle, left guard, reserves | Center, defense |
| Temple | Backs, passing attack | Punting, center, pass defense |
| Tennessee | Backs, guards | Ends |
| Texas A. & M. | Left tackle, fullback, defense | Pass catching end, passing |
| Texas Christian | Ends, fullback, left half, right guard | Tackle reserves, center |
| Tulane | Tackles, ends, guards | Passing, center, fullback reserves |
| Tulsa | Ends, fullback, reserves | Center, punting, pass defense |
| Utah | Pass defense, left tackle, right guard, backfield | Center, passing, punting |
| Vanderbilt | Line, fullback, quarterback, passing | Punting, fumbling, no blocking, back |
| Villanova | Backfield, ends | Tackles, guard reserves |
| Washington | Right half, ends, punting | Pass attack, pass defense, quarterback |
| Wisconsin | Running attack, center, left end | Guards, passing, pass defense |
| Yale | First team line just fair | Running attack, pass defense |

THE END

Left: The author wearing his gas mask. Above: A sight he saw in London —troubled kids, with gas masks and kit bags, being rushed out of town.

# What I Saw in EUROPE'S LAST HOURS OF PEACE

### BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I WISH there were some way of wiring these words for sound. For how otherwise, without the accompaniment of roaring planes, thundering tanks, and troop trains, the thud of marching feet and the sharp bark of orders, can I explain the nature of those last hours?

Ever since May, when Liberty, anticipating trouble across the Atlantic, had sent me on a " scouting trip," I had been sticking my nose into spots where sometimes others didn't think it ought to be. From the Scandinavian countries I had gone to Danzig and Poland, Soviet Russia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Slovakia, Bulgaria, Albania, Rumania as far as Turkey, then doubled back through Greece, Syria, Egypt, Italy, Spain, and France, ending up with a several-weeks motor tour of Germany, Belgium, and the north coast of Africa. General Gamelin had sent me through the Maginot Line; General Brauchitz through the Siegfried.

Thrice I'd entered Danzig Free State. In Warsaw I'd lunched with Josef Beck and General Smigly-Rydz and received their assurances that Poland could hold out indefinitely against any enemy. The kindly general had sent me by air to visit Lodz, Cracow, and Lwow, where Poland had her major planes concentrated. The officers had done everything to let me see as much as was militarily possible—and I hadn't been greatly impressed.

I had come into Athens, Greece, just in time to meet democratic King George and Prime Minister Metaxas. We had played charades after dinner, and together, with a tablecloth over their heads, they'd come into the room, these two rulers of ancient Greece, representing a donkey—which was their name for Hitler!

In Cairo I'd cocktailed with the young King of Egypt and been given his word of honor that Hitler or Mussolini would never control the Suez Canal. Egypt was prepared to sink boats in it first.

And in Russia Molotov had assured me that as long as he remained in power Hitler would never gain a toehold—but that if war came to Europe Stalin would win in the end because every nation would have revolution.

In Italy I'd attended a concert at Pompeii with King Victor Emmanuel and the Prince, and listened to the applause they received from 30,000 people there in the neon-lit arena—applause far greater than that which greeted Mussolini and Ciano. And for a week I'd wandered up and down Italy and talked with dozens of people who all said—quietly, of course—that they would rather burn Rome than see her go to war for Hitler.

Down in Spain I'd rambled ten days; chatted with Franco in a barbershop in Madrid, and with his new Cabinet of generals, and looked with apprehension upon the large number of German officers and troops still there.

And on the French Riviera I'd had a pleasant evening with Wallie and Edward, and heard him prophesy war.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, I had enjoyed a horseback ride with the King of Denmark, who feared German annexation of Denmark. In Brussels the King had asked me to dine with him, and afterward had traced what he thought Hitler might do if war ever broke out again. But

Stirring!—A close-up of mighty men and humble hordes at grips with destiny

Belgium was well prepared for any onslaught, and the King prophesied nothing would happen.

I dined my first evening in France out at Chantilly with American Ambassador William C. Bullitt, his daughter Anne, Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, and Anne and Johnny Roosevelt, his youngest son. Upon reaching Paris I called up an American girl I knew and asked her to go "slumming" with me.

"Look at the women—they're all crying," she said, as we sat in the dining room of the Gare de l'Est, one of Paris' largest railway stations, the evening of August 17. All around us I then noticed the reddened eyes of the women and the brave little faces of the children as husbands, brothers, fathers, and sweethearts silently swept out of Paris during the quietest, most secret mobilization I have ever witnessed.

Excusing myself for a moment, I sent Liberty the following telegram:

FRANCE SECRETLY MOBILIZING STOP
GERMANY RUSSIA NEGOTIATING STOP
SOMETHING MUST BE UP

Next morning at eight I was awakened by a pleasant voice over the telephone: "Mr. Vanderbilt, the interview you have been requesting with M. Daladier will be granted at eleven o'clock this morning."

Now, I happened to remember that Daladier was out of town, at the seashore, so I asked if I could postpone the "interview" until later in the afternoon. The man I was told to ask for was M. Bressi. There were two Bressis, I learned; both apparently held unimportant positions.

At 4.30 P. M. I presented myself, however, at Premier Daladier's office. After giving my name I had scarcely sat down when two gentlemen stood before me. One of them displayed a gold badge. Instantly I was escorted out into the street, down to the Quai d'Orsay (Foreign Office), and up to the office of Pierre Bressi, Chief of Intelligence!

OUT came M. Bressi, bowing. He led me into a small room and he came to the point very quickly.

"You sent a press cable saying the French army was being mobilized? According to Section —— of the Criminal Code of France, I can have you imprisoned for the duration of a war for spreading false information. This cable was read by the Minister of the Interior at a Cabinet meeting. Said other Cabinet officers, 'How dare this fellow Vanderbilt send such secret information—' "

"Just a minute, sir," I broke in. "You have just admitted the information to be true. You said the Ministers asked how dared I spread such secret information."

"But, Mr. Vanderbilt, I never said it wasn't true. We have a free press in France. Any one can print anything he likes if it is true. But newspapermen usually play ball with us."

"I understand, M. Bressi. You don't want the world to know you are mobilizing now. But I happen to know you are, and why."

"If you are insinuating that our missions to Russia have failed—"

I rose as if to leave the room.

"Just a minute, Mr. Vanderbilt. You cannot leave this office. Your conversation has been transcribed. Threats and insinuations won't help you."

I said, "I didn't know I was making threats. I bear France no ill will. I ran away from home, M. Bressi, when I was only seventeen, to enlist in the army, spent twenty-two months with the A. E. F., and thought I was helping to keep 'the Hun' away from our joint doors."

Bressi yawned. The telephone jingled. He lifted the receiver nonchalantly, then shouted: "*Who told them?*" He turned on me: "Other American newspapers are printing the news you sent out. Who is spreading this secret information?"

AN hour later I called upon Mr. Offee, secretary to the American Ambassador, and told what had happened to me. He instantly called Bressi's office and made an appointment for Mr. Bullitt to see Bressi next morning.

"Gosh," said I, "I didn't come here to cry on your shoulder over troubles of my own. Why did you do that?"

"For the reason that this morning, when Mr. Bullitt called upon the Premier, M. Daladier assured him that France was not yet mobilizing, and that the Russian negotiations were still going along splendidly. Now, since your talk with Bressi the picture has entirely changed. What France has got to realize is, if she plays ball with us she plays it all the way or not at all."

An hour and a half after Bullitt called upon Bressi at the Quai d'Orsay I lunched with him at the American Embassy residence. The luncheon was attended by Daladier, General Gamelin, Foreign Minister Bonnet, the admiral in command of the navy, the president of the Bank of France, the new Air Minister, the Chief of Press, and others. Afterward we chatted with President Lebrun. Shortly, said he, France would have 6,000,000 men mobilized!

Flying over Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, I nearly choked at the news: Germany and Russia had concluded a non-aggression pact—as Princess Radziwill had been prophesying in Liberty for the past two years they would do.

As dawn rose on August 22 my plane landed in Gdynia. A taxi quickly took me to the Free State. Everywhere in the Corridor and in the Free State there were trenches, fortresses built underground, soldiers. The Germans seemed more cocky than the Poles. And I noticed, as I had earlier in the summer down in Bavaria, that large oil paintings of Hitler replaced the bleeding head of Christ on most church towers!

Reaching Danzig city, I dropped in to see Edward Piszcz, editor of the leading local paper. He was panicky. He advised me to see Förster.

"Danzig will return to the Reich within the week," boasted Förster. It went back just eight days after!

"And what if Poland and France and England fight?" I asked him.

"Germany will crush them all. Besides, England is too scared to fight, and France too degenerate."

Boarded an afternoon plane for Berlin. Arriving, went immediately to the Ministry of Propaganda and sent my card in to Herr Doktor Josef Goebbels—who in March, 1933, officially expelled me from Germany for writing that the Nazis had set the Reichstag afire!

HOW long will it take you to mop up Europe?" I asked Goebbels. Pounding his desk, he answered: "We cannot fight much after November 1. I think we will master Poland, France, and England in sixty days."

"And after that, Herr Doktor?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You mean America?" I asked, and added, "But that is fantastic, sir. How can you capture the United States, with the 3,700 miles of ocean and land in between?"

"We do not expect to do it that way," he smiled. "We will take it from within."

The rest of our conversation was so extraordinary that I am telling it to President Roosevelt and to no one else right now.

Berlin streets were alive. Practically every one, including women, wore uniforms. All seemed in a hurry. I was glad to clamber into my warm seat in the plane, and happier still to land at dawn in Paris.

After breakfasting at the Crillon Hotel, I watched with amazement French poilus erecting antiaircraft guns in the fountains—of all places—on the Place de la Concorde. Driving up to Le Havre, I saw hundreds and hundreds of French peasants digging in their back yards, many with their bare hands, working feverishly to build underground shelters. Le Havre was a beehive of activity. Several large liners had just canceled their sailing dates. The Washington, of the United States Lines, swerved into the roadstead. Boarded her, together with Mother Roosevelt and several hundred others.

Reaching Southampton at midnight, we were all astonished to see the large number of vessels there, guarded by British troops. Next morning in London I tried in several places to purchase a gas mask. The polite British clerks told me if I would leave my name and address they would see what they could do for me in a fortnight—or, "Sorry, sir. Why not try your Embassy?"

My taxi driver finally said: "Oi'll git me ol' loidy's, sir." He was back in half an hour with a mask, marked "Eliza Powell, Chelsea, London."

"But what will she do?" I asked.

"She don' need it, sir, where she's gone. She passed away last night."

I found it fitted reasonably well, and paid him what he wanted for it.

Ran into Sir Nevile Henderson and Winston Churchill crossing Downing Street from No. 10 to the Foreign Office. Churchill had nothing to say, but when I asked him if war was coming he nodded his head several times.

Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain left No. 10 a few moments later for their usual walk in the Park. Plain-clothes men kept a crowd far back, but I was lucky in being able to have a few words with him and with General Viscount Gort, chief of the British General Staff, who joined him.

Early that evening sirens began sounding all over London. In less than three minutes by my watch the streets were clear. Like moles, every single person had dropped below the pavements—the subways gobbling up most of them. The "test," as it later proved to be, was over in fifteen minutes and every one came back as quietly as they had disappeared.

I dined that evening with Lord and Lady Kemsley at Chandos House. Kemsley is the publisher of the London Sunday Times, the Daily Sketch, the Manchester Guardian, and nineteen other big newspapers in England. His brother Lord Camrose publishes the London Daily Telegraph and twelve other British newspapers. Ten days before, he had lunched and spent nearly two hours with Hitler at Berchtesgaden, at which time the Fuehrer had assured Kemsley he was striving his hardest to preserve peace, and would, unless "England forced him to give her the beating she had long deserved."

THREE of Kemsley's sons, who were at dinner in uniform, left to join their "sausages"—as the balloon barrage over the city is called. None of them seemed the least bit worried by things.

At Southampton thirty-five millions' worth of gold was loaded aboard the Empress of Australia, and we sailed before midnight completely blacked out. At 4.30 P. M. on the afternoon of August 30 I picked up a strange SOS with my portable. A ship was calling for assistance at a point some 200 miles southeast of us. Up to the captain's bridge I clambered with my information. He ordered the ship's radio to listen in. They received the same report. It said in part: "Foundering—mountainous seas—tail-end hurricane."

An American Coast Guard vessel lay just beyond the position whence the SOS came. Captain Meikel wirelessed it for the weather in its position. I heard the reply: "Clear and warm. Wind northwest five knots."

Captain Meikel looked at me, and called the engine room of the Empress of Australia: "Put on that last boiler and give it to her!" Our course was posted INDIRECT on the bulletin board. We zigzagged to Canada. If we hadn't, who knows but we might have met the same fate as the Athenia!

THE END

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PRINCE ALBERT
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# SPECIAL DELIVERY

## A dramatic tale of human hearts, the miracle of birth, and the thrills of one exciting night when gangsters were on the loose

### BY ELLIOT CHESS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EVERYTHING was all right until a girl ran out of the house where the little old man with the shotgun lived. I'd just landed in the darkness when I saw the quick square of light as the door opened, and then I was sure the girl was wandering down the road that passed the long hangar a quarter of a mile away.

That was funny. I'd never seen a girl around the farmhouse before, so I went outside the hangar to look. The stars had come out.

An eerie blast of the telephone just inside the hangar brought me right back.

I hurried into the booth, put the receiver against my ear, and said: " Darling, listen—"

" Well, *hell's bells!* " It was Claire all right.

I said quickly, " Listen. I just landed, and I think something has happened, so wait—"

" Wait! " she cried. " Why, I've spent half my lovely young life waiting in hotel lobbies and on street corners for you. And, what's more, I've waited at this telephone all afternoon, and I, little Claire Windward, am washed up—finished—done! "

I said, " But I—"

" Well, you're not coming *right* over. You're sitting right there with your conscience and remembering the last time you said you were coming right over. I didn't hear your voice again until it was coming over long distance. . . . Oh, you can always explain: a passenger or something or something else always happens to you. But me? Why, hell's bells! Nothing *ever* happens to me. Hey, I'm all out of breath, so let's get this all wrapped up, because some one is waiting to take me to a movie. It's the tall blond man again, darling."

I was sure there wasn't any tall blond man—there never had been one; but I said: " You mean he's taking you in *my* car? "

" All right, all right—your car. But he's the guy who's doing the waiting, *tra-la.*"

" But, Claire," I said, " I brought back a couple of rings."

Claire said weakly, " Hey, what kinda rings? "

" Wedding rings."

" Oh dear, oh dear. But what do you mean—a couple? You marrying a coupla women or something? "

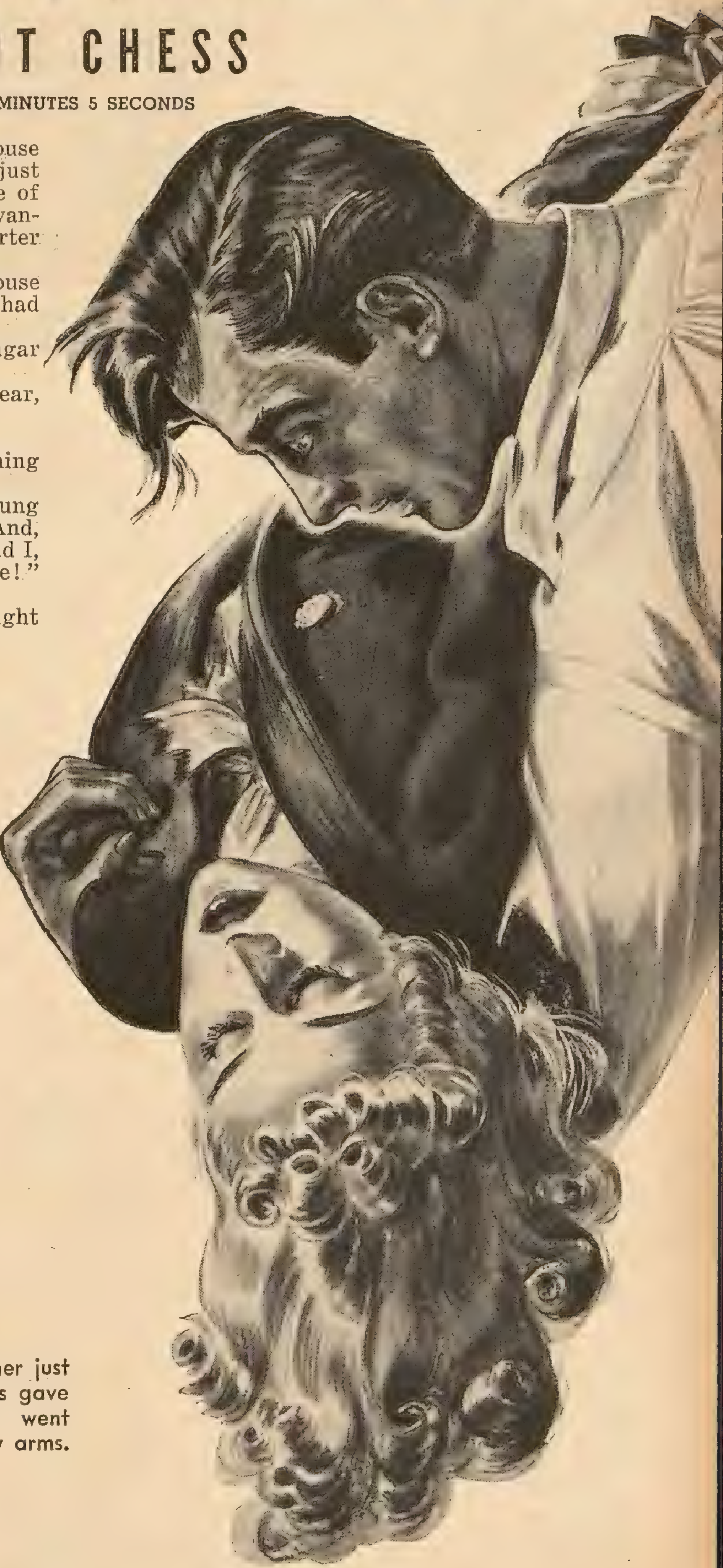
" No. The one with the little diamonds is for you, and the one with the plain gold band is for me. And that's because I'm sentimental and just a little old-fashioned."

" Yes, kind of," Claire whispered.

" What? "

She said, " Oh, nuts! Here I get all set to be tough, and what happens? I go all soft and feminine inside. Oh, but, darling! Don't let anything happen. Just this once! Please, please, please! Because I don't want to wash everything up and have it done. I—"

A quick movement caught my eye, and



I caught her just as her legs gave way. She went limp in my arms.

when I leaned out of the booth a very lovely girl in a loose-fitting tweed coat was holding on to the hangar door. Her soft red hair had been played with by the wind and she'd lost her hat.

I said, "Wait," to Claire, and as I leaned out again the girl's eyes lifted. A frail smile came and died on her lips; then she whispered:

"I'm going to have a baby."

I laughed, because I thought she was kidding; and I told her to go right ahead, that having babies was perfectly all right with me. Before I turned back to the phone I said: "Just a minute."

"Oh," said the girl helplessly. "I guess *it* can wait."

It was the way she'd said it that made me let go of the receiver and step out. Her eyes seemed tragic to me then. They were large eyes. I thought they were blue, but I wasn't sure.

And as they trailed back over the planes inside, she said, "My name's Anna. . . . What's yours?"

"Makensen."

She said, "Well, listen, Mr. Makensen. I really wasn't kidding about the baby, and—and I think it's going to happen now."

I caught her just as her legs gave way. She went limp in my arms. There was a little room in back, so I carried her there. As I lowered her to the couch she whispered: "Thanks, Mr. Makensen—thanks."

I put a pillow under her head, and then I hurried back across the hangar to the phone booth. The receiver was still dangling. I grabbed it and said into the mouthpiece: "Claire, something *has* happened, and—" I heard the click, and I cried, "Claire! Claire!" I tried and waited and tried again, and when I still didn't get any answer, I called Doc Greyson.

"I'm in a terrible jam," I told him. "See, I just flew back to New York from Philadelphia, and before I even had time to put up the plane a girl with the loveliest red hair walked up out of the night and said she was going to have a baby."

"They're having them every day. How's your arm?"

I didn't see what a broken arm had to do with a girl having a baby, but as long as he'd asked, I told him that Claire Windward still thought I'd fallen off the hangar roof just to get out of a date with her.

"Haven't you *married* that girl yet?"

"No! And what's more, if things don't stop happening—"

"Now, take it easy," the doc said. "Just make the girl comfortable, and put plenty of water on that gas stove you've got in your office. I'll be out presently."

I didn't call Claire after that; instead I lighted a cigarette and decided that if it was another off day, it was another off day. And then I thought about an ambulance, and I stepped back into the phone booth and dialed my pals at the Hakensville Police Station.

I asked for the sergeant; but the sergeant wasn't there. "He's out playing hide-and-seek with a couple of gangsters," Casey told me. Casey was the motorcycle cop.

I said, "There's a girl out here going to have a baby any moment now. And I want an ambulance, and I want it—*fast!*"

I slammed down the receiver and went back to the room where the girl was. I thought she was sleeping. I tiptoed around, putting on the water and making as little noise as I could. After I lit the gas I looked at my watch: it was seven thirteen.

The girl stirred.

"Mr. Makensen. Did you call a doctor?"

"Sure. He's coming right out."

"What else? You made more than one phone call."

I told her about it, and how Casey said the sergeant was out playing hide-and-seek with a couple of gangsters.

"*Gangsters!*"

"Oh, he was just kidding."

"But maybe—maybe he *wasn't* kidding!"

Then she asked if I knew the little old man who lived in the farmhouse down the road. I told her yes, but I didn't tell her that I thought any man was cracked who carried a double-barreled shotgun around with him all of the time. I was glad I hadn't, because the next thing she said was: "Well, that little man's my father, and if—" She paused, drew up quickly, and said, "Listen. I hear a car. That can't be the doctor already, can it?"

By the high-powered sound of it, it wasn't the doctor's. I waited until I was sure it was going to turn in through the large wooden gateposts, and then I ran out. A black sedan with two men in it pulled up in front of me.

A thin-faced guy sat behind the wheel, and the other one got out and ran around back of the car. He was young and he had on a dark double-breasted suit, and a black fedora jerked down over his right eye.

"We need some gas, buddy," he said.

I told him I was short, and I was just going to tell him where the next gas station was when I saw the outline of the gun he was holding in his pocket.

I thought about the girl and about the miles between me and the first town; then I waved helplessly toward the gas barrel and said: "Just help yourself."

The thin-faced guy backed the sedan around.

"That all right, Joe?" he asked.

"Yeah," Joe said, and the other one got out of the car. While he was trying to figure out the way the pump worked, the phone rang. When it rang again, Joe told me to answer it, but *take it easy.*

It was Casey, the cop, back on the wire.

"Whatinhell'sa matter—slamming receivers around the way you done? Think I was kidding about them gangsters?"

"No."

"It's a guy name of Joe," Casey said. "And a Brooklyn girl who's nuts about him tips us off. Seems this

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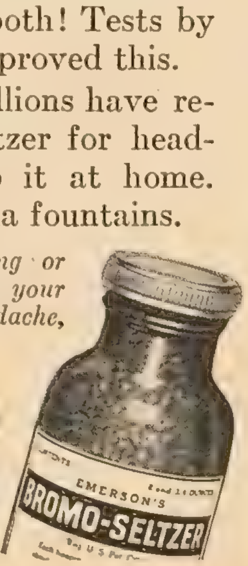


Joe is about to become a tough baby. A big oil man and his wife is going to pass along that road by your hangar with a pay roll or something, and this Joe and a pal of his is going to give them the works. But this Brooklyn girl don't want Joe to get into no trouble, so she tips us off so we can catch him before it happens. And the sergeant strings out cops from here to New York. . . . Say! You listening?"

I could have touched Joe's pocketed gun, and I could hear the slow turning of the gas pump.

"Yes," I said.

"Hey, maybe you're kinda mad because I never explained to your girl about them three days you was giving testimony about seeing the gas-station hold-up? . . . All right, I'll be a pal. I'll fix up this Miss Claire Windward. Tonight, maybe. . . . Yeah. And you *was* kidding about that girl out there having a baby, wasn't you?"

"No."

"Good Lord!" cried Casey. "I'll get hold of the ambulance. I'll get hold of the sergeant. I'll get—"

I lowered the receiver, faced Joe, and said quietly: "That was just a girl of mine, and I guess I'm kind of nuts about her. Maybe you know how it is."

His gaze softened. He said, "Yeah," but a little something had happened to his voice. He looked away, and when he looked back at me, the girl called.

Joe wheeled. "Who's that?"

"It's a girl," I said.

"She by herself?"

"Well, no—not exactly. The first time I ever saw her was a few minutes ago. And she just ran up and said she was going to have a baby. She's back in the room where I sleep sometimes."

HE looked at me and didn't say anything. "Yeah," I said, "and she's young and she's got red hair."

He went over and got a bottle out from under the seat of his sedan, and offered me a drink. It was good whisky. I had a second drink. I needed it.

"What's the girl's red hair—she Irish?" he asked.

"Sure; I guess so."

He said, "Personally, I like the wops. You ever seen a redheaded wop?" I never had. Joe said, "Well, just take it from me, pal, you ain't seen anything until you've seen a redheaded wop girl."

The thin-faced guy had climbed back into the sedan and started the motor.

I turned and hurried back to the room. The girl was frightened and sitting up, her eyes staring.

"Who's out there?" she asked.

"Just a couple of pals of mine; but they're leaving now."

She sighed, "Oh . . . oh," and fell back and stared at the ceiling. I looked at the water. The water hadn't boiled. I lit another cigarette and sat down.

The girl got suddenly hysterical. "Oh—oh, don't leave me—*please!* I'm so afraid! You'd be afraid, too, Mr. Makensen, if you were going to have a baby and you'd gone back to your father's house and you'd been kicked out. What I can't understand . . . I've got a husband. And he was supposed to come out after I had everything fixed up at home. But now he won't know where to come. Oh, you'd like him. He's got such beautiful eyes. . . . Mr. Makensen?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think my baby will have beautiful eyes like him? Oh, but having a baby out here—a baby in a place like this, and—"

Her eyes jumped to the door. Joe walked in slowly. He had his hat in his hand, and after he paused he said in a very soft voice: "Never mind, sister. I was born in the back room of a butcher shop—down on Hester Street."

It was his voice . . .

"Anna—Joe," I said.

Her eyes closed. When they opened there were tears in them. She reached for Joe's hand and held on to it.

"You're sweet—sweet," she whispered.

JOE pointed to the third finger of her left hand, at what had passed for a wedding ring; it wasn't a wedding ring at all, just a thin circle of *twisted hairpin.*

"Funny, isn't it?" Anna whispered. "We—we just didn't have any money, just . . ."

Her words trailed off. And when I glanced at Joe a lost look had come into his eyes, and then I knew that he was a sap for sentiment.

"Why, I'd give a hundred bucks for—"

I knew what he was going to say, so I said a little helplessly, "Why, I've got a wedding ring, Joe. I've got two." And the next thing I knew I was handing him the little boxes. He opened one and then the other. He handed her the ring with the little diamonds.

"Just keep it, sister," he said.

"Oh—oh, I couldn't. I—"

I said, "Sure; keep it." And she held the ring in her tight little fist. She fought it, but it wasn't any use. It was beautiful, the way the happiness skipped over her face then. She said it was lovely—lovely; but she hid her sobs in her hands.

Joe followed me out into the hangar.

"You see that look in her eyes?" he asked.

"Sure."

He said, "You think your girl'd take—" He paused, glanced back at the door, then fumbled in his pocket for a roll he had. He'd pulled off four tens when I said:

"It only cost eighty, Joe. It's fifty-fifty."

"You ain't sore?"

"No."

He said, "Hey, we gotta take that girl to a hospital."

He went over to the thin-faced guy and told him to pick up the first car that passed, and as I watched him I started wondering which side I was on: the back room of Joe's butcher shop—or the law's.

"Another drink?" said Joe.

"Sure."

He said with deep feeling, "We're drinking to a redheaded wop girl in Brooklyn." And I was sure afterward that he was trying to recapture a moonlit night somewhere, trying to recapture the look of star dust he'd seen in the eyes of his wop girl with red hair. . . .

I heard a car moving along the road, and when the commotion started at the gate I was sure it was the police until a long gray roadster pulled up with two people in it. The thin-faced guy was standing on its running board, holding a gun against the lady behind the wheel. The lady had soft red lips and large eyes and a yellow cast to her hair. She was about thirty, and she didn't seem at all troubled about the gun. She didn't speak right away, just smiled a little.

When she spoke her voice was low and steady.

"Well, what's troubling you boys?" she asked.

"Girl back there having a baby," said the thin-faced guy. "You people are taking her to the hospital."

"Oh . . . oh," the lady said. She threw her soft mink coat back from her shoulders, and after she stepped out of the car I saw how petite she was. "Is the girl your wife?" she asked me.

"No. I never saw her before. I was just standing here when she came up and told me she was going to have a baby."

"Did you call a doctor?"

"Yes, I called a doctor."

"Why, the poor girl! But I guess she'll be all right if you called a doctor," the lady said.

THE man with her was all wrapped up in a fluffy camel's-hair coat. He looked puffy and bored and important. His cap was pulled down over his eyes, and after he got out he started ignoring everybody. The lady glanced at the thin-faced guy and at Joe, and said in a low voice: "There really wasn't any reason for your stopping us with a gun; guns go off."

Joe was still holding his bottle, but he was staring at the lady. She smiled.

"Well, you *might* offer me a drink," she said.

Joe handed her the bottle. She only drank a little. And when she handed it back to Joe I knew he'd have sold his soul down the river for her.

"*Dear!*" That from the puffy, important man. There wasn't any common touch in him, just the dull drear glow of self-importance. "I'd like to demand the *real* reason for our being stopped at the point of a gun!"

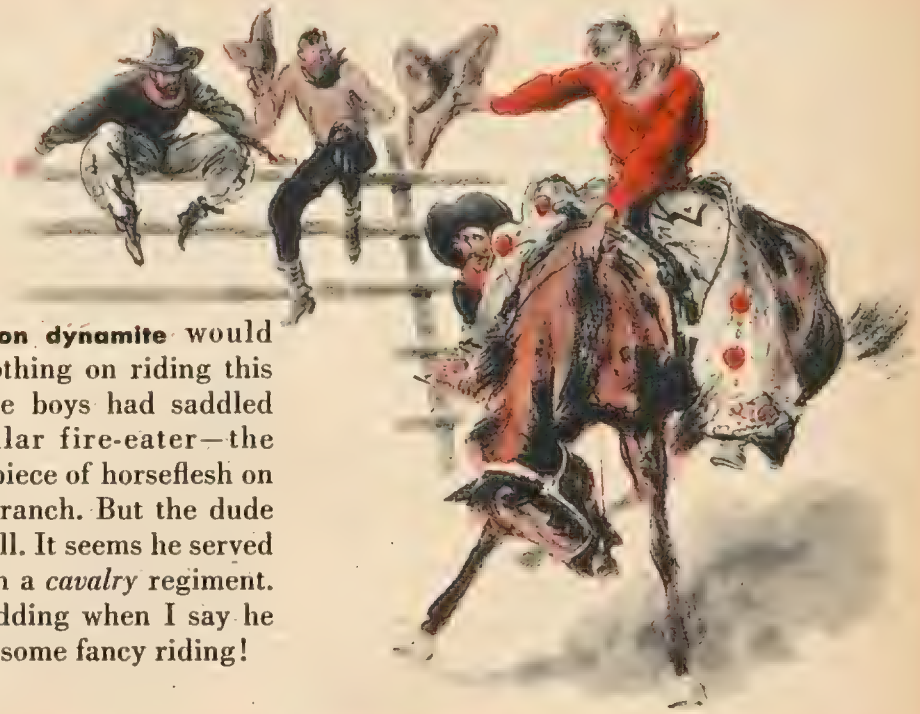
"Girl back there having a baby," said the thin-faced guy, "and you people was—"

"I won't have it! I won't—"

"Ah, you ain't having it. It's the girl having it," snarled the thin-faced guy. "So just take it easy . . ."

Ride Him, Tenderfoot!

**1 I felt sorry** for the dude when he came out to the corral to ride on his first day at the ranch. He'd bought a fancy Western outfit back East—and was embarrassed when he saw real cowboys didn't dress that way. But I couldn't help snickering as he mounted a tough-looking bronco.



**2 Sitting on dynamite** would have nothing on riding this bronc! The boys had saddled up a regular fire-eater—the cussedest piece of horseflesh on the whole ranch. But the dude fooled us all. It seems he served his hitch in a *cavalry* regiment. I'm not kidding when I say he showed us some fancy riding!

**3 We sure got a kick** when he broke that bronc! And when he suggested we Double Our Enjoyment with the whiskey with No Rough Edges, I said:

"You may look like a tenderfoot, but any fellow who can ride as smooth as that—and knows smooth whiskey like TEN HIGH... well, put'er there, pardner!"

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Joe still stared at the lady. “Hey, you like kids?”

“I—I adore them.”

“Yeah, me too,” Joe said. “But New York ain't no place to have kids. Better have 'em out where they got trees and grass and they get some air. You got any kids?”

“No.”

“That's tough.”

“Yes, tough,” the lady said, “—tough. But you're nice to ask. Very nice. What's your name?”

“Joe.”

“Well, Joe, I'm Mrs. Collins,” the lady said slowly. “And this gentleman with his cap down over his eyes is my husband, Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins, I'd like to present Joe, a man who is very nice. Joe, Mr. Collins is the vice-president of the Vonoko Oil Company—”

“Collins,” echoed Joe, and stiffened. The thin-faced guy crouched. And the next thing I knew, a rickety old car had pulled up and doc was getting out. He had on a worn tweed suit, and a satchel in his hand, and without so much as a word to us he moved on through the hangar, while we followed him with our eyes until his gentle closing of the door in back cut off our view of him.

I expected a quick showdown. I closed my eyes; I waited. Nothing happened. When I opened my eyes, Joe was leaning against the phone booth, staring into space! The thin-faced guy had settled to the running board of the sedan, and Collins was walking around uneasily.

I offered Mrs. Collins a cigarette.

“Oh, thank you.”

I held a light for her. Her hand was shaking. It got worse with each cigarette.

WE'D smoked several, and I got to thinking we'd all walked into one of those feverish episodes where men forget themselves and sit willingly in the shadows of more vital dreams than their own—when Joe took a step, and the thin-faced guy struggled to his feet.

A sound stopped Joe like a shot. It was only a little sound, but it came from the room in back. For long seconds he stood gazing into the depths of the hangar before he turned and walked out and looked at the stars.

Something funny started happening to us then. It wasn't anything you could touch or see: it was just there. It stood alongside of Joe, its back toward us, the darkness beyond. It sat next to the thin-faced guy as he hummed The Sidewalks of New York and looked at his hands. It took off Collins' cap, and he played with it like a kid.

It did strange things to Mrs. Collins. It made her helpless and frightened, and her cigarettes no longer seemed to help. She tried to cover up her emotions by dabbing her lips with red.

Her lipstick fell that last time she used it. I started to pick it up; the thin-faced guy made a move for it; but Collins was there first. He seemed embarrassed afterward. He'd forgotten his oil wells and he'd picked up a lady's lipstick.

“Oh, thank you,” said Mrs. Collins. Then her pathetic little defenses all tumbled down. She threw a quick startled glance at me, and it was then that I saw the real tragedy of her life—shaking baby rattles in her eyes.

Something funny had happened, all right. Something had walked out of the little room in back and for a brief moment it made us honest with ourselves. Then that moment was over.

Joe wheeled away from the stars, his hand clutching his pocketed gun. He took a step. He'd taken another when Mrs. Collins said: “Five bucks it's a boy!” Joe paused, bewildered.

ELLIOT CHESS

*was born in Texas and went overseas at eighteen with Canada's Royal Flying Corps. After the war he joined the Kosciusko Squadron, a band of flying Americans who helped Poland fight the Bolsheviks. Besides a writer of stories, he has been a reporter, a movie extra, and a professional wrestler.*

He couldn't speak; he didn't move. Finally his head turned a little.

“I'll just take that—”

I heard the sound of a siren, and I saw the fear hit Joe. He ran out. The thin-faced guy followed as the police car drew up with four of the law, and the sergeant, who stepped out like a wrestler.

He looked at Joe. Then he faced little Mrs. Collins and said in a cold, deliberate way: “Are you going to have a baby, miss?”

“*Dear!*” That from Collins again as he stepped up to the sergeant and demanded with new importance why Edward G. Collins, vice-president of the Vonoko Oil Company, and his wife should be made the subjects of a hold-up. “That man”—he pointed an accusing finger at the thin-faced guy—“that man, sergeant, held us up at the point of a gun!”

The sergeant turned to Mrs. Collins. “You Mrs. Collins?”

“Why, yes, sergeant.”

“Mrs. Collins, your husband informs me that you were held up at the point of a gun.”

“Gun?” repeated Mrs. Collins. As she paused, something kneeled down inside of me and started saying its prayers. “Gun? . . . Why, sergeant, I didn't *see* any gun.”

A quick moan from the back room caused us to turn. A silence followed, while out of the deep shadows came the voice of the thin-faced guy explaining about the girl and the baby and about their need for a hospital. But no one listened to him; no one—

“Hold where ye are!” commanded a cracked voice out of the darkness.

“Heavens—*look!*” gasped Mrs. Collins as a jittery little man in overalls came up cautiously and stood menacingly with a double-barreled shotgun, demanding:

“Where's my Anna . . . my daughter Anna? I seen her come. . . . I'll learn her to get tied up. . . . I'll—”

Joe moved toward him. I thought the little man would blast away, until Mrs. Collins stepped between them with her smile and her mellow voice.

“Hello,” she said. “What's your name?”

“O'Hara. Shamus O'Hara.”

“What a *nice* name. And what have you got in your hands, Mr. O'Hara?”

“Shotgun.”

“Oh, I never saw a shotgun before,” said Mrs. Collins, and reached for it. “May I? . . . What are these, Mr. O'Hara?”

“Triggers.”

“You mean *they're* the things you pull?”

“Yep. . . . Hey!”

*Bang! Bang!* went the shotgun.

“Here, Mr. O'Hara. I thought maybe you were kidding,” said Mrs. Collins. “Now take him away, sergeant. Take Mr. O'Hara away!”

As the police struggled with O'Hara, the sergeant kept saying, “Now relax, Mr. O'Hara—relax! We've got gunmen to take care of. We've got a dragnet out for twenty miles! Don't obstruct justice, Mr.—”

They pinned O'Hara to the back seat of the car. The sergeant jumped in, shouted an order, and the cops, car, and O'Hara raced off the field.

As the sound of the police siren dwindled in the night, a hatless young man in a faded blue suit appeared suddenly from around the corner of the hangar and stood looking at us through his soft placating eyes.

“I'm—I'm looking for a girl named Anna,” he said slowly. “Has—has any one seen—”

The little back door opened and the doc walked quietly out, rolling down his shirt sleeves. “It's a boy, gentlemen.”

It may have been his soothing calmness or the pleasant way he ignored us as we followed him to the little room in back. Yet with each step we became more thoughtful, convinced perhaps that whatever our problems, whatever our confusions, they were of little moment when a child was being brought into this bright world we live in.

I STOOD looking into the room over Joe's shoulder at the circle of silent wondering faces. There was rapture in the young man's eyes. Anna lay pale and still, while next to her lay a little bundle of something with closed eyes.

“You've all been swell—swell,” Anna said faintly. Her hand rose slowly. She pointed at each of the men in turn—at the thin-faced guy, at Joe, at the doc, at Collins, at me—and said: “Eeny, meeny, miney, mo, catch—” Her finger paused at Joe. “Joe,” she said. “Joe's a *very* nice name. . . . People, I'd like for you to meet—little Joe Franalli.”

Joe said desperately, “You *can't* do that.”

“Why

(*Continued on page 26*)

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(*Continued from page 24*)

not?" asked Anna. "He's mine, isn't he?"

"Yeah . . . yeah," Joe said; but his desperation was still there. I didn't think then. I just reached into my pocket for the gold ring. I shoved it into Joe's hand.

"You'd better do something about that redheaded wop girl," I said. "She's got a telephone, hasn't she?"

He wasn't in the booth long; and when he walked back he had the stars gripped tightly in his clenched hands.

"She's waiting," he whispered. His eyes closed and his lower lip trembled. I remembered the police then. I remembered they were two deep between him and his girl with red hair. . . . And over on the couch lay Joe's namesake. His little hands were gripped tight, too. Perhaps there were stars inside—maybe a phantom gun. . . .

I listened: it was the siren again. It sounded like wind through the night. Joe's eyes opened. His head lifted slowly. I could feel his quick terror; yet he only seemed a little sad when I said: "They're coming back, Joe—the law."

Then he went to pieces. The stars fell out of his hands, and again he clutched his pocketed gun. I felt sick, while the thing inside of me prayed, Don't fight, or they'll kill you. There are bullets in that gun, Joe. You'll only get a little rap if they find it—they'll give you the works if it goes off.

The thin-faced guy had a killer look, and Joe had backed up to the wall. We all felt trapped—Anna, the young man, and the Collinses; but the doc just stared at the floor. They didn't know. But they felt it, and they listened. The siren wailed higher, until the sickening sound of it swerved through the wooden gateposts that opened the way to the field.

I STILL stared at Joe, at his gun between him and eternity. The butcher shop on Hester Street was demanding payment, while his wop girl waited, and the siren went dead at the hangar door.

I heard the quick movement of feet; saw the thin-faced guy crouch; and I waited for the blast of Joe's gun.

The room spun around; then: "Well, if it *isn't* the milkman!" cried Mrs. Collins.

He stood in the doorway. He was all in white, and he was saying he'd just come from New York, that he had an ambulance outside—but he guessed he'd come too late.

I laughed; I couldn't help myself. And Joe whispered, "What a break—what a break!" He'd like to ride back to New York in the ambulance—"me and a pal of mine," he said.

"Why, of course," said the man in white.

I looked at the time. *Nine eleven!* And I suddenly remembered Claire. Claire! And the room spun around again.

"Oh," I heard Anna say. "I'm so happy—so happy!"

"Happy." That from Collins as if he'd never heard the word before. He looked at the baby, his glance softening. And I heard Mrs. Collins say with quick longing, "Yes, happy." Their eyes met. It was only a brief meeting, yet there seemed an understanding there.

Everything became confused then: Joe's leaving his black sedan behind as a gift to "the kid." The sedan was on the up and up, he told me, but dynamite to him now, and he wouldn't be needing it any more. Then watching the ambulance carry Joe and the thin-faced guy safely away into the night. And then Mrs. Collins' asking where a quiet little hotel was. . . . And as the Collinses' long gray roadster purred away, I turned. The doc was carrying out the baby. . . . Only afterward did I remember the young man's confused face as I told him the sedan was Joe's gift to Joe, his namesake; remember Anna's last whispered words: "Thanks, Mr. Makensen—thanks," as the black sedan carried the three out of my life, followed by doc's sputtering, rickety old car. . . .

AGAIN I was alone. The time was nine twenty-one. I frantically fingered my pockets. *Empty!*

And just explain *that* to Claire—you sap! cried my panic. Just explain to *her* about gangsters and cops and the millionaires who've cluttered up your life the last couple of hours. Just try to tell *her* about the wop girl with red hair, about the rings you haven't got—and about the baby that came special delivery! Just try! Ha!

I wandered around helplessly, thinking maybe I could find some evidence of a scrambled dream's reality. I found it. It lay there on the floor of the little room in back: *a tiny circle of twisted hairpin!*

So what? laughed my panic.

As I stood holding the twisted hairpin I heard the wail of a very familiar motor. My car! Claire! She was driving at a terrific speed. I ran out, saw the jumping of the headlights, before the car skidded through the wooden gateposts—then *crash!*

Claire was sitting on the twisted remnants of the running board when I got to her. She had her head in her hands, sobbing: "Oh, darling, darling . . ."

The car was a wreck.

"Are—are you hurt?" I asked.

"Hurt? Hell's bells! My *heart* is broken! And look at your car. And all because I *finally* remembered—remembered you didn't have any way to get to me. And you were all alone! And—and I couldn't think of your being all . . . Hey! Listen. . . . What's that?"

The whine of a motorcycle brought Casey the cop up out of the night. His spotlight played upon Claire's tearful upturned face.

"Hey, you!" he snarled down at her. "Who you think you are, anyhow?—driving through red lights! Passing stop streets! No lights in town! Wrong side o' the road! Speeding!" He paused; sniffed. "Yeah, and one o' you has got liquor on your breath."

"But—but I can explain," sobbed Claire.

"Ha! Take it away!" cried Casey.

I slipped the twisted hairpin on Claire's finger.

"We'll get married," I whispered.

"Oh, darling, darling!" Her arms moved around me, held on to me. "Oh, I don't care if I have to spend the rest of my life standing in hotel lobbies or on street corners or in front of movie theaters—"

"But the ring. It's only a twisted hairpin. It's—"

"A what!" Claire stiffened.

"A twisted hairpin."

"Well, it's legal, isn't it?" she said, and relaxed. "Darling, darling, darling! Kiss me."

"The *world's* gone nuts!" cried Casey the cop as he swung out and rode away into the otherwise silent night.

And then—then everything was all right again.

THE END

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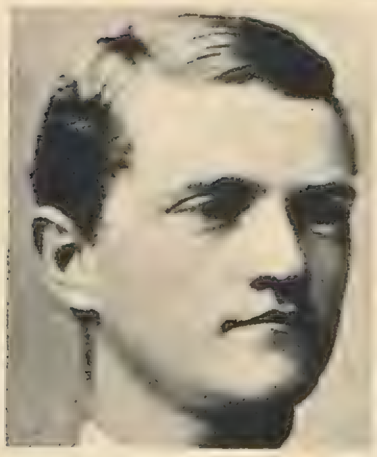
## 20 QUESTIONS



1—His history since his graduation from West Point is the military history of the United States. He fought Apaches, Sioux, and Moros. He saw service in Cuba and chased Villa. His commanding officer once called him "the coolest man under fire I ever saw." His title is General of the Armies of the United States. The early photograph shown above is of whom?

2—From what point is Standard Time for the world counted?

3—Whose names were used to make the words *galvanic* and *voltage?*

4—Is a British inch longer or shorter than the inch used in the United States?

5—What is the difference between a gourmet and a gourmand?

6—Who was the head of the Russian Provisional Government at the outbreak of the Bolshevik revolution?

7—Where are the Blarney Stone; the Stone of Scone?

8—What do these abbreviations mean when used in connection with the name of a ship: M/S; H. M. S.; MS.?

9—How does counterpoint differ from harmony?

10—Why was the 150th birthday of Justin Morgan recently honored by the State of Vermont?

11—What state has the largest forest acreage?

12—How much did the United States pay for Alaska?

13—What is the second letter in all English words starting with *q?*

14—How many boxers in the lightweight class regained titles after losing them?

15—Will the year 2000 A. D. be the first year of the twenty-first century?

16—Who holds the women's national golf championship?

17—In what light opera, filmed as a movie, is a monarch concerned with making "the punishment fit the crime"?

18—What are the two principal metals now used to make brass?

19—How long did Abraham Lincoln live after Lee's surrender at Appomattox?

20—Who is the gentleman from Indiana who wrote The Gentleman from Indiana?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

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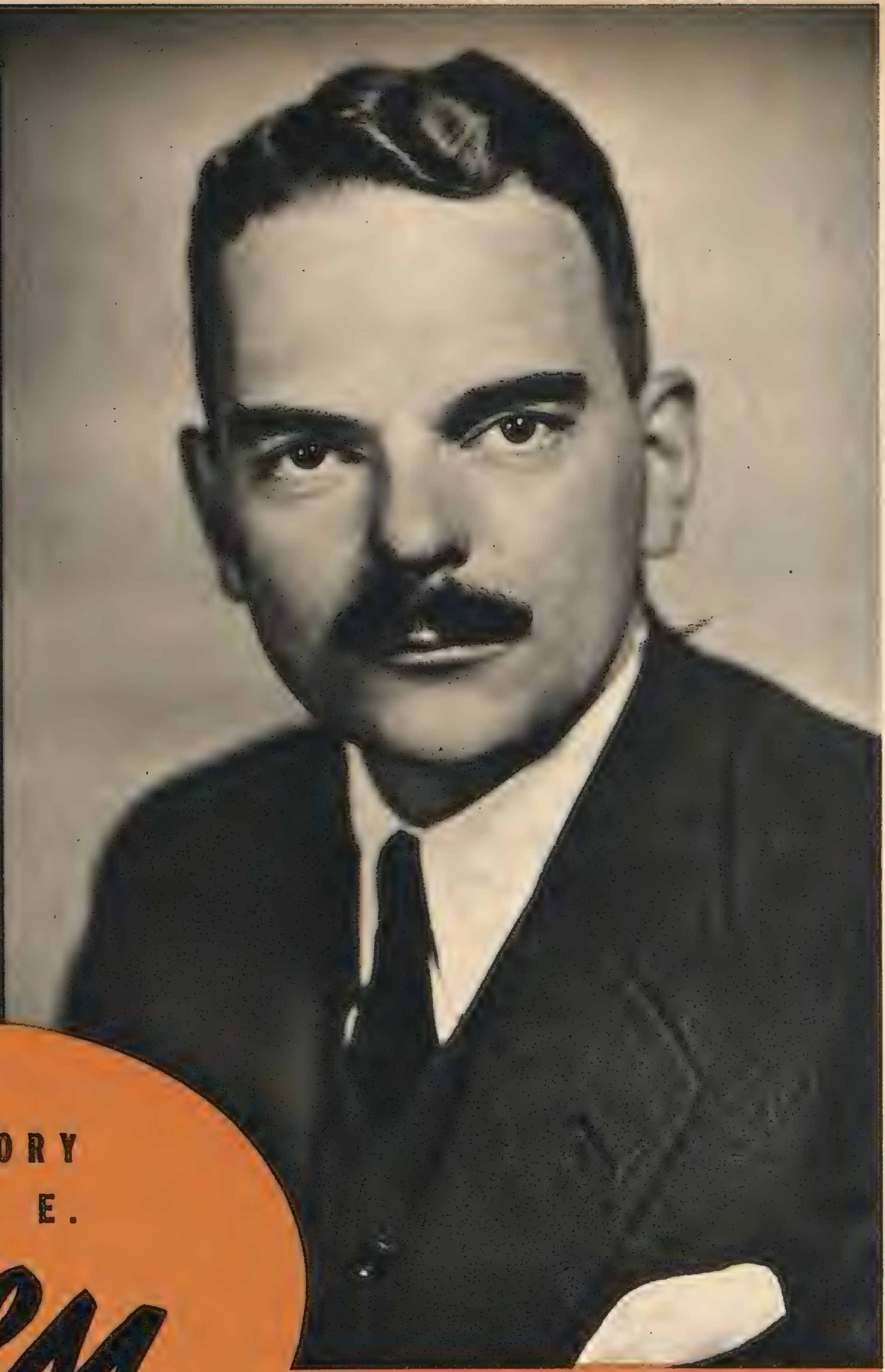

## THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. *Dewey*

TOLD BY GEORGE WASHINGTON'S GREAT BIOGRAPHER *Rupert Hughes*

Famed as a racket buster, prosecutor of notorious grafters, and vigorous enemy of organized crime, New York's District Attorney has gained national recognition. Yet, on the personal side, very little has been told about this man who looms so large on the national political horizon. Everybody knows the things he has done. Few know how he has done them. Still fewer know the kind of man he is. Liberty feels that under the present conditions this information is vital. And beginning next week we will publish the biography of Thomas Edmund Dewey, compiled and set down by Rupert Hughes, whose similar study of the career of George Washington was a notable contribution to the archives of America. Put this biography on your list of must reading. You'll want to read every word. Watch for ATTORNEY FOR THE PEOPLE.

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★ **NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY**

# ANOTHER WAR, ANOTHER TRAGEDY

## The story of Edith Cavell significantly reminds 1939 of 1915 in a somber, impressive retelling on the screen

### BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS
4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL

THE PLAYERS: Anna Neagle, Edna May Oliver, George Sanders, May Robson, ZaSu Pitts, Sophie Stewart, H. B. Warner, Rex Downing, James Butler, Halliwell Hobbes, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lucien Prival, Rudolph Amendt, Bert Roach, Lionel Royce, Will Kaufman, Ernst Deutsch, Frank Reicher, Robert Coote, Egon Brecher, Gilbert Emery. Screen play by Michael Hogan. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Produced by Imperadio-RKO Radio. Running time, 95 minutes.

NOW that the world again echoes to the tramp of marching feet, the execution of Edith Cavell before a German firing squad in Brussels takes on a curious timeliness. The repercussions of her death at two o'clock in the dawn of October 12, 1915, shook the globe and probably did as much as any one event, save the sinking of the Lusitania, to set American opinion against the Kaiser's war machine.

There has been no attempt to romanticize the nurse from Norfolkshire, for this is a conscientious documentary film. True, Cavell was fifty at the time of her execution, and Anna Neagle makes her far younger and probably a great deal prettier. But the story, sans a leading man in the accepted sense and any hint of romance, moves over historic ground as it traces how Cavell came to aid the escape of British and French soldiers, the discovery of the underground traffic by the Germans, the nurse's arrest and her execution. Producer Herbert Wilcox apparently has taken extreme care in accuracy of detail.

Whether the movie public wants a grim, somber retelling of a war tragedy remains to be seen. It will find Anna Neagle's performance of the martyred nurse to be the best characterization of the English actress' career. It is a careful, conscientious portrait. Best of the surrounding performances is George Sanders' playing of an officer in the German espionage service. You will find Edna May Oliver and ZaSu Pitts in serious roles—and doing very well for themselves.

VITAL STATISTICS: "Anna Neagle's last name should rhyme with eagle. Edith Cavell's should be pronounced like travel." So speaks Producer-Director Herbert Wilcox. . . . Wilcox took his own technical staff to Hollywood, made the picture in the record time of five weeks. The picture started on the 13th of May at the 13th hour (1 P. M.). Scene 13 was filmed first on Stage 13. The film is the 13th picture of Miss Neagle's career and marks her 13th year in the show business. . . . Hugh Gibson, now retired from the U. S. Diplomatic Corps, authorized the use of his name as well as the Hugh Gibson character in the film. H. B. Warner plays Gibson. . . . Fernand Visele was U. S. Ambassador Brand Whitlock's butler in Brussels at the time of the Cavell execution. He was discovered buttling for Joseph Schenck, the movie mogul, at his Palm Springs hacienda, where Anna Neagle and Wilcox were guests. Visele was persuaded to play himself while Schenck held the job open for his return. . . . William Yetta, who plays the prison turnkey, was a sergeant of Uhlans in the German war army, came alive out of the first Battle of the Marne. Besides acting, he was technical expert on uniforms. . . . Another technical adviser was Gui Ignon, French portrait painter, who occupied an adjoining cell in the St. Gilles prison while Edith Cavell was there. Ignon was to have faced a firing squad too; but his friend, Spanish Ambassador Marquis de Villalobar, secured his reprieve six hours before execution time. . . . The canal and flatboat were built on the RKO ranch. . . . On days when she faced tense dramatic scenes, Neagle sat alone in her dressing room and declined lunch. . . . Wilcox says he selected comedienne Edna May Oliver for the role of the courageous Countess Mavon because she "has the most aristocratic face in Hollywood." Also gave ZaSu Pitts her first starkly serious role since she was Erich von Stroheim's favorite dramatic actress in the old silent days.

Master sleuth Basil Rathbone and heroine Ida Lupino in The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

### ★ ★ ★ DUST BE MY DESTINY

THE PLAYERS: John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Charley Grapewin, Henry Armetta, Stanley Ridges, John Litel, Moroni Olsen, Victor Kilian, Frank Jaquet, Ferike Boros, Marc Lawrence, Arthur Aylesworth, William Davidson, George Irving. Screen play by Robert Rossen from a story by Jerome Odlum. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 85 minutes.

JOHN GARFIELD plays another social rebel. Kicked around by a hard world, Joe Bell is finally picked off a freight with two other lads and sent to a county work farm. There, in spite of his sullen defenses, he finds himself coming to care for the lonely stepdaughter of the drunken brutal farm foreman.

There is a fight with the foreman, who dies from a liquor-weakened heart—and Joe flees with the girl. From that moment the two are hunted young animals.

The story resembles George Raft's recent I Stole a Million; but, for all its faults, it is a more detailed graphic study of the nobodies who are knocked around by a careless civilization.

As the lad who thinks life is stacked against him, Garfield gives the yarn a vitality and an honesty it would not otherwise possess.

Priscilla Lane, too, is excellent as the girl who sees through his inarticulate wall and comes to believe in him. Alan Hale's newspaper editor has ink and authenticity; Moroni Olsen contributes a fine bit as a defense attorney making his plea to a jury.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is John Garfield's sixth film. Did five in one year. It seemed like old times to John Garfield when he hopped freights for this film. Six years ago John was doing exactly that. From side-door Pullmans to stardom! The rain scene in the lonely freight yard was shot at Roseda; the train was taken over for the night from the Southern Pacific. The rain came from perforated pipes rigged overhead out of camera range. All the inhabitants of the town watched from behind police lines. . . . When the company went on location to a farm in the San Fernando Valley, it took along nine cows, four horses, and forty-five chickens. True, the farmer had his own poultry and animals, but the director would take no chances with ones unused to lights and cameras. Besides, many of the scenes dovetailed with others made at the studio, and while a cow may be a cow to you, there are those who would detect any substitutes. Barnyard impresarios, the Hudkins brothers rent cows and horses at $5 a head, chickens at 25 cents each. . . . Alan Hale was born Rufus Alan MacKahn. Dad was a patent-medicine maker in Washington, D. C. Alan went to the University of Pennsylvania, tried newspaper work, started film acting in 1911 with the Lubin Studios. Joined D. W. Griffith at the old Biograph. Married his leading lady of those days, Gretchen Hartman, and the two celebrated their silver wedding anniversary last September. Hale draws almost as much money from his patents and factory products as he does from acting. Inventions include a patent folding theater seat, a formula for mass production of greaseless potato chips, an effective fire extinguisher of fountain-pen size. . . . Charley Grapewin, who plays the kindly freight brakeman, has tried to retire several times. He's sixty-four, has a new home forty-five miles from Hollywood, is satisfied to quit. But directors keep after him. He quit acting back in 1920, took a job with General Motors, quit that in 1925 to just rest. Came the depression, and Charley went back to acting. . . . Garfield has himself on a spending-money budget of fifteen dollars a week for lunches, cigarettes, and gasoline. Is saving frantically to build a home somewhere near Manhattan.

## ★ ★ ★ THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE PLAYERS: Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Ida Lupino, Alan Marshal, Terry Kilburn, George Zucco, Henry Stephenson, E. E. Clive, Arthur Hohl, May Beatty, Peter Willes, Mary Gordon, Holmes Herbert, George Regas, Mary Forbes, Frank Dawson, William Austin, Anthony Kemble Cooper. Screen play by Edwin Blum and William Drake, based on William Gillette's play, Sherlock Holmes. Directed by Alfred Werker. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 73 minutes.

BASIL RATHBONE was such a successful Sherlock Holmes recently in The Hound of the Baskervilles that he is back in his Baker Street diggings, confounding Dr. Watson with his deductions and defeating that arch-criminal Professor Moriarty in a deadly battle of wits. Moriarty is after the $15,000,000 crown jewels in the Tower of London, no less; but sleuth Holmes stands by to defend them.

There are bloodthirsty fellows who play Inca funeral dirges and hurl Patagonian bolas out of the London fog, clubfooted murderers who haunt gardens after dark. It's all fairly breathless and well sustained in suspense.

Rathbone makes an ideal Sherlock Holmes; Nigel Bruce is the ponderous Dr. Watson; George Zucco is the redoubtable Moriarty; and Ida Lupino the pretty heroine in distress.

VITAL STATISTICS: When the Twentieth Century-Fox studios made The Hound of the Baskervilles, it was discovered that there are 1214 Sherlock Holmes clubs in various parts of the world. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle created the master sleuth, said to have been based on a Scotch surgeon, Dr. Joseph Bell. Doyle placed Holmes' diggings at 221B Baker Street, but no such address ever existed. Holmes fans believe that No. 111 was the real address Sir Arthur had in mind. Anyway, the house fits the story details and has become a mecca for tourists. . . . Watch Basil Rathbone, as the disguised Sherlock, do a cockney song-and-dance called Walking in the Park. Never did anything like it in his long stage-screen career. . . . That's a real *Anthurium magenta*. The studio prop man, Erwin Delfino, paid $125 for it and then let it die. You see, Prof. Moriarty, when he isn't killing, raises rare plants, and the death of the botanical phenomenon is part of the story. . . . During the filming, Ida Lupino met her husband, Louis Hayward, for luncheon. A real-estate friend happened by—and sold them a house. Just like that. Later they discovered the place had no dining room, of all things. So they're building in a replica of a typical English pub. . . . The British colony in Hollywood always has stuck together pretty closely. E. E. Clive says it's necessary. Otherwise they would lose their stock in trade, their English accent. And then where would they be?

## FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight.

★★★—The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman.

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## ☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

### by Oliver Swift

### ★ ★ ★ MY ROAD TO INDIA

by Nila Cram Cook. Lee Furman.

The daughter of George Cram Cook writes her own life story—a life of worldwide excitement and interest, a life lived in a search for truth and beauty, and in rebellion against Mrs. Grundy.

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## A TRUE TALE OF THE G-MEN

From F. B. I. files! How Dixie's worst bad men fought a losing battle of wits with Uncle Sam

### BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

# TERROR'S TRAIL

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IN case there is ever any rivalry between different sections of the country as to which section can produce the biggest crooks, the Old South has an entry--in fact, two of them.

The Middle West can have its Dillingers, its Bradys and its Karpises. The West, its Autremont twins. The East, its Oleys and its Rettichs. But the South will take William Payne and John Washington Turner. And, believe me, they take a lot of taking.

The Carolinas will not soon forget the eleven months of terror that marked the period between the escape of these two desperate killers from the Caledonia Prison Farm at Halifax, North Carolina, on February 15, 1937, and their final apprehension by

Women who associate with hunted men expect to be paid well for their services.

John Edgar Hoover's G-men at Sanford, North Carolina, in January, 1938.

Neither will the G-men forget the chase which these two crooks led them and their co-operating local and state law-enforcement officers during that same period through North and South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and Virginia.

In cold-blooded cruelty, in Machiavellian ingenuity, these two are just about tops.

Payne, although his pictures do not look it, was a man of considerable charm. He could turn it on and turn it off. Off, he was a grim figure. On, he made friends so easily that the Old North State was spotted with them. Lasting friends they were, too, willing to harbor this infamous creature dripping with human blood.

Physically he was of slight, almost delicate build, and under normal height. His skin was sallow, his eyes bloodshot, with deep shadowy rings around them—an old man for his forty-one years, but wiry and quick. And when he smiled, you couldn't help smiling, too.

Turner was just a crook. Go into any rogues' gallery in America, and you'll see a hundred pictures that might have been he. He was about the size and weight of Payne, but looked both heavier and shorter. With small regular features, unmarked except for a slight scar on the left cheek, he might have passed for any age from twenty-five to thirty-five. He was thirty-five.

In personality and in mien, he was negative—the kind of man that, meeting him again, you don't remember. And, just as Payne's personableness made his apprehension almost impossible in the country of his friends, Turner's negativeness made him difficult to trace.

BOTH crooks were Tarheels. Payne was born in Guilford County, North Carolina; Turner, in McDowell County. Payne was convicted for the first time in the fall of 1921—of stealing an automobile in North Carolina. Turner was convicted for the first time that same fall—of stealing an automobile in California. In the succeeding fifteen years both were repeatedly arrested for bank robbery and larceny. And when they met as summer boarders on the prison farm at Halifax, Payne had escaped from prison four times, Turner two.

And when summer waxed into winter and it wasn't so pleasant down on the farm, they co-operated in leading seven other convicts in an armed prison break. Nobody ever did find out where they got the guns. The warden and steward of the institution were kidnaped and used as hostages while the nine were making good their escape in the prison laundry truck.

Now, an escape from a state prison or prison farm does not come within the jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation; but robbing a bank, the deposits in which are insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, does. So, when two bandits strode into the Bank of Montgomery at Troy, North Carolina —about fifty miles east of F. B. I. headquarters at Charlotte—held up the employees, and escaped in a stolen automobile with $3,383 in loot, the G-men were presently in full pursuit.

The getaway car—which they learned was driven by one of the other fugitives, a criminal named Robert Smith—was traced to a lonely spot near Biscoe, a town a bit east of Troy. It had not only been abandoned but burned. Here the trail ended. Processing the charred wreck yielded no fingerprints. But the G-men, from the descriptions given by the bank employees, were sure of the identity of the robbers.

Smith, after assisting Payne and Turner in the Troy affair, teamed up with Payne, in Turner's absence, to extract $2,540 from the Commercial State Bank at Laurel Hill, and with Turner, in Payne's absence, to rob the Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company at Clarkton of $1,851.44.

Turner and Smith were living at the time of the latter job with two prostitutes on the shores of lovely Lake Waccamaw in southern North Carolina, and repaired immediately thereafter with said prostitutes to equally lovely Myrtle Beach in northern South Carolina.

PAYNE joined his pals at Myrtle Beach, and the three of them—with their women, of course—lived there, until Smith's capture, in tourist cabins.

On our nation's birthday, Bob Smith was sitting in a parked car on a lonely road near Lancaster, South Carolina. He was not alone. In fact, he was accompanied by one Joan ——, a prostitute at that time playing the Palmetto State circuit. When two members of the Lancaster police force showed up in a police prowl car, Smith stepped on the gas and beat it. The police became suspicious and gave chase.

When the fleeing car collided with another automobile, the pursuing police straightway debouched and approached the scene on foot. A blast of gunfire greeted them. Officer Frank Stowell fell, mortally wounded. Under cover of the gunfire and the general confusion, the man and woman made good their escape. But this time the wrecked car betrayed them. Fingerprints were all over the steering wheel and doors—and these fingerprints, when forwarded to the F. B. I. for laboratory examination, identified them both.

As a result, the state authorities instituted so competent and thorough a surveillance over South Carolina highways that the fleeing Smith, who had abandoned the girl somewhere along the way, fell into their trap. After another gun battle—which resulted only in his running his car into a tree and breaking his own leg—he was taken into custody by the State Highway Patrol.

Smith got life, and is now in the South Carolina State Penitentiary.

Payne and Turner proved far more elusive. On the very day that one detachment of the State Police captured Bob Smith, another detachment spotted Bill Payne in an automobile outside a filling station near Myrtle Beach. But when the officers reached the car, he was gone.

When the G-men next heard of Payne and Turner, they were consorting with some of Payne's many friends in the neighborhood of fashionable Asheville and, under cover of the smokelike haze that hovers over the near-by mountains, were exploring the roads and trails and six hundred miles of trout water which make Great Smoky Mountains National Park the playground of the South.

IN such country it was almost impossible to trail the bandits. The chief hope of capture lay in the fact that sooner or later they were bound to sally forth in search of more funds. Fugitives from justice cannot live forever off the land. And women who run the risk of associating with hunted men expect to be paid well for their services.

The break almost came at Florence, South Carolina, during the burglarizing of a laundry. Payne opened the safe and extracted $800, which was only part of the money in sight. Apparently he needed help in carrying out the rest of the loot, so he went out to get Turner, who was parked in the getaway car down the road. He didn't even bother to pick up his burglar's kit. When the robbers returned, the alert local police had already arrived. Payne and Turner kept right on going, but going away. Close, but they made it.

Once more, however, the chemical laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation identified the burglars by the fingerprint signatures on their abandoned tools—and the hunt went on with renewed energy.

A week later, George Penn, a young North Carolina state highway patrolman, gave chase to an automobile containing two men whose actions had aroused his suspicions. The men opened fire. Penn returned shot for shot, until the killers turned abruptly into a narrow side road and found themselves dead-ended on an isolated farm. Penn followed, to his death.

Payne and Turner, for it was indeed they, jumped out when they heard his police car coming and hid behind a barn. When the courageous young officer advanced on foot, they killed him with a bullet through the head.

Pausing only to secure his pistol, they jumped into their car for a quick getaway. The police car blocked the narrow way. Trying to pass it landed their own car hub-deep in a ditch. But, finding a chain in the police car, they used the state's motor power to drag their own vehicle out into the road, then sped merrily away.

The getaway car was found shortly afterward, abandoned in Asheville, with four bullet holes in the rear end.

A few days later Payne, unaccompanied, kidnaped sixteen-year-old Laverne Hedges and her nineteen-year-old escort, Sam Wolfe, and forced them, with guns at the back of their necks, to drive him one hundred and sixty-five miles along the main highway between Asheville and Greensboro, to Thomasville, North Carolina, where he dumped them out and then proceeded on his way in their car.

Where Turner was during this little jaunt is not known. But the two crooks showed up together again a month later in company with one J. Bowling Byrd—which *is* a name, isn't it? Like themselves, J. Bowling had done a stretch in the North Carolina State Prison. Although an experienced bank robber in his own right, he was content to act as driver for the two past masters.

Thus reinforced, Payne and Turner held up the Bank of Candor in Candor, North Carolina, and got away in a stolen car driven by Byrd with nearly $3,000. To cover their wheel tracks, they burned this car in the woods outside the little village of West Philadelphia, and stole another, in which they made their escape. The second stolen car was found in the scholastic shades of Chapel Hill, lovely setting of the University of North Carolina and its famous carillon tower.

The association with Byrd lasted two months and a half, until December 13, 1937, when Sergeant Smith and Patrolman Sloan of the State Highway Patrol, cruising along the highway near Wilmington, North Carolina, noticed a speeding car containing two men whom they took to be counterfeiters for whom they were seeking.

WHEN the officers pursued, the men in the car opened fire. In the ensuing battle, the driver of the fleeing car was so badly wounded that he lost control of the steering wheel, and his car careened off the road into a barbecue stand. Captured, he proved to be J. Bowling Byrd. The other man, who escaped, was John Washington Turner.

In the ten months which had elapsed since the hold-up of the Bank of Montgomery at Troy, Payne and Turner, individually or together, had committed four bank robberies, one highway robbery, one kidnaping, one murder, several burglaries, and the theft of between twenty and twenty-five automobiles.

And what was the F. B. I. doing all this time?

That is the point of the story.

The popular conception of the G-man has him spending his days and many of his nights shooting his way into criminals' hide-outs and bringing them back dead or alive. To a degree this is a true picture. Every G-man knows how to shoot and shoot to kill; and in the pursuit of desperate ruffians like Payne and Turner, there is sometimes need of that skill.

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS by PAUL WEBB
WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOT INTO MAW? FUST TIME AH EVER SEE HER RUN FROM A BEAR!
USUALLY THE BEARS RUN FROM MAW!
AH FEEL SO POKEY AH COULDN'T SLAP DOWN A MOSQUITO
IT'S THET OLD DEVIL CONSTIPATION THET'S GOT YOU SLAPPED DOWN. AN' THOSE PILLS YOU TAKE EV'RY DAY DON'T GIT AT THE CAUSE OF IT. AH KNOW WHAT AH'M GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT.!!
WE-UNS IS GOIN' TO TOWN TO FETCH YOU SOME KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. IT'S A TASTY, CRISPY BREAKFAST CEREAL THET'LL GIVE YOU MORE "BULK" IN YO' DIET. EAT IT EV'RY MAWNIN', DRINK PLENTY O' SPRING WATER, AN' SEE EF YOU DON'T JINE THE "REGULARS."
SOMETIME LATER
YOU SHO' ARE FEELIN' FRISKY SINCE YOU JINED UP WITH THE ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
SHE'S HER OLD SELF AG'IN.
P. WEBB

WHY suffer those dull, lifeless days due to constipation? *Why bring on the need for emergency medicines?* Isn't it better to get at the cause? If it's common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp crunchy cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—goes straight to the cause by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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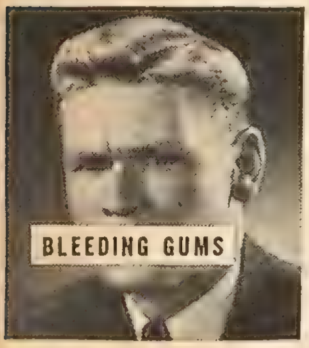
**Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

WARNS 4 OUT OF 5 ABOUT GINGIVITIS

*A common gum inflammation often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea*

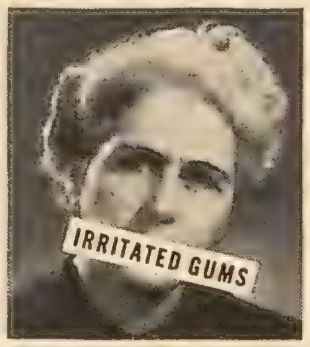
TENDER GUMS

**If gums are tender and bleed when you brush your teeth—watch out! This may be Gingivitis—a gum inflammation where gums meet the teeth—very common today AND if neglected is often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea (which only your *dentist* can help).**



JOIN FORHAN'S "SAVE YOUR TEETH" PROGRAM

**Visit your dentist every 3 months—it saves much time and money in the long run. And be sure to help your dentist at home by cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste, special formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for massaging the gums and cleaning the teeth.**



**Forhan's cleans dull dingy teeth to reveal their natural luster and helps remove acids that cause decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years! At drug and department stores. Weekend size, at all 10¢ stores.**

INFLAMED GUMS

Forhans
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR

FREE

Send carton of giant 50c size of Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-3, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50c Gum Massager FREE.

The Honor Roll of special agents of the F. B. I. who have lost their lives in gun battles with the common enemy is a long one. It would be longer still if Hoover hadn't taught his men to shoot so straight.

But gunfire is resorted to only when failure to do so means death to the pursuers and escape for the pursued.

On the other hand, the G-man is trained from the beginning of his career to use those departments of his brain which have nothing to do with trigger-pulling, but which must be trigger-like in their reactions. Even before the beginning of his career this training in mental application begins. Every G-man not only has a college education or its equivalent but has made his place in the upper brackets of whatever institution he has been graduated from.

ALL the G-men, therefore, are highly trained. Some of their best though least heralded work is done while peering into test tubes and poring over musty papers. To Hoover and his men, mental pursuit of a criminal is every bit as important as physical pursuit.

This case was peculiarly one requiring research and preparation. The nature of the country made physical pursuit beyond a certain point practically useless. Local officers who knew the terrain and who had been thoroughly aroused by the killing of two of their mates, one by Payne and Turner and one by Smith, were wholly competent to patrol the highways and do such off-highway pursuing as was possible or practical.

The competence of local law-enforcement organizations throughout both North and South Carolina was, in fact, one of the outstanding features of this case, and one that reflects the greatest credit on the governments and citizens of those states. The G-men who participated in this most difficult case are unanimous in saying that these Carolina officers were not only a splendid body of men, but set a shining example of co-operation with each other and with the special agents of the Bureau. For good straightaway police work, their performance would be difficult to top.

Through its Charlotte office, the Bureau made the same kind of study of Bill Payne's life, his family connections, his friends and associates, that a conscientious biographer would make if he were about to write a book on some great man. To get this information, the G-men followed two definite channels.

The first might be described as the immediate following-up of leads and tips. The moment a Payne-Turner crime was reported to the Charlotte office, agents went at once to the scene of the crime, not only to secure technical evidence such as latent fingerprints and ballistic details as to weapons and bullets, but to interview witnesses and others who might have observed the criminals or have had knowledge concerning them.

In this way innumerable hide-outs and contacts were uncovered; and the information in regard to them was given to local authorities, so that surveillance might be maintained. Raids on these known hide-outs and houses of friends often opened up new leads, such as articles of clothing left behind by the fugitives which, through their laundry and cleaning marks, disclosed the route over which their owners had traveled.

In the Carolinas, their favorite field of criminal activities, in addition to the usual identification orders and circulars sent out to law-enforcement agencies, large "WANTED" circulars carrying pictures of the two bandits were posted in filling stations, hotels, tourist camps, and all other gathering places where they might put in an appearance. Local newspapers were also furnished with photographs and descriptive data.

One result of this stimulation of that detective instinct which lies just beneath the surface in most of us was a flock of false clues, all of which had to be investigated by F. B. I. agents. Frequently the bandits would be reported as having been seen at the same moment in different parts of a state or in two different states. Both leads had to be followed to the end. Hardly a day passed without Payne and Turner being reported as having been seen somewhere—and each report meant a separate journey and investigation by the G-men.

SOME of these tips were straight enough. Often the special agents missed their men only by hours, sometimes by minutes. And the straight tips were well worth all the wobbly ones, because they usually led, under skillful inquiry, to the discovery of more hide-outs and contacts and the installation of more surveillance which, experience has taught, will sooner or later trap the wariest criminal.

The second channel through which the G-men worked might be called the historical one. They went back to the birth of these men, back of their birth into the histories and associations of every known ancestor and relative.

Turner's genealogy and early history, as was to be expected, yielded little. He had two brothers in Marion, North Carolina, not far from Asheville, but they could throw little light on their errant brother's associates or activities. Payne's history, on the other hand, was a mine of helpful information.

His father, who had died when Son William was a small boy, had been a prosperous farmer located about eight miles out of the prosperous city of High Point, North Carolina. He had left a substantial estate to his wife Emma, to support young William and his two sisters. Most of this estate went, the agents found out, to get Brother Bill out of scrapes before he was finally arrested and convicted of automobile larceny in 1921. It was clear, however, that Bill had started life with a substantial social background, more than the average education, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances to which, as we have seen, he added considerably by his flair for forced-draft ingratiation.

So, working from within, as a researcher does when he looks for internal evidence in a manuscript, the G-men biographers added steadily to the store of information which they had gathered by boring from without, until altogether they built up a volume of reports listing more than three hundred contacts—three hundred people who might harbor William Payne or to whom he might appeal for harborage—in eighty-eight communities scattered through ten states.

Having completed this tome, the special agents were not content to establish surveillances directly and through local law-enforcement officials at all three hundred of these potential points of contact. They patiently toured the entire territory, personally interviewing each individual, placing them all on notice as to the penalties imposed under the harboring statutes, and generally making it more and more difficult for Payne's friends to aid him in his campaign of concealment.

Through these personal visits, the Bureau was not only able to make invaluable friendships with local officials and to renew and revive those already made, but also to uncover numerous socially conscious private individuals who undertook to notify the Charlotte office the moment the desperadoes showed up within their ken. Many of the relatives and friends of the Payne family were honest God-fearing citizens, who, when informed of the true character of the Payne black sheep, were quite willing to co-operate with the forces of law and order. Others, less valiant or possibly actuated by a mistaken sense of loyalty, inadvertently dropped valuable hints which led the investigators to persons who would co-operate.

ONCE the Charlotte office was reasonably sure it had woven a net from which even such elusive criminals as William Payne and John Washington Turner could not escape, it turned its attention to details of procedure that, in the old pre-Hoover days, would have been the first concern of law-enforcement officials.

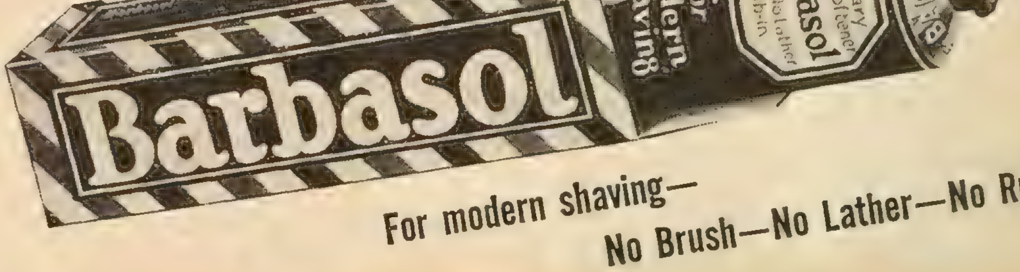
For example, if it was thought that Payne or Turner might have been wounded during one of their forays, a systematic search was immediately instituted in all hospitals. When it was reported that Payne was in Savannah, Georgia, to get his teeth fixed, every dentist's office in the community came under continuous surveillance. When the fugitives were believed to be associating with a gang of gamblers, the agents became gamblers for the nonce, and although they did not track down their quarry, they got much closer on the scent. Once they chartered an air-

OH, CHARLIE, PLEASE GET A BARBASOL FACE!

**GET IT SMOOTH,** get it handsome, hoe off that half-cut stubble. Throw away old-fashioned methods that tend to dry and bite the skin, even cause coarseness and roughness. Get a tube of modern Barbasol. Get yourself a Barbasol Face and get results with the gals. Sold at all drug stores in 25¢ and 50¢ tubes, in huge 75¢ jars. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.

**SAILOR, WHAT'S THE SECRET?** Better results with Barbasol—in hard water or soft, hot or cold—because it's a modern shaving cream—made with beneficial oils that not only soften the beard, but actually *soothe* and help *protect the skin*—from your razor while you shave, from harsh weather after you've shaved.

**HELLO, JUNIOR!** There's something about you that reminds us of a Barbasol Face. Smoother, cleaner, fresher, younger-looking skin—never touched by a razor. But that's the way it feels, after shaving with Barbasol!



For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

plane and circled over a wooded country where it was thought the criminals had concealed a getaway car. Another time, bloodhounds were employed to follow the fugitives' trail.

These matters are mentioned, not because they are so very important to the story—for basically they are not—but to show that the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with its emphasis on modern scientific methods and methodical, almost scholarly research, neglects none of the true and tried methods of crime detection and law enforcement.

In the end, however, it was the net which the G-men had patiently woven around these desperate criminals—a net which they themselves may really have been said to have woven, since it was composed wholly of biographical and behavior facts disclosed by a painstaking study of their lives and deeds—which enticed these two insects within the web of the law.

A good scout whom the F. B. I. had planted in Sanford, North Carolina—less than forty miles south of Durham—notified the G-men in Charlotte that the two grief boys had been momentarily in town. That was all they wanted to know. The men in charge of the F. B. I. office now knew their men so that they were sure their emergence from hiding and quick departure could be for but one purpose: to case the joint.

They would come back.

And they did. At 8.15 the following evening, January 3, 1938, William Payne, the social idol, and John Washington Turner, the social never-was, moved in on the peaceful North Carolina community and parked their stolen car near a taxicab driven by one Spud McLeod.

When they hit the pavement, they looked into G-men's guns.

And when they turned back, with intent of flight, to their waiting automobile, they found two G-men's cars moving in to block progress ahead or in reverse.

Slowly the hands went up. Quickly the handcuffs went on. Spud, an apparently innocent bystander, was greatly relieved.

The Scourges of the South had reached the end of their trail.

Shortly before midnight, July 1, 1938, William Payne and John Washington Turner entered the North Carolina state gas chamber, from which no man returneth.

Mental pursuit had resulted, as it inevitably does, in physical capture. The new order in law enforcement—the John Edgar Hoover order—had prevailed!

THE END

---

Who robbed the bank in St. Charles, Illinois? The G-men wanted to know. How they tracked the criminals through the slender clue of a one-dollar bill, how they played on a crook's stupid egotism, makes a tense, thrilling tale! Mr. Collins will tell it in an early issue.

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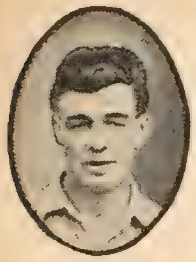
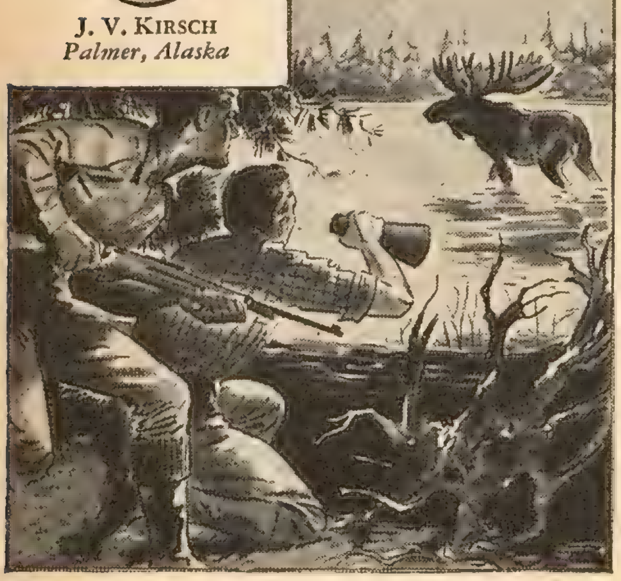
# MOOSE HUNTER FIGHTS FOR LIFE IN RAGING TORRENT!

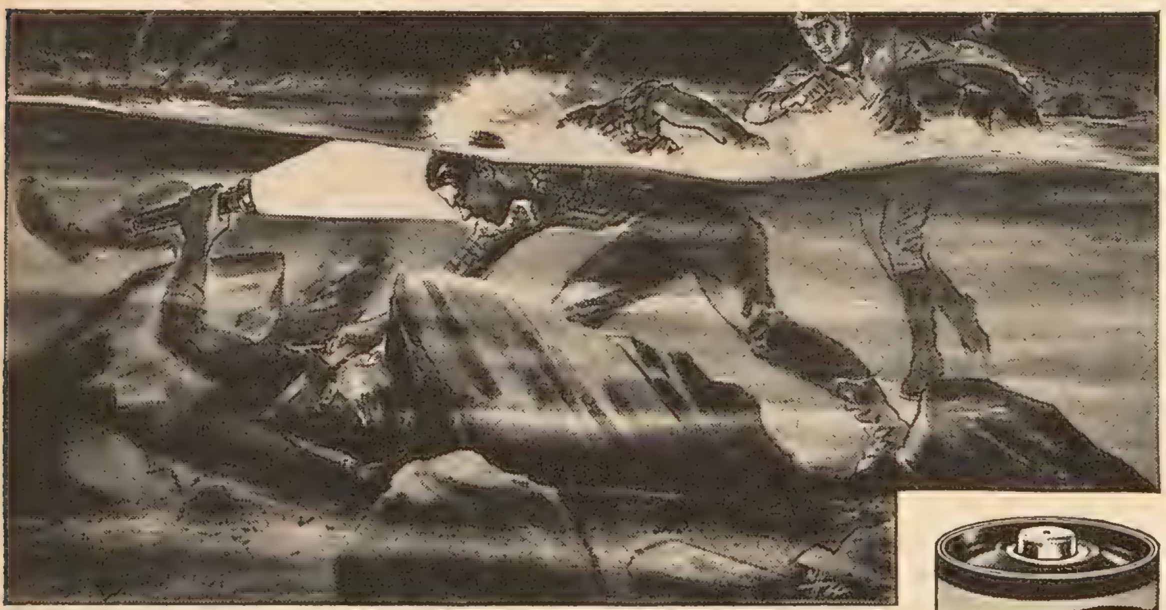


J. V. Kirsch
*Palmer, Alaska*



❶ "**I bagged** a giant moose, the dressed meat weighing 982 pounds," writes Mr. Kirsch. "Starting back to camp at dusk, we foolishly decided to ford Willow Creek, a very fast mountain stream. We figured the 150-pound packs of moose meat would keep our feet on the bottom.

❷ "**We were wrong!** When the water reached my chest, I was swept from my feet and trapped beneath the foaming mountain torrent! Wedged against a rock, and held down by the current and my heavy load, I couldn't budge!



❸ "**I had been** carrying my lighted flashlight in one hand, and still held it. And just in time, one of the packers located me by its beam! He rushed in, seized my pack rope and managed to drag me ashore. I most certainly wouldn't have lived to enjoy that moose meat if those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries had failed me." *(Signed)* J. V. Kirsch

DEC. 1939
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## 17 DAYS LEFT *to see the Fair!*

Not much time left to see the Greatest Show on Earth—the New York World's Fair. And not much time remains to see "I'll Tell the World"—Liberty's real-life comedy drama of the screen, now showing to capacity audiences in the Macfadden Theatre at the Fair! It features such popular Hollywood stars as Jed Prouty, the Mauch Twins, Frank Albertson and a crackerjack supporting cast. Only 17 days left—so let's get to the Fair and see that movie **now!**

# THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

## Mystery's spell returns and a quest of lost love enters the vivid story of a man's tormented soul

**BY ACHMED ABDULLAH**
**and ANTHONY ABBOT**

Authors of Flower of the Gods, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

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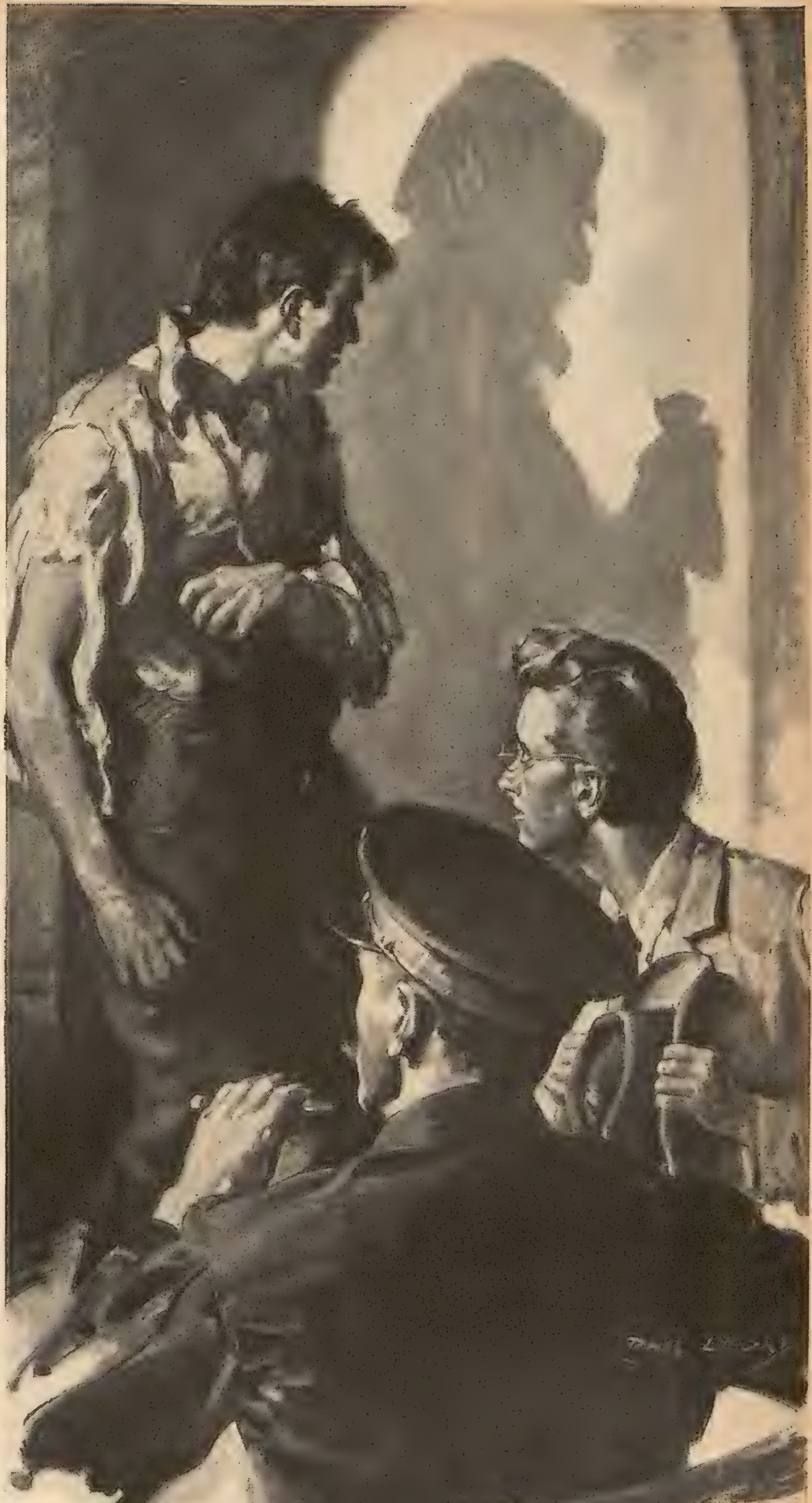

A moment later he saw it. The sharply silhouetted shadow of a man who appeared to be bearded—like somebody out of the Old Testament.

### PART FOUR—SILVER COINS AND A VANISHED GIRL

QUITE early on that same day, indeed not long after midnight, Gordon McArdle had gone to the small house, close to the entrance gate, which was Major Metzger's residence.

He had gone there to kill the other—to kill without running the risk of discovery, arrest, harsh punishment, perhaps death. For there was Yvonne; there was his love for her; there was the future, their life together. And there would be no risk. No special suspicion would point his way, since he was but one of many who hated the Prussian with a seething and murderous passion and who would avail himself of the first opportunity to translate this black passion into red deed.

The opportunity was ready to hand. Thanks to the prison-camp gossip, the American knew of Major Metzger's proud and stubborn refusal to give up his post and seek safety in flight. And he had learned, furthermore, through a casual remark made by the commander's orderly, that the man had gone to bed right after supper and reinforced by ten grains of veronal.

There were no patrols marching the rounds. No sentries anywhere. Not even before the major's house. It loomed there without a light, silent—and grimly inviting.

Treading softly and hugging the shadows of the great oak trees, Gordon crossed the front yard. He approached the door; tried the knob. It turned, opened.

He heard heavy, rhythmic snoring. He followed the sound of it, up three flights of dark stairs, advancing warily. He reached the bedroom. The door was ajar. He looked in.

The curtains were not drawn. A broad silvery wedge of moonlight danced through the window. He saw the man whom he hated flat on his back, soundly asleep.

He crept inside. He paused.

Should he strangle Wolfgang Metzger in his sleep? Or should he first call out to him? The other would be startled wide awake. He would see Gordon. Would—know! And fear would blur his round china-blue eyes. Fear would change to despair, to deadly panic, as strong hands encircled the massive throat, seeking the windpipe; as thumbs pressed mercilessly . . .

Yes—Gordon decided—that's what he was going to do. He would awaken the German; would let him have—oh—a preview of death.

He approached the bed. His lips were dry. He licked them. He felt a strange sensation, an almost sensuous thrill, running down his spine.

He bent over the sleeping man. His fingers curled. And then, all at once, he became conscious of a revulsion of feeling. A weakening of resolve, of hate? No! Rather, a strengthening.

He craved revenge. He longed to squeeze his hate to the last bitter drop.

But—he considered—death was too quick. Death, by being quick, was merciful. It brought an end, a full stop. There was no more suffering, once death was an accomplished fact. One suffered through life—not through death.

Life, thought Gordon a minute or two later, as he left the major's house—such as his own had been, here in B-44, these last few months. Months of steady physical and spiritual deterioration.

It would be, doubtless, a French prison for Major Metzger. Perhaps a French convict labor battalion somewhere in North Africa. Beneath the brassy African sun. Amidst the stench of the tropics. With a brutish Arab overseer and a grinning plum-colored Senegalese giant plying the salt-soaked elephant-hide whip. Years and years and years of it. Years like eternities. His body broken, his soul crushed—until he wished for death, prayed for death.

Here was revenge.

. . . . .

So now Gordon saluted stiffly. He introduced himself to the British colonel:

“Captain Gordon McArdle, sir. United States Army. Tenth Virginians.”

SIR JAMES looked up. He was puzzled.

This—this miserable, pitiful, dirty scarecrow an American army officer, an American gentleman . . .?

Still, the proper intonation was there. The proper manner. Rags and filth were not able to hide it.

He got up; shook hands.

“Delighted, captain.”

Then he asked routine questions:

What was Captain McArdle's military background? Was he a West Pointer or had he been promoted from the ranks? What engagements had he taken part in? Where had he been taken prisoner? When? Who were his superior officers? What was the number of his division? And had he an identification tag?

All correctly answered. The little metal disk was produced and handed over.

Sir James examined it; found it in order.

“Another thing,” he went on, with an embarrassed little cough. “Frightfully sorry, my dear fellow. But my duty to ask you. Why were you . . .?”

“Sent to B-44?”

“Right-o!”

The American had his reply ready. He had decided on it ahead of time. For he was certain that Major Metzger knew nothing about the real reason. Else the man would have used the knowledge in his cruel sadistic fashion.

“I've no idea, sir,” Gordon said. “I guess somebody must have made a mistake.”

“My word!” The Englishman frowned. He turned to Major Metzger. “I say! Do *you* know?”

“No, sir. Official instructions came directly from Prince von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck transferring the prisoner here. I obeyed orders.”

“No—ah”—with an apologetic bow in Gordon's direction—“criminal record to account for?”

“Not that I'm aware of, sir.”

Sir James stared at Gordon—at the rags that covered the emaciated body, the hollow cheeks, the livid whip scars on forehead and bare chest; stared at the Prussian officer, so spruce and neat in his well fitting, well brushed uniform. Then he addressed the American. He asked another routine question; but—his voice rising meaningly—did not ask it in a routine way:

“Have you any complaints, Captain McArdle? You know, as to treatment—all that sort of thing?”

Gordon did not reply immediately. There was a curious tension in the little office. Major Metzger stood stiffly erect. So did the two British aides-de-camp. The Rev. Elisha Rogers, the civilian member of the mission, looked vaguely unhappy. Sir James drummed on the desk with the tips of his fingers—and repeated:

“Any complaints?”

Gordon glanced at Major Metzger. He saw the man's hands opening and shutting convulsively. He smiled.

“Very well . . .” he began.

His voice was cold, steady. Then, the very next second, he was silent; and—it was as on that morning in the trenches, after he had shot the German prisoner and when the latter had begged for water, water, for the love of Jesus!—he stopped, listened, sharply caught his breath as, dimly in the distance, he heard something like the clinking of silver coins. . . .

CLINK! clink!—coming nearer and nearer. Clink! clink! clink! Still nearer. He counted the sounds. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—clinking with a dreadful, cadenced persistency.

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

PUSHING his way through the jammed Yankee Stadium in New York, a young fellow tries to shoot Captain McArdle, the orator who is addressing the crowd on “Jesus the Lord of Peace.” This would-be assassin is felled by an unseen power. Scenting a sensational story, two writers hasten to where the stricken youth has been taken. There they persuade a woman of unknown identity to reveal what she knows about the past life of the evangelist.

As a wild and willful boy in Virginia, Gordon McArdle ran away from home, became a vagabond, and finally enlisted in the World War. He was made a captain. While fighting on the western front, he fell in love with a pretty French nurse, Yvonne Durand. He took the affair lightly, but the girl had given her heart to him forever.

One night McArdle's men captured an aristocratic German who defied their efforts to obtain information from him. Immediately thereafter the enemy made a direct hit, killing every one but Captain McArdle and his prisoner. Crazed by the slaughter of his buddies, Gordon shot the bound German. The only clue to the latter's identity was a massive gold seal ring which Gordon put on his own little finger. Haunted by his murder of a helpless prisoner, the American officer, badly wounded, managed to drag himself to Lamaze to report to D. H. Q.

But the town was in German hands. A Uhlan major, Prince Leopold von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck, whose men captured McArdle, recognized his son's ring on the American's hand, and severed the finger in blind rage. Gordon expected instant death. Instead, he was sent to the most fiendish detention camp known, B-44, where a Major Metzger tortured men beyond belief.

McArdle succeeded in living through this hell until the armistice, when an Allied mission came to release him. Having sworn to kill Metzger, he now faced him before the English and American commissioners.

He looked at the other men in the room. Did they hear what he was hearing?

Evidently not. They were all waiting for him to speak. And he could not. He had to listen to the clink! clink! clink! Had to count the sounds. Up to thirty. And no more than thirty.

Yes, yes! Thirty silver coins—just as on that morning in the trenches. A meaning to thirty silver coins. An ugly, evil meaning. Tragic — and treacherous.

And, he wondered, the shadow—would it come, as on that day?

A moment later he saw it. The sharply silhouetted shadow of a man who appeared to be bearded, wearing sandals and a long loose robe. Like somebody out of Palestine, Jerusalem, the Old Testament. . . .

Then the man came into view; and he was not bearded, nor did he wear sandals or robe. A wizen, undersized old German—that's what he was. A workman, judging by the mattock across his shoulders and the rough shabby clothes: heavy boots, mud-stained trousers, gray woolen shirt, and instead of a necktie a brown frayed rope round his neck. . . . Yes! a brown frayed rope—just like that other man who had given water to the dying German officer. . . .

Unhurriedly he crossed the room. He looked, in passing, at Gordon. It was a strange look. A questioning, challenging, and somehow mocking look—so Gordon, in after years, explained to Yvonne—that caused an icy chill to sweep over his heart, caused his scalp to prickle.

A second later—and there was no doubt that, as the others had not heard the clink-clink of silver, so they had not seen the man—he had vanished.

Gordon gave a shudder. He was as though in a daze. And, as though in a daze, and yet—and this too he explained in after years to Yvonne—as though, all at once, a dazzling white light were filling his mind, his brain, as though he were following an amazing inner guidance, as though—dear Lord!—somebody else and not he were speaking, he said to the British colonel:

" No, sir. I've no complaints to make."

"What's that?"—sharply, incredulously.

" No complaints. The treatment I received was just."

HE saluted; left the office.

Just—he echoed in his mind, with a queer elation, almost triumphantly—just!

Had he not killed a defenseless prisoner of war; committed an unspeakable crime? And had there not been justice—the healing clean salve of harsh justice—in the dirt and squalor and peccant foulness of the prison camp, in the terrible indignities, the cruel lash of the whip, the agonies of body and soul which he had suffered month after month? Had he not thus atoned, or at least partly atoned? . . .

He walked up the road; heard running feet and a high-pitched voice:

" Captain! Captain McArdle! "

He turned. The Baptist clergyman came hurrying up, out of breath.

" Yes . . .? "

The man was beaming.

" I," he said, " would like to shake your hand."

" Eh "—gruffly—" what for? "

" Because you obeyed the Lord's word on Calvary. 'Forgive them; for they know not what they do.' "

" Sure you know what you're talking about? "

" But . . ."

" Sure I forgave? "

" Of course. I was there, wasn't I? I heard what you told Sir James. And I know the conditions here. I know that you, for one . . ." The Rev. Elisha Rogers shrugged his shoulders. " You show the marks . . ."

" And yet—are you sure I forgave? Listen! " Gordon was grimly amused. " You're a preacher, so I'll give you a theological nut to crack. I didn't forgive. I did what I did—well, for selfish reasons. I wasn't even thinking of—if you'll pardon my French—that—Prussian skunk. I was thinking of myself. Of my own soul."

The other smiled. It was a singularly sweet smile.

" Not a very hard nut to crack," he replied.

" Oh . . .? "

" Not hard at all. I've had much

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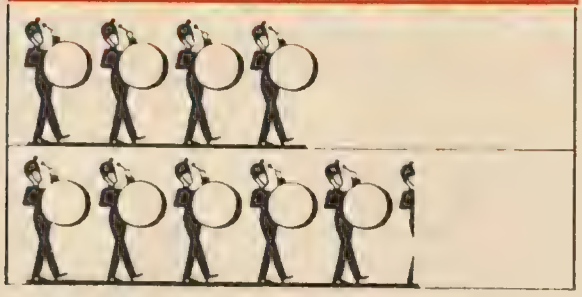

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*stops perspiration* | *also deodorizes*

*At last!*
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tougher ones." The clergyman's smile broadened. He went on after a while: "If there's anything I can do for you . . ."

"Plenty. I need a hot bath, clean clothes, a bottle of the best, a square meal—beefsteak with onions and a baked potato preferred."

"You've come to the right address, captain. No reason why you can't leave this camp at once. I've a room at the local hotel. If you'll be my guest . . ."

"Thanks. And—one more thing. I'd like some wires pulled."

"Where?"

"G. H. Q. I want to get mustered out and have whatever back pay is due me as soon as possible. I've some private matters to attend to—p. d. q."

Again the clergyman smiled.

"A girl?" he inquired.

Gordon laughed.

"Say!" he commented. "Got a whole lot of horse sense—haven't you?"

EVIDENTLY, besides horse sense, the Rev. Elisha Rogers had the knack of pulling the right wires. Indeed, not many weeks later, in civilian clothes and with over twelve hundred dollars in back pay in his pocket, Gordon was in Paris—a Paris that, at least here in the old quarter that coiled its narrow cobblestoned streets about the Place de Thionville, had quickly shed the bloody hysteria of war and had regained its sober, sane, logical French sense of values and its congenital ability, by the same token, of enjoying life.

Quite sane and eager to enjoy life, for instance, was Mme. Josephine Rossignol, the janitress of No. 19a, who was sitting before the wide street door basking in the early-morning sun and stroking an enormous coal-black tomcat. She was a pleasant lady of massively rounded proportions who long since had given up worrying about the sprouting wiry thin hair on upper lip and chin; a garrulous, jovial, and full-blooded lady, fond of a glass of wine and fond, too, of a crack of gossip, ever ready to pass the time of day with the firstcomer.

This firstcomer today was Gordon. He lifted his hat; and Mme. Rossignol looked upon him with approval. Almost she laughed when Gordon asked her in strongly accented words:

"Does a Mlle. Yvonne Durand live here?"

For No. 19a Place de Thionville was the address which he had been given when he had gone to Cateauville, the small town where the troops had moved after their rapid retreat from Lamaze. There Dr. Chevrillon, the elderly physician in charge of the French military hospital, had told him that—oh, yes—he remembered the little Durand. She had worked for him—had nursed a number of his cases. . . .

"But, finally, I had to let her go." Gordon had frowned.

"*Had* to . . .?"

"Yes. Because of her melancholia."

"Oh . . ."

"She never laughed nor smiled." Dr. Chevrillon had become expansive. "Always brooding. Often in tears. For there was her terrible loneliness. Loneliness of the soul—worse than cancer or tuberculosis. She had no relatives. Not a one. And—it seemed—no lover. Can you imagine—no lover? She received no letters from the front, as the other nurses did. But when I suggested she have the—what do you call it?—the good time with some of the younger doctors or the younger officers, the slightly wounded who were on leave, she would shake her head. She was like a nun. Which was not natural—was it?—for a girl, a pretty girl of eighteen. So this melancholia grew. It weighed on her. Black butterflies, we say in French. And that was not good for the wounded soldiers—*hein?*"

"I guess not," Gordon had agreed. "Any idea," he had continued, "where she went from here?"

"To Paris, unless I am mistaken. Wait, my friend. We have her adress."

Dr. Chevrillon had gone to consult the official files and he returned with a slip of paper. Gordon had taken the next train to the capital. And so now Mme. Rossignol quickly stifled her rising laughter when she understood his question. It was an anxious question.

"The little Durand," she replied, "was still at the hospital the last time I heard—that must have been nearly eight months ago. The hospital of the good Sisters of the Bon Secours."

Gordon felt relieved. Of course—he thought—she would be at a hospital. Wasn't she, after all, a trained nurse? He said so, and added:

"She nursed me once. Up in the Argonne sector. I had a slight flesh wound."

MME. ROSSIGNOL shook her head.

"No, no. She did not go there to nurse. But—oh—to *be* nursed."

"She"—Gordon stammered—"she was ill?"

"Yes, *monsieur.* Very ill. There were certain complications—after the birth of her baby . . ."

"Oh . . ."

The single cry came to Gordon's lips. He stared at the janitress with tortured, ravished eyes; and she misunderstood. She read in those tortured eyes the sort of story on which she doted. A story romantic and sentimental — yet with a spice of tragedy.

"*Monsieur,*" she begged, "you must not take it so to heart. What will you? *A la guerre comme à la guerre!* A pretty girl in wartime—eh?" . . . And the uniforms, the flags, the stirring martial music, the excitement! I—I know! I myself . . ." She laughed reminiscently. "Please—you must forgive the little Durand."

"Forgive?" he interrupted the flow of words. "What the devil are you talking about?"

"But . . ." Mme. Rossignol shrugged her heavy shoulders.

"Where is the hospital?"

"No. 27 Rue de Turbigo."

"Thanks."

He ran down the street.

"*Monsieur, monsieur!*" she called after him. "Please—be not hard on her! She was so sweet! So adorable! And—ah—she suffered so . . ."

He had reached the corner. He saw a taxicab; hailed it; jumped in.

"No. 27 Rue de Turbigo. The quicker the better."

"Right! On your way, *cocotte!*" the driver apostrophized the wheezy engine.

The taxicab was off with a roar and groan. Gordon dropped back on the seat.

DEEP down inside him something sang. Something said to him:

"My baby! My child!"

His—and Yvonne's. Perhaps a son?

He should have asked the janitress. Oh, well—he'd know soon. . . .

"Hurry up!" he shouted at the driver.

"Fantastic types, these transatlantic! I know! I saw them in the trenches! They actually enjoy suicide," commented the man. And, since it is difficult to gesticulate with both arms and steer a car at the same time, he narrowly avoided running over a traffic policeman who raised white-gloved ineffectual hands and, the next moment, cursed in memorable vitriolic French.

"Apaches!" he yelled. "Uncouth hyenas! Name of a name of a name—why the murderous haste?"

"A baby!" cried Gordon, leaning from the window. "*My* baby!"

"Newly born—*hein?*" The policeman's wrath vanished. He blew a kiss to Gordon with the tips of his fingers. "My affectionate regards to madame its mother!"

He waved the car on its way. Gordon smiled. He was happy.

His child—he thought again—his baby! His and Yvonne's. A proof, the complete and glorious proof, of his union with the woman he loved. . . .

He wondered what she would say when she saw him.

"*Ah—mon gros chéri!*" That's what she would exclaim.

And he would reply:

"Sorry I'm late."

She would be astonished.

"Late?" she would echo.

"You bet! Late for the wedding."

Then they would laugh—so as to hide their deep, driving emotion, their self-consciousness. And after a while he would outline the program: marriage at any church she felt like, made no difference to him; steamship office to inquire about sailing dates; first boat across the Atlantic; New York—and, finally, Virginia. The Blue Ridge. The perfume there of Cherokee rose and wild honeysuckle and jasmine—the hazy gray-gold mornings and the clear ruddy-gold afternoons—the hills, so intensely bravely blue against the copper-red clay of the valley roads and ruts. And a little house. A home where he would earn a decent, honest living for her and himself and their child. . . .

He tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"Hurry!"

"Am I a cock-angel, American? Have I wings?"

The man stepped on the gas. The taxicab sped wildly, recklessly, through the crooked streets and alleys toward the Rue de Turbigo—through the ancient quarter where the bigot Ravaillac had murdered Henry IV, best and most just of the kings of France; where, for centuries, Paris had dumped the unshriven corpses of its paupers in huge underground vaults; where, until the revolution, the "bellman of the dead," in flapping wide-brimmed black hat and loose scarlet robe painted with death's-heads, had paraded at night in times of plague, dangling an enormous bell and chanting:

*"Réveillez-vous, gens qui dormez!*
*Priez Dieu pour les trépassés!"*

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And it's the same "expensive" whiskey that used to cost so much more!
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FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

Bitter, bloodstained old streets. Streets from whose gutters seemed to rise a scent and memory of the past—grim and tragic and faintly sardonic. But Gordon did not feel it. For there was his happiness, his love.

The taxicab braked to a stop.

"Here we are, citizen. The Bon Secours."

Gordon got out. He paid; added a generous tip.

He looked at the building—and frowned.

A hospital? It looked more like a prison, this gaunt gray edifice with its small windows striped by steel bars, its outer gate, so narrow and forbidding.

THERE was a button. He pressed it, and was startled at the clatter made by the bell. Then the door opened. A nun, swathed in brown and with a black coif shadowing her face, stood in the dim doorway.

"*Monsieur* desires?"

"I would like to see Mlle. Yvonne Durand," he explained in his halting French.

She shook her head.

"Nobody here by that name, as far as I know. Although—she may have given the wrong name . . ."

"But—why should she?"

"Some of them do. Wait, *monsieur*. Perhaps the Mother Superior knows."

The door closed. He remained outside, prey to a growing apprehension. Then the door opened again, and another nun appeared on the threshold. She was very old.

She introduced herself: Sister Clementia-Marie, the Mother Superior.

She asked him to follow her; led him down a broad passage into a room. It was almost bare of furniture, depressing and ascetic, made yet more ascetic by the great ivory-and-ebony crucifix on one wall and on another by the colorful contrast of a round window whose leaded panes, in ruby and sapphire and topaz, painted the tale of Jeanne d'Arc's life.

There was a chill in the room. Gordon shivered. Once more, in his halting French, he stated his errand; and Sister Clementia-Marie said:

"You may speak English. I'm an American."

"Really?"

"I am from Baltimore—though I've lived in France a lifetime"—she sighed—"two lifetimes during the last few years—the years of war, of hate, of the Antichrist rising triumphant." She crossed herself. "You want to see Yvonne Durand?" she went on.

"Please."

"Why?" came the curt question. "You are not related to her—are you?"

"No. At least"—he felt embarrassed—"not exactly."

"Then—I repeat—why do you wish to see her? I must know the reason before I . . ." She interrupted herself. "The Bon Secours is a hospital for unmarried mothers. We do not encourage strangers to . . ."

"I am not a stranger!" he exclaimed.

Steel-gray eyes peered at him sharply.

"Are you—perhaps . . .?"

"Yes," he replied dully. "I am the father of . . ." He broke off; resumed: "And now—may I see her?"

"You came too late."

He gave a choked exclamation. His lips quivered. An agony was twisting itself about his heart.

Was she—was she dead . . .?

The Mother Superior read the silent question in his eyes.

"Yvonne," she said, "is no longer here. Neither she nor the little boy."

"What has happened to them? Where are they?" His voice peaked a shrill octave. "Where are they?"

"I do not know where Yvonne is. And—the child . . ."

"Oh—for God's sake—stop beating about the bush! Tell me—tell me!"

"I am going to. But I am an old woman. You must have patience with me, my son. You see"—she spread thin eloquent hands—"so many of her kind come here. It is their last refuge. And we do all we can. We help. We try to cure. We see to it that the children are brought decently into the world—and decently baptized. And afterward . . .? We let the mothers go. What else can we do? Dear Virgin—we are not rich. We have not many rooms, not many beds. And there are always more, more, more—poor desperate frightened souls—year after year, clamoring for admission—for themselves and their unborn babies. And so, when the babies are born, the mothers go away from here. Yvonne did."

"But where did she go—she and my son?"

"She went *without* your son."

"Without . . .?"

"Yes. Where did she go—herself? I have no idea. They walk out into the streets, these young mothers. Paris swallows them. And more often than not they leave their babies behind."

SHE explained. There was, at the back of the hospital of the Bon Secours, a whitewashed wall pierced by a narrow wicket. And when a young unmarried mother was poor—or when, though not poor, she did not want to let her family know the tale of her shame—she rang a little bell. The wicket opened. A crib appeared. She placed her child inside. And that was all. . . .

The child—Sister Clementia-Marie went on to say—once the wicket had shut on it, lost its identity for all time. No record was kept of its parents. Nor, ever again, would the mother be able to see her baby. That chapter of her life was over for all time. . . .

"You see?" asked the Mother Superior.

"Yes. I see." And in a thin flat voice he added: "There's absolutely no way of finding out where . . .?"

"Only through a miracle. And, naturally, you do not believe in miracles."

"And, naturally," he echoed, "I do not believe in miracles."

Sister Clementia-Marie rose.

"I am sorry"—she spoke with a certain formality—"that I cannot be of more service to you."

He looked at her.

"Of course you're thinking," he said bitterly, "that I'm paying for my sins?"

"I'm thinking nothing of the kind. I'm not in the habit of judging people. I would gladly help you. But how can I? Your son is lost to you forever. And Yvonne? . . . Paris—I repeat—has swallowed her. And Paris is large . . ."

"And cruel," he muttered.

HE was silent. Yvonne—he thought—separated from him by life, not by death.

Better—he reflected—to be separated from the one you love by the gulf of death than by the unfathomable gulf of life. Death, at least, was a physical fact. One could not deny this fact; could not argue with it; could not change it. It was less a heartache than the memory of a heartache. But live things, live people, gave your heartache no rest. They kept on whirling through your brain. They kept on asking silly and useless questions: "Why? Why, why, why, why, why . . . ?" They kept on shouting in your ear; shouting their desires, their tenderness, their despair. And what was one to do?

"What am I to do?" he cried.

*What will Gordon McArdle do, indeed? How can he ever trace Yvonne, lost in one direction, and his baby son, lost in another? Many crises have been in his battle-scarred life, but this one is the greatest. In next week's Liberty begins his long dramatic search for his loved ones and peace. Reserve your copy now!*

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—General John J. Pershing's.
2—Greenwich, England, as the prime meridian.
3—Luigi Galvani and Alessandro Volta, Italian physicists.
4—Shorter.
5—A gourmet is interested in the quality of his food and the gourmand in the quantity.
6—Alexander F. Kerensky.
7—In Blarney Castle, near Cork, Eire; under the seat of the British coronation chair—traditionally the stone on which the kings of Scotland were crowned.
8—Motor ship; His Majesty's ship or steamer; mail steamer.
9—Harmony is a blend of tone on a single melodic line; counterpoint is a combination of melodies.
10—Justin Morgan was the stallion that sired the celebrated Morgan breed of horses.
11—Georgia, with more than twenty-three million acres.
12—$7,200,000, to Russia.
13—The letter *u*.
14—Tony Canzoneri and Lou Ambers.
15—No; it will be the last year of the twentieth century.
16—Betty Jameson of San Antonio, Texas.
17—The Mikado.
18—Copper and zinc.
19—Six days.
20—Booth Tarkington

Booth Tarkington

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. . . You'd be surprised!

REPORTERS have to work late hours—and they drink a lot of coffee.

Putting 2 and 2 together, maybe you've jumped to the conclusion that coffee keeps them awake.

But the fact is this: Late work causes fatigue—and coffee overcomes fatigue—it actually removes the *cause*—gives a reporter a lift when he's tired—eases nervous tension—helps his brain work faster when he has a job to do.

But that lift lasts only two hours—so if you're like 97 out of 100 people,* you can enjoy coffee and a good night's sleep too.

**Medical authority on request.*

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

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*Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?*

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Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Coffee, for centuries, has been the mainstay of men working under pressure—firemen, seamen, Red Cross workers. They drink coffee to relieve the nervous strain, for better mental and physical coordination. Check "Right" above.

**COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING**

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. Yet it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression—no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

DID THE MOTHS LIKE YOUR MOTH BALLS?
CHEER UP! What you need is another cup of coffee!

COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

*REMEMBER THIS:* To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

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# To the Ladies

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 9 SECONDS**

EVEN our farthest flung adventures may lead women to the kitchen. Teresa Colt has put in eight years helping scientists dig up relics of ancient life in the Holy Land, but she spent much of her time there teaching the Arab servants to cook. Says, "I had to draw illustrations of everything I translated for them out of my home cookbook. Without sketches they couldn't understand. It was really an artist's job, as you'll see if you try *drawing pictures* to show how a lemon meringue pie should be made!"

Born at Malta, British naval base, where the native language resembles that of the Arabs, "Terry" Colt learned Palestine Arabic in three weeks. She worked first with the famous archaeologist, Sir Flinders Petrie, then with her American husband, H. Dunscombe Colt, head of the Colt Archaeological Expedition.

"Housekeeping on a dig," she told me, "keeps a girl's nerves alternately thrilled and jangled by each new scientific find and each new riot among the water boys and camels. It's by no means a rest cure, yet the fascination of it repays all the hardships."

So impressively did Teresa Colt win the approval and admiration of the Arabs that they asked her husband how much he had been obliged to pay for her. Said they supposed her family must have demanded an enormous price. In our part of the world, Mr. Colt informed them, wives aren't bought and sold; they're given away. Later a delegation of young Arabs came to him with a solemn request. They said, "Please write us a letter to the King of England. We want the King to change our marriage law, so we can get wives like yours for nothing." Mr. C. had a hard time convincing them it was not *quite* as easy as that.

☆ It's smart now for groups of girls who work in offices to chip in, buy a sewing machine together, and make a lot of their own clothes. Wall Street stenographers have organized several sewing classes, helping themselves dress better and save money. Here are a few practical tips on amateur dressmaking: . . . To avoid that *homemade* appearance, set up an ironing board beside your machine. Press all seams, pleats, and binding as you go. Learn to use the special attachments — the reverse stitcher, the adjustable hemmer, the ruffler, pleater, tucker, etc. Oil your machine twice a month. Never wipe with a damp cloth, and don't keep it near a hot radiator.

☆ Two years ago I wrote about John Erskine's amusing hobby of searching out weird state laws such as the law against fishing on horseback and the law against wooing a girl on roller skates. Since then Dr. Erskine's hobby has been fashionized by numerous writers, some of whom have just found the following old state laws still on statute books: . . . It's unlawful to take a bath in Virginia unless you take it outdoors in the yard. . . . Pocket pistols are forbidden by law in South Carolina churches. . . . Dogs more than one foot high are illegal in Boston. . . . An Ohio law requires a red light tied to the tail of any cat let out at night.

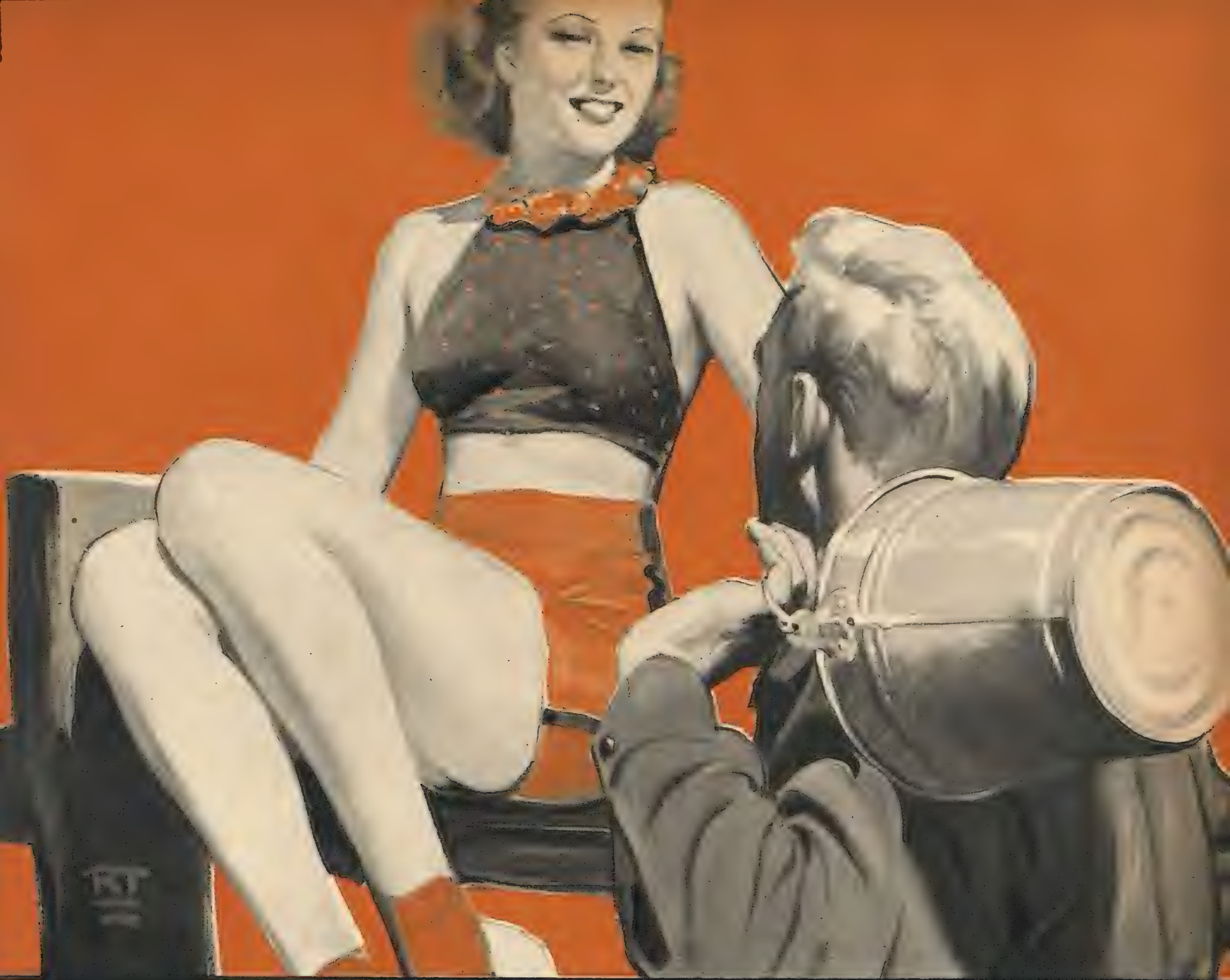
"Now I'll listen to your explanation!"

☆ Fundamentally this Spanish recipe for *Barcelona Chicken* is a regular fricassee, but the sauce makes it something special and extra-delicious. Prepare as follows: . . . Dice 1 cup cooked ham, 2 cups potatoes, 1 cup raw eggplant, 1 cup raw tomato, 1 cup canned pimento. Brown all together in butter, starting with the ham and potatoes. Season with salt, 1 clove garlic, pinch of nutmeg, plenty of pepper. Now shake 2 cut-up broiling chickens vigorously in a paper bag with 1 cup flour. (Paper bags, by the way, are great time savers when flouring any meat.) Brown chicken in butter; arrange in fireproof casserole with vegetables and ham; add 1 cup consommé or water and simmer gently 1 hour. Garnish with fried bread croutons just before serving. Serve with plain boiled rice.

☆ Enjoyed watching young friends of mine reshuffle two summer romances, both ardent enough to result in marriage. In one case the gang disliked the girl's beau. "Can't stand *him*, even for her sake," was their verdict. In the other case it was the girl to whom they objected. "Cancel the thought," they gritted, "of having *her* wished on us." Deliberately, with guile and craft, they insinuated the two unwanted ones together—and the trick worked. The rejects jilted the favored girl and boy, who bounced promptly into each other's arms on the rebound. Sweet teamwork!

☆ Schoolgirls now falling imaginatively in love with the poet Byron—as most schoolgirls do around the age of sixteen—should enjoy the new book, To Lord Byron, by George Paston and Peter Quennell. It's based on letters from ladies who loved Byron in real life. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

☆ The other evening I kissed a handsome young man on his way to bed. It was the cocktail hour for his parents and me, but bedtime for him, because he's only three years old. Yet his reaction to my good-night kiss betrayed a wisdom of the world that ought to spare him lots of trouble by-and-by. He touched a finger to the kissed cheek; looked at the finger; lisped, "I thought tho—lip thick!" And he scrubbed off the telltale red as quickly as he could.



Her eyes danced. "Why, Dr. Thorpe!" she said. "Are you trying to tell me you love me?"

# DANGEROUS IMPULSE

## Retribution!—Now woes multiply in a hilarious tale of love and laughter

BY ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

**READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS**

WHEN Richard Thorpe, a sedate Princeton professor of thirty-five, the love of whose life has been mathematics, decides to kick over the traces and have some of the fun he missed in his youth, he does it with a vengeance.

First, he asks Diana Bedford, a blonde dancer whom he meets on the campus in the moonlight, to elope with him. Then he picks up Swazey, an ex-burglar, who takes him and Diana to New York and introduces them to as charming a set of racketeers as ever existed. They consist of Carlotta Preece and her husband, and Mary and Harris Payton, members of the new poor, who, not being able to accustom themselves to going without their usual luxuries, have moved into a triplex apartment owned by one J. Mortimer White—now abroad—without Mr. White's permission.

Thorpe is puzzled by Swazey's friends, then fascinated. The lovely Carlotta goes out of her way to make him feel at home—which Diana, who, after all, is his eloping partner, resents. She is also annoyed at Thorpe's suggestion that he pay board to his new friends, using the thousand dollars he has brought to cover the expenses of the elopement.

After a fine dinner—brought from the Waldorf by Bishop Hartley, a friend of the Preeces who hates being ecclesiastical—Thorpe picks himself a guest room and goes to bed. He is awakened from a sound sleep by Diana, who tiptoes to his side with the news that she has heard some one in the apartment.

She is sure, she says, that it is J. Mortimer White!

### PART FIVE—BACK TO NATURE

THORPE was scared too, but he thrust his chin out and put a protecting arm around his lady. He didn't for the moment see how the problem of J. Mortimer White could be solved by the application of either mathematics or the laws of physics, and those were his two great weapons. True, he had fists for personal protection, but he didn't know how to use them. He tried mathematics.

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**CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM**

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Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1939.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Pasquin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(This information is required from daily publications only.) LEE PASQUIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1939.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.

(My commission expires March 30, 1941.)

Liberty Magazine
PRESENTS
"I'LL TELL
THE
WORLD"

**17 DAYS LEFT *to see the Fair!***

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"Let's see," he said. "It's thirty feet to the terrace and I guess sixty feet to the next one. *That's* no good."

"No," said Diana, "it's no good at all. Thorpe, *think* of something. Don't you see that *everything's* over if we're caught? I couldn't stand going to prison, Dick; I couldn't!"

"Take it easy," said Thorpe. "Oh, Diana—Diana dear—please don't!"

Diana had started to cry. She'd had a rotten time most of her life—poverty and work and hunger and work and disappointment. Since she'd met Thorpe she'd started to have fun. She liked him and was happy at running off with him. Coming here had been more than fun. Diana had never had any of the things that go with triplex apartments on Park Avenue. They belonged in a world she'd only heard about. Thorpe and the ridiculous Swazey had opened the door to that world, and now Mortimer White was slamming it closed again; and its slamming had in it the clang of a metal door in a cell block.

Thorpe, his heart sloppy with affection, comforted her, and after a little she stopped crying; but she still stood with her head on his shoulder. She needed a lot of comfort. Thorpe began rubbing her back. He was doing a fine job of it when he heard the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs. His arm tightened about her.

"Lock the door and stay here," he said. "I'll go warn the others."

She clung to him and said, "But, Dick, it won't do any good."

The Thorpe brain, a nearly perfect piece of machinery when it would work at all, had suddenly decided to hit on all sixteen cylinders. Dick had thought of a white-hope chance of saving the bacon. He meant to try it.

"Shut up," he said, "and lock the door."

He pushed her away and in the gray light made his way into the hall. Diana watched him, strengthened by his sudden activity. Irrelevantly it crossed her mind that if somehow they got out of this mess she must make him get some pajamas that weren't quite such a good match to his flowered ironworker necktie. She thought that Thorpe, dashing out of the room to meet the enemy, was terribly romantic. She thought his flowered cotton pajamas made him look just as romantic as St. George would have looked had he gone questing the dragon in long woollies. St. George's princess wanted him to look like a prince. Diana wanted Thorpe to look like a prince, too, even in his pajamas.

PROFESSOR THORPE fled down the hall like a wraith. As he passed the stairs he threw one frightened look down them. Mortimer White was halfway up. Thorpe saw that he was large and that he was smug and that he was angry. Thorpe began to run so fast that wings on his feet would only have slowed him. He reached the end of the hall, raced up a flight of stairs, down another hall, and so to the service stairs.

Mortimer White had seen him pass.

That is, he'd seen something pass. Because of the something's speed and the general windy and flowery effect created by the pajamas and the flying white hair, he wasn't sure whether it was a man or whether perhaps it was just a memory of something he'd had for dinner. He stopped and thought. He was ready to fight other strong men for his rights. But he wanted to be sure they were men and not things.

Presently from below and in the general direction of the kitchen he heard a horrible noise. It was the noise of much china getting very broken. He put his hands to his head.

"Oh!" he cried. "Oh! My Wedgwood! My Spode!"

There came another crash.

"My Royal Worcester!"

Mortimer White, ready now to fight man or devil, flung down the stairs. At the same instant Professor Thorpe, timing things to a nicety, shoved a final rack of soup dishes from their shelf and, revving up his legs again, shot back up the service stairs and then down again to the main bedroom floor. Here he ran from door to door, yelling, "Mortimer White! Come to my room!" Then he reached his own room and made Diana unlock the door. In less than a minute every one was assembled there and the door was once more locked. He addressed the bishop, who had brought his clothes.

NOW, fellows," he said, then caught up with himself and grinned. "Sorry. Forgot where I was. What I was going to say was that if you'll wear your uniform, bishop, and support me, I think I can get Mr. White so mixed up that the rest of you'll have time to get out of here and get down to my car. After all, sir, you and I are innocent, so White can't do anything to us."

"We gotta use tact," said Swazey.

"We've got to use brains," said Thorpe. "Fortunately, I've got brains. I've got lots of brains."

"And you're going to use them, for once," said Diana.

Thorpe looked at her.

"I suppose," he said, "you want me to get you out of this mess? *You* were the one who wanted to go with Swazey. You were the one who wanted to elope."

"Oh, no," said Diana. "I wanted to elope with Livingstone L. Pardee. You got down on your knees and begged me to elope with you!"

The jealousy bug had bitten Diana again as soon as Carlotta entered the room. Carlotta's nightgown was much fancier than her nightgown. She was simply taking out her annoyance at Carlotta on Thorpe. He couldn't know this, so instead of being delighted he was mad.

"Damn Livingstone L. Pardee!" he said.

"Please," said Carlotta. "Wait till you're married. You can fight then—that is, if you *do* get married."

"Shut up, Carlotta," said Preece. "Can't you see we're in a hurry?"

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**PERSONAL**

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**(SEE PAGES 27 and 60)**

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"Who's in a hurry?" said Carlotta.

"I am." Bishop Hartley's voice came from where he had gone to dress, behind the closet door. A second later he emerged, fully habited. "You too are in a hurry, Carlotta," he said. "I wonder if you know just how serious a—a jam you've got yourselves into? Your other peccadilloes were really just play. When you stole that yacht, you not only had a moral right to it but you were getting back at a friend. You had no right to this apartment, and you're not dealing with a friend this time. You're dealing with a stranger and you're dealing with the law."

The silence that followed was awful now. The real world had at last caught up with their imaginary world. Thorpe was suddenly conscious of fear all around him. He turned to Hartley.

"You will help, won't you?" he said. "I can't get them out of here unless you do."

The bishop looked from one to the other. "Have you," he said, "actually done anything criminal? It's been worrying me for some time. I mean did you, for instance, forge a letter to the manager of the building saying you could live here?"

A shiver went over the besieged group. Then Swazey took a deep breath.

"Naw," he said, "soit'nly not! I got a friend of mine to forge it."

"Why?" said Hartley.

"Because he wuz a forger, naturally."

With one of the greatest efforts of his career, Hartley managed not to smile. Swazey went on.

"Guy's in de pen," he said. "Dey caught him on forgin' a check for himself de very next Monday."

"Then justice has been served," said Hartley. He sighed. "Confound it, Thorpe, I can't let these people down. Still, I don't know . . ."

His words faded. Footsteps could be heard clearly now, accompanied by muttered swearing. Hartley thought hard until his fine forehead was creased like a field in plow. He was asking his soul whether to a Christian gentleman it was more important that a group of rather charming people should have had a nice roof over their heads all winter or a disagreeable man with a nasty voice should receive a pound of flesh. He sighed again, with relief this time. His soul had answered.

"I will do my best," he said solemnly. The look in their eyes now was his reward. It gave him a rich feeling inside and made him feel he'd do a bang-up job of christening the little squirt down at Piping Rock that morning. He turned to Thorpe. "Before we go forth to battle, doctor, hadn't you best clothe yourself?"

With a trace of his old speed, Thorpe leaped into the closet.

OUTSIDE the bedroom door, which they closed softly behind them, Thorpe and Hartley paused. They could see White standing a little way down the hall trying to make up his mind in which room he stood the best chance of finding some one to slug. Then, quite loudly, in his most awesome voice, the bishop said, "You think, then, doctor, she will live?"

"Certainly she'll live," said Thorpe.

They were conscious of the man down the hall making up his mind very quickly whom to slug, and of his heavy-treaded advance.

"The poor babe," said Bishop Hartley. "The poor fatherless babe!"

Mr. White checked his advance. It was obvious that, although his conscience might be fresh as new heather, what he had heard gave him pause. No man, however upright he may be, likes to go barging in when there are newly born fatherless babes around. The instinct of self-preservation is against it. Thorpe saw the look of caution that crossed Mortimer White's face. He nudged the bishop and ostentatiously nodded toward White.

"The father?" he said.

"Let us hope so indeed!"

He started down the hall with ministerial majesty, an expression of joyous welcome on his face.

"Ah, my boy," he said, "you sinned, and now you have come to make it right. May I offer my services?"

MORTIMER WHITE stood with the fight gone out of him. He wanted, in fact, to run. He knew he was being imposed on. He knew he should assert himself, state plainly who he was, and his indignation at his house being occupied, but there was something about Bishop Hartley that made this impossible. He sensed that there was monkey business going on, but he simply didn't dare even hint at it to this imposing man of the cloth. He calmed himself.

"There seems," he said, "to be some misunderstanding. I am Mortimer White. I own this apartment. It's meant to be empty."

Hartley smiled.

"Ah, no," he said. "Such a beautiful place is meant to be occupied."

"By the owner—only," said Mortimer White.

The bishop coughed.

"*And* the members of his *immediate* family," he said.

By now Thorpe had joined them.

"In this case," he said, "the immediate family would consist of a fine healthy young son."

"Eight pounds and seven ounces," said the bishop.

"We congratulate you," said Thorpe.

White began to get mad again.

"I have no child!" he roared. "I'm not even married!"

"That," said Hartley, "is what the doctor and I find so regrettable."

Mortimer White opened his mouth to roar again. Thorpe raised his hand and nodded toward the door.

"S-s-sh," he said. "Look. We better go downstairs and talk this over. Come on, fellows—gentlemen."

"We certainly had better talk it over," said White. He glanced angrily at the bedroom door, and then led the way down the marble stairs and to the library. Hartley and Thorpe dropped into chairs.

White turned to them.

"Now," he said, "before I—take steps — suppose you explain yourselves."

"We're waiting," said Thorpe, "for you to explain yourself. You see, the proposition is simplicity itself. Either you're White, who owns this apartment and is the father of that fatherless babe, or else . . ."

"I'm . . ."

It suddenly struck Mortimer White that perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be wiser to see which way the cat was going to jump before he got too insistent about his identity. "O. K.," he said, "suppose I'm not White?"

"Well." Thorpe smiled. The conversation was going now as he'd planned it. "It will be hard on the little fellow upstairs, but I've thought of that possibility. Were you born in New York State?"

"Yes, I was born in New York State. So what?"

"Then there's hardly any chance at all of your having been born Mortimer White. The birth rate about that time was around two hundred and fifty thousand a year—the chances were two hundred and fifty thousand to one against your being Mortimer White. I can't believe you pulled it off!"

The pace was beginning to tell on White. He glared, rolling his eyes at the same time. A neat trick he could well have been proud of.

IT'S a howling shame," Thorpe went on, "that you're not him. When's he coming back—do you know?"

"No!" said White. Then he snapped, "Who broke those dishes?"

"Why do you care?" asked Thorpe.

"Because they're mine!"

"Tchk, tchk, tchk," said Hartley. "Why on earth would you leave your dishes in Mr. White's apartment?"

"Because, confound it, I *am* Mr. White!"

He seethed all over. Thorpe said, "But we've just finished giving you the most convincing sort of proof that you can't be Mr. White."

White, still breathing a little fast, moved to the door.

"I tell you what I think," he said. "I think you're crooks. I don't think there is any baby in this house, and I'm going to find out right now!"

He strode toward the stairs. Thorpe and the bishop sprang to their feet and ran after him as though to stop him. Then, as soon as he had reached the landing, they turned about and calmly walked out of the apartment. They were sure that the others had had more than time to dress and slip out the back way. At the elevator they faced each other.

"Whee-ew!" said Thorpe. "I didn't know I had it in me!"

"In my opinion," said the bishop,

"your talents are wasted at Princeton."

"You're pretty hot yourself," said Thorpe.

Hartley smiled at him.

"That sort of thing comes easily to me," he said. "You see, I'm always acting, in one way or another."

"You're a good sport," said Thorpe. "I didn't think you'd do it."

"I had to," said Hartley. "It was the right thing to do."

"Is that why we got away with it? Because it was right?"

Again the bishop smiled.

"Oh, no," he said. "We got away with it because we were damn good. By the way, I'll be leaving when we get downstairs. Take good care of my friends."

The elevator arrived and they stepped into it. "But we'll be leaving too," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no," said Hartley again. "You don't know them. They'll be going right along with you!"

"But they can't. I'm—Diana and I are eloping."

"That may bother you," said Hartley, "but it won't bother them one little bit."

Thorpe saw what he meant. The elation of the escape was over. Gloom descended on him.

PROFESSOR RICHARD THORPE, B. S., M. S., Ph. D., F. A. A. S., A. Ph. S., N. A. S., N. R. C., A. I. P., was, some two weeks after he had left the triplex apartment, in the small hours of morning sitting in a meadow looking at a cow. It was a nice meadow, lush with clover and timothy, and it was a nice cow. Thorpe granted the meadow its niceness, but the cow he thought was a fiend. For the past hour he had been using his fine brain at full amperage, trying to figure a way to extract milk from the cow. For an hour Diana Bedford, in yellow shorts and a blue halter, had been sitting on a rail fence laughing at him.

It was no fault of Thorpe's that he was here staring at a cow and being laughed at, nor was it because of any lack of character on his part. It was simply that when he had fled from the cloisters he had planned only so far as starting forth to elope and driving through the night with his lady by his side. Having done these things, he had, so to speak, driven off the edge of the map. His course was uncharted. It had been a cinch for Carlotta to take him and his thousand dollars wherever she wanted to go.

Carlotta had wanted to go to a farm on Long Island; so, in the small hours of the morning that they left the triplex, they had driven far down the North Shore until they had found a farm they liked, empty and with a FOR SALE sign tacked to its picket fence. On the theory that one tries out a horse or a car before buying it, Carlotta decided to try out the farm before buying it. By quick use of a modified version of the badger game applied to an extremely local real-estate agent, she had persuaded him

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to the unholy view that her theory was right and proper. It had been almost too easy. She had merely been sitting contentedly on his bony knee when her husband walked into the office and, entirely neglecting to mention that they had no money to buy anything with, had suggested the probationary tenancy.

The agent had accepted almost as quickly as he had been able to straighten his necktie. The owner of the farm lived far away and seemed to have forgotten he owned it. The agent's wife lived three doors down the street. Carlotta left with the keys, and Thorpe, his elopement still crowded with well-wishers, found himself facing problems whose existence he had never even thought about.

THE milking thing was only the latest of many. None of the problems were answerable by the rules he knew. For instance, scientifically getting milk from a cow was a cinch. But here in the field theory was no help at all. Although the cow was quite anxious to be milked, each time Thorpe approached her business end to do the logical thing, she either sidestepped or cleverly kicked him. She didn't sidestep fast or rudely and she didn't kick him rudely; she did it quietly, resignedly, as though it were a duty.

Each time this happened, Diana made appropriate comment—about his brains, mostly, and his general lack of knowledge of Things that Mattered in Life. Her comments were affectionate, her laughter was summer laughter, light as the fleece that called itself clouds that drifted languidly through the blue sky. Presently she climbed from the fence and went to Thorpe, who was standing now, waving the bucket at the placid cow and calling it names. She put an arm around his waist and drew herself close to him.

She stood so for a moment, and his anger passed, giving place to the succession of quick thrills that always hit him when Diana was near. Then she smiled.

"Dick," she said, "Dickie—want me to tell you a secret?"

"If it's about cows, no," said Thorpe.

"It's about me," said Diana. Her face worked with emotion. The emotion was amusement, but it could have been taken for something else, so Thorpe of course took it for something else and began to worry.

"And I'm going to tell you," Diana went on, "because the time has come when I've got to. It's about my past."

Thorpe quivered. Not only was he in love with Diana now, which he didn't know, but he was in love with the idea of her, the way he had been a little in love with the idea of Carlotta's soft white expensive arms. A series of pictures flashed through his mind of Diana doing with some one else the things she did with him: of her arm around some one else's waist; of her going in the night to some other man's room when she was frightened; of her laughing into his eyes.

He lowered the bucket and looked at her sadly, the way devoted dogs look when their loved one goes off and leaves them behind.

"Diana"—his voice was husky—"if—if you've got a baby somewheres, or something, I—I don't want to know about it."

At that she hugged him so tight he went "Uh!"

And then she stepped away and smiled up at him.

"I love it when you're all serious about me like that," she said. "It makes me feel maybe I've got something."

"Oh, Diana!" The love glaze was in his eyes. "You don't know how I feel about you. I like to think of you as—as a sort of angel—as if you'd never known anybody—never done anything—as if you'd sort of just been born the night we met. It's silly, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Diana. She didn't think it was silly at all. She thought it was perfectly lovely, and so, by way of not showing she thought so, "Is that how you like to think about Carlotta too?"

Thorpe blushed. He couldn't blush as well as he used to, for he was tanned.

"It must be tough for you if you do," Diana went on, "seeing as how she's got a husband. How do you get around that?"

But Thorpe didn't rise this time. He was too busy being insanely jealous of nothing.

"You'd better tell me, Diana. It—it won't make any difference," he said.

"Ah, but it will make a difference—that's just why I've got to tell you. Still, maybe I won't tell you."

"Are you *trying* to hurt me?" He looked down. "You can, you know."

Her eyes danced. "Why, Dr. Thorpe!" she said. "Are you trying to tell me you love me?"

AN aspen was solid compared to Thorpe. If only she hadn't been laughing.

"No," he said. He was going to say he was trying mightily not to tell her because he was afraid she'd make a joke of it.

"I think you're lying," she said. "You've got the glassy look that *always* goes with that sort of thing. Want to hear my secret?"

Thorpe folded his arms and straightened his shoulders so that, had he had a bandage across his eyes, he would have looked like a brave man facing a firing squad, holding an empty bucket.

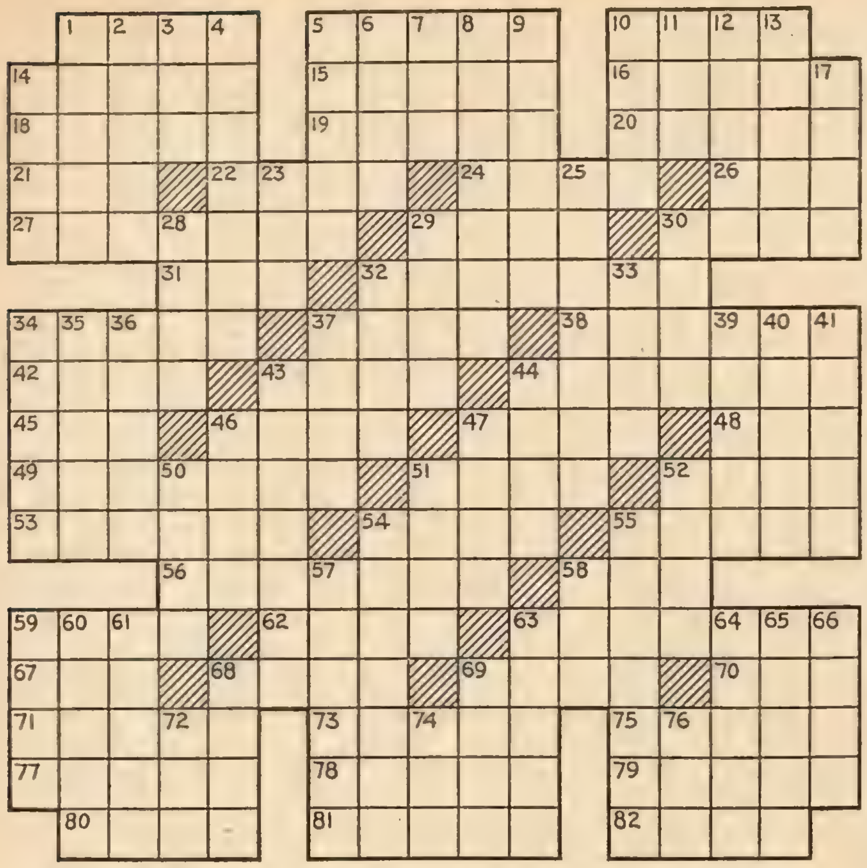
"Yes," he said. "I'm ready."

---

*What is Diana's secret? Will it ruin the elopement? Follow the zigzag course of true love in the coming chapter of this hilarious novel. Read about a woman's perfidy, a man's disillusionment, and Harris Payton's momentous brain wave. Next week in Liberty!*

# CROSSWORDS

### BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of timber truck
5 Amid
10 Part of a harness
14 Pith helmet
15 East Indian climbing shrub
16 Banish
18 Mistake
19 Enthusiasm
20 Under
21 Sooner than
22 Compass point
24 Kind of coin
26 Period of time
27 One who is obscure in thought (pl.)
29 One of the bones in the body
30 Pronoun (pl.)
31 Poem
32 Part of the skull (pl.)
34 Patron saint of France
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38 Wine and honey
42 Sinful
43 At the time of happening
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| S | T | A | Y | | R | E | A | R | R | A | N | G | E | D |

Last Week's Answer

VERTICAL

1 Fret
2 City in Belgium
3 Combining form: new
4 Sea nymphs
5 Gather together
6 Market place
7 Used
8 Kind of dried dough
9 Piercing
10 Greek goddess of youth
11 Cutting instrument
12 City in Italy
13 Panegyrical funeral oration
14 Stocked to overflowing
17 Female sheep
23 Playing card
25 Gigantic
28 Work
29 A member of the lizard family
30 City in Norway
32 Extorted money from
33 Female relative
34 Kind of cloth
35 Avoid
36 River in Africa
37 Term used in hailing a vessel
39 Kind of cake
40 To raise the spirits of
41 A thread (med.)
43 Russian author
44 Ship's officer
46 Valley
47 Full of knowledge and judgment
50 On the sheltered side
51 Footway
52 Kind of flower
54 Involves
55 Most uncouth
57 Lobe of the ear
58 Age
59 Incites
60 Lathers
61 Sharp vibrant tone of voice
63 A tropical shrub
64 Small island
65 Lacks
66 Clan (Rom. hist.)
68 Grant
69 Enclosure for catching fish
72 Kind of pastry
74 Sound made by a domestic animal
76 One of the signs of the zodiac

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

MOTHER GOOSE

**"Let Little Bo-Pip** give you a tip: When your mouth tastes *woolly*, just freshen it up with a LIFE SAVER! They're so delicious."

**"I've got a real yen** for those crystal-clear, marvelously minty, cooling CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. Wait till *you* try them!"

**"One thing that** rings the bell with me is SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. They're *mighty* fine breath-sweeteners! Keep a package handy."

SPEAR-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

**Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢.

# LOT'S WIFE

## Liberty's Short Short

### BY ROBERT ARTHUR

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

SHE rose and dressed quietly long before Jim was awake. Her bag in the closet was all ready. She had packed it the night before.

As swiftly as she could she dressed and prepared to leave. There was no lingering, no last glance at Jim where he lay sleeping heavily, his blond hair tousled, his beard bristly gold on his jaw, as it always was in the morning, before he shaved.

She did not want to look at him. She did not dare. Because she loved him still—loved the clean aquiline lines of his face, loved the bright devil-may-care blue eyes that had but to open now to look at her, to wink, to undo all her resolution and keep her from going.

She did not pause to leave his breakfast for him, as they did in stories. She did not pause for anything lest, like Lot's wife, who looked back, she remain forever. She dressed, made up her face with just a touch of rouge to conceal the pallor that was there, put on her light beige coat, her new hat, took her bag, and tiptoed to the door.

The note she had already left, propped against his cigarette case on the table beside him. The first thing that he reached for each morning, even before his eyes were open, was a cigarette.

There was not much in the note, though it had taken her a long time to write it in the early morning hours as she waited for him to come home. If he had come before she finished it—But he had not, and this time her resolution had been strong enough to last till morning.

Jim dear [the note said]:

This is one of those "when you read this I'll be gone" letters. I'm leaving you. It's been hard to reach the decision; but the fear that grips my heart whenever you are flying is unbearable. I love you, but the torment of my fears has become more than I can stand. You can't give up flying, and I couldn't ask you to. The only hope I have of escaping the crushing burden of my constant anxiety is to run away from it.

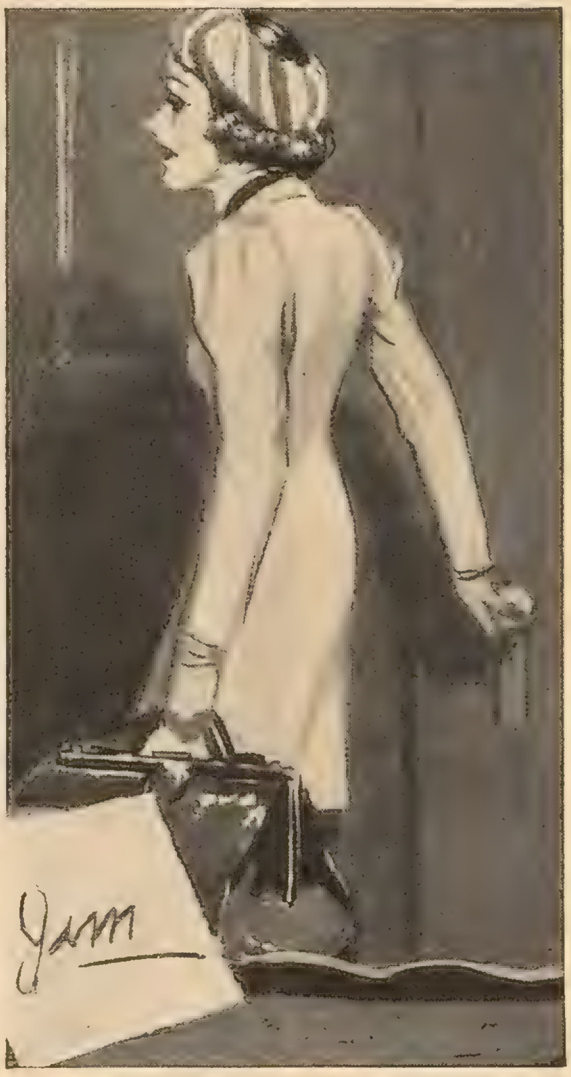
I'm going to New York, where you won't be able to find me. I'm sorry I'm such a coward, but I have to do it like this so that there will never be any way for you to persuade me to come back.

Good-by, Jim. MARY.

That was all. He would understand that. She was running away because she was a coward.

The door clicked softly shut behind her, and she hurried down the walk, found a taxi at the corner. The taxi took her safely away, and her resolution still held when the New York train pulled out.

She sat in a day coach quietly, trying to think as little as she could. It was scarcely seven thirty. He would hardly wake before ten. By one she would be in New York and, once there, forever beyond his power to reach her.



She opened her bag and drew out a yellow sheet of paper. A telegram. It had been the only thing that she had kept, and now, on impulse, she destroyed it. Because it had been his proposal. All that he had ever made. The only declaration of his love he had ever given her. A four-word telegram: I LOVE YOU MARY.

They had met, he had gone on his way—and then it had come. And she had gone to him. She had known then what he was—a flyer who liked the danger of what he did. He flew for a news service now. He had been a county carnival flying-circus pilot, a stunt man, a skywriter, a flying instructor, a test pilot. And knowing it, she still had gone to him. If this was happening now, the fault was hers. The demands that her love and her fear had made had been unfair. She had loved him, but she had not been able to love him bravely. By going away she was making up for all that.

The train pulled at last into Grand Central, and still she was fighting her thoughts. Jim would be awake by now. When he found her gone, and realized there was nothing he could do, he'd have driven out to the airport. Perhaps he was drinking now, or taking up a ship for some one, forgetting her. He'd feel a little badly. But not too much. How could he, after all the bother she'd been to him lately, with her worrying and her pleading and her white-faced relief on his return? In his heart he might even be a little relieved—

She joined the thick stream of passengers moving toward the exits from the train shed. At the head of the long platform a Western Union boy was calling out a name. A feeling that was half panic and half nameless hope gripped her. She had forgotten that you could be reached that way by telegram. Jim could have guessed her train and wired ahead.

Then she was closer, and the name called was not hers. Her breath came freely again, and with it relief that seemed almost like disappointment.

But now the last possible chance for him to reach her was gone. She was going up the incline, was hurrying out to Forty-second Street in the shadow of the traffic ramp.

For a moment she paused in confusion, not sure just where she wished to go, and a pedestrian bumped into her.

"Sorry, lady," he mumbled, and went on, craning his neck upward. She followed his gaze, and saw there, against the brilliant blue of the sky, a fleeting black mite that was an airplane, cutting straight clean lines and making huge loops as it wove a pattern across the heavens.

Something caught in her throat. To her, airplane meant Jim. No matter who might be at the controls, when one went across the sky with a thunder of motors, she thought of Jim. And thinking of him now, she stood watching.

Presently the plane there in the sky made a vast turn and winged away northward. But still she stood there, staring at the heavens where it had been.

"Jim," she whispered shakily, half sobbing and half laughing. "Oh, Jim!"

Then she turned abruptly and hurried back into the maw of the station, while in the sky outside the breeze whisked away northward after the vanished plane the wispy letters of chemical smoke that still for a moment longer said for the whole world to see, I LOVE YOU MARY.

THE END

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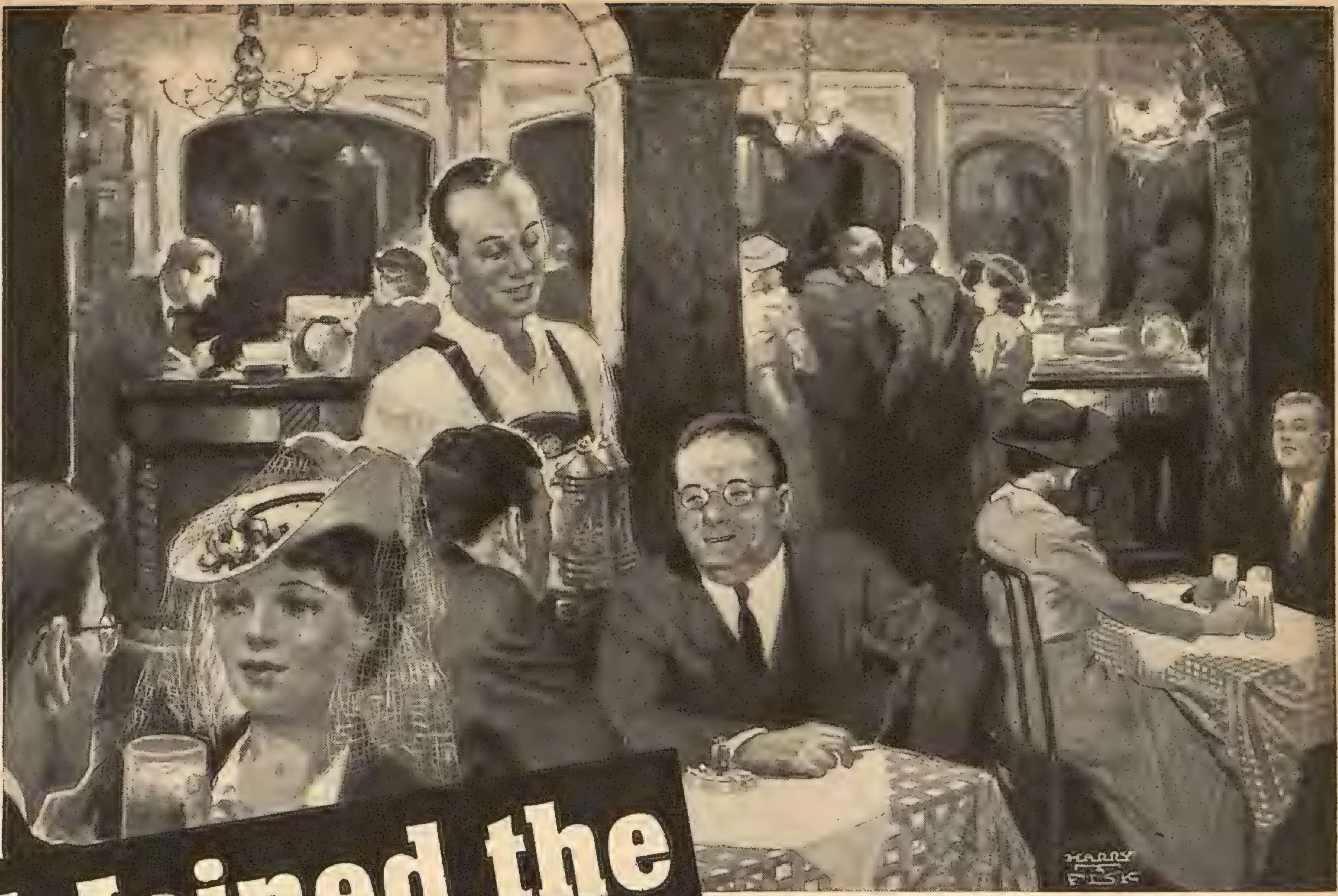
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

# I Joined the BUND



I was tempted to ask him if he realized the inevitable fate of minority leaders in the Nazi Party.

## Challengingly, an insider sounds a grim warning in an eye-opening exposé of Hitler's hand in America

**READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS**

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

WERE you shocked when you read the sworn testimony of Helen Vooros, the nineteen-year-old Brooklyn girl, before the Dies Congressional Committee, in which she revealed the immorality practiced in the German-American Bund Youth training camps?

Her experience was shocking enough but by no means surprising to me. I have long known the facts about the Hitler Youth training camps in Germany, for I am a German and only recently left my native country. There the camp leaders teach and emphasize that sex relations in any form are natural; that boys and girls should give free vent to self-expression in sex. Furthermore, they teach that sex relations with a camp leader are evidence of devotion to Nazism. I say this honestly. It is true there. And it is true here in America as well.

Boys and girls in American Bund camps are taught nothing about the United States or American institutions. They are taught everything about Nazi Germany, the Nazi ideology, and Hitler.

To the casual observer the daily routine of these youngsters seems quite similar to that of the American Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. The food served is wholesome. So is the physical training. But when night falls there is another picture. It is the unseen picture described graphically by the tearful Brooklyn girl in her testimony before the Dies Committee.

Helen Vooros testified that she left the Bund because "the leaders wouldn't let me alone." And when Representative Dies reminded her that Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf was against immorality, she answered that she was taught that "when two people go together and don't curb their natural instincts, that's pure!"

Camp suicides in Germany are not uncommon, and girls who were foolish enough to tell about the immorality that goes on have been known to die of "natural causes" while in camp. It was only to be expected that practices in those camps should have been brought back to America by the American Bund leaders and teachers who are sent to the fatherland for instruction.

Homosexuality in Hitler Youth camps has spread so alarmingly as to become a national scandal in Germany. There were so many protests from outraged parents that the authorities at Cologne were finally forced to act. When I left Germany there were 158 cases pending in the courts of that city against youth camp leaders on charges of sexual immorality. The victims were boys and girls from twelve to fifteen. These cases had been postponed from time to time for more than a year, and I doubt that any of them will ever come to trial.

Baldur von Schirach, the leader in charge of the Hitler Youth movement, is so openly a homosexual that his degeneracy is no longer news

After Exercise—
DOES YOUR ARM FEEL TIED IN A KNOT?

**Too Much Fatigue Acid in Your Muscles Causes That Pain**

● Your muscles ache and pain, feel knotted up after heavy exercise because fatigue acids have settled in them. Then your muscle actually swells inside its sheath. It hurts! For prompt relief, rub Absorbine Jr. thoroughly over the affected parts three or four times a day. This quickens the circulation—a supply of fresh blood helps drive those acids away! Pain lets up—swelling reduces—thanks to good old Absorbine Jr.! Millions of people like Absorbine Jr. because it is

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
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**ABSORBINE JR.**

FAMOUS also for Relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

**Your HAIR**

*IS IT THINNING OR FALLING OUT?*

If your hair is causing you this kind of trouble and it is due to poor blood circulation in the scalp, rent a Crosley XERVAC and try home treatments with this amazing machine. It is designed to help correct just such conditions of the scalp as the lack of proper blood circulation.

**Rent a CROSLEY XERVAC**

Write for free particulars, how you can rent a brand new machine, the same type now used in many barber shops and scalp clinics, for a small rental fee per month, without any obligation to buy. The Crosley XERVAC operates on the principle of alternate vacuum and pressure, known to be effective for forcing fresh, stimulating blood into the deep-rooted blood vessels. Very compact, easy to use. Now that you can rent one you can get its benefits on easiest of terms. Write for details of home rental plan.

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION
Dept. K-75 Cincinnati, Ohio

over Berlin tea tables or Munich cocktail bars. It is to such men that American boys and girls of German stock are sent for their instruction in Nazi practices and Nazi principles.

In Germany members of the Bund Deutscher Maedchen (Bund of German Girls) receive their outdoor physical training and Nazi philosophy teaching at the Land Arbeits Lager (Country Working Camps), which, even among the loyal Nazi members, have been in ill repute ever since their establishment. These girls are given to understand that whatever is natural is noble and that a German girl should regard it as an honor to lend herself sexually to her Nazi leader.

While on the stand Miss Vooros told that she had been warned not to talk of her experiences at the camp, and it was significant that she received threats of bodily harm after she testified, and was given police protection. Later she was spirited out of the city to guard her against reprisals. The German-American Bund has its own methods of dealing with those who incur its displeasure or reveal its secrets.

In Germany, likely subjects in the Bund Deutscher Maedchen are given special spy training. For a time the German General Staff was cautious in the employment of women secret agents. Too many female spies fell in love with their victims. But under Hitler women spies are back again both in Germany and in America. Fritz Kuhn's Bund makes good use of them.

I HAVE met several attractive young women of German extraction in New York whose service to the Bund was that of spreading anti-Semitic propaganda, obtaining names for the great Stuttgart card system I have already told about, and digging up scandal, particularly scandal concerning influential Americans and especially politicians. Female spies are usually women who are sophisticated and mature. They are recruited, as a rule, from the various German-American societies affiliated with the Bund. Now and then, but not often, a Bund camp girl is found sufficiently worldly-wise for such a job.

As one of my last assignments, I was given some money and told to hire a dinner jacket and to call for a "Miss Browne" at a midtown New York hotel. I would find her in the lounge. As I recall, she was employed during the day by a German shipping concern at its branch office in Yorkville.

After I met her we took a cab to the Ritz Tower, where we went to the small bar which opens on to Fifty-seventh Street. There we found our victim, an elderly and portly Middle-Western manufacturer of cast-iron pipes, cut-off valves, steel casings, etc. I was introduced as her stepbrother, a refugee from Germany. I was there for no reason at all other than to give the meeting an appearance of respectability. The Westerner did not seem greatly interested in Germany or refugees; he was interested in Miss Browne. She was quite intelligent and easy to look at. He drank brandy and soda like water and before dinner was over he didn't know I was there. After dinner I left, as prearranged. I am pretty sure she carried on from there and got whatever information she was after.

Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Germany's new consul general at San Francisco.

The Bund is the German Fuehrer's grasp on American democracy. It will tighten its grip when the time comes for an American Munich. The Bund member, the Bund Storm Trooper, work for this. That is why they are organized; that is what they are here for, hiding behind their American-citizenship papers.

The National Socialist Party in Germany keeps up a continuous barrage on America with printed propaganda. It is a drive to establish a solid German minority political bloc in this country. It is to prevent the assimilation of Germans in the American melting pot.

Toward the height of the Danzig crisis certain American cities were flooded with propaganda setting forth the injustice of the Corridor separating East Prussia from the rest of Germany. To give point to the Nazi argument, a map showed a "corridor" through New England, with Maine—representing East Prussia—cut off from the rest of the United States.

This propaganda literature had been mailed from Danzig. Obviously it had been prepared, ready for distribution, quite some time before the issue became acute. The Nazi propaganda chiefs plan well in advance. This propaganda is prepared and printed in many languages by official publishers at Munich, Germany, under the supervision of a ministry headed by Dr. Goebbels. The English versions came to America in diplomatic pouches, smuggled across the Canadian and Mexican borders or brought into this country by other secret means, and distributed by members of the German-American Bund.

Kuhn swore on the witness stand at the Dies hearing that he had destroyed the membership list of the Bund, together with other papers and records. That "destroyed" membership list would be interesting to the F. B. I. agents, because with it they undoubtedly could prove that the Bund is not composed entirely of American citizens, as required by law. It isn't. However, a new list might be made simply enough through checking the dues which members must pay regularly.

On the other hand, considering the fact that the vaults in the various diplomatic offices are available to the Bund and other Nazi organizations for the storing of confidential papers, isn't it possible that Fritz Kuhn may really know where this membership list and other records are?

Nazi Germans are taught that a leader's words and acts are like Caesar's wife, and the higher the leader the more above reproach he is. Fritz Kuhn, as I have said, has his bosses here in America, but to all outward appearances he is the uniformed head of the Bund. As such, and under the Nazi ideology, Kuhn in America—like Hitler in Germany—can do no wrong.

Kuhn's personal life is not an inspiration to many fervent Bund members. There is considerable grumbling among his followers, though seldom an audible growl. Storm Troopers have hard fists for those who would openly criticize their Fuehrer. But the unrest is there just the same.

These dissenters also know about Kuhn's frequent excursions into New York's hot spots. Kuhn may be a Jew-baiter, but when he wants to relax he goes to such a place as Billy Rose's night club. This famous host to tired business men has never publicly claimed an "Aryan" ancestry. Is it to be supposed that Jew-baiter Kuhn is making anti-Semitic investigations in such places?

HOWEVER, Bund tactics are undergoing a change. The reign of Kuhn is about at an end. He has lost his value to Hitler, even as a stooge or "front" for the real leader in the United States. Kuhn's indictment for larceny, his brushes with the law and blusterings before the Dies Committee have destroyed his usefulness.

Kuhn has tried to imitate his beloved leader too well. Hitler shows his contempt for Kuhn by treating him as a little boy meddling in European affairs and refusing even to acknowledge his diplomatic notes.

For his part, Kuhn lashes out at American congressmen and refers to the President as "Mr. Rosenfeld."

As a matter of fact, Kuhn was on his way out as head of the Bund several months ago. He was making his getaway to a prearranged hiding place when New York's District Attorney Dewey reached out and brought him back to face charges of having embezzled Bund funds.

The Nazi government has not been particularly fortunate in its representation in America. That is one of the reasons why Kuhn is slated to go, just as Manfred von Killinger was recalled from San Francisco.

Von Killinger was another Kuhn—same blustering, same Prussian ruthlessness with Nazi trimmings. He was consul general in San Francisco, and was referred to in the newspapers as a baron, which he isn't.

When I was in Germany, von Killinger was a Nationalist. This was before the Nazi Party was formed or even dreamed of. Herr Erzberger, Minister of Finance, one of the German signers of the armistice, was murdered. In Germany it was charged that von Killinger was one of the assassins. The California newspapers got hold of this story and printed it. The consul general shouted and threatened libel suits; but apparently he did not want the Erzberger case aired again in the American courts.

Despite his official status in the Nazi government, he took an active part in the affairs of the German-American Bund. At first he operated through Fritz Kuhn as the nominal leader. Kuhn played Charley Mc-

AW, MOTHER—IMAGINE ME AT A DANCE WITH THIS FACE!

Why let YOUR boy or girl feel unhappy and left out because of ADOLESCENT PIMPLES?

MOTHERS—understand *now* what often causes those ugly pimples that mean so much misery to young people:

**FIRST**—Between 13 and 25 the skin is oversensitive. Then sluggish intestines may cause pimples to break out.

**SECOND**—Your boy or girl may not be getting enough Vitamin A—a vitamin important to help keep the skin free from blemishes.

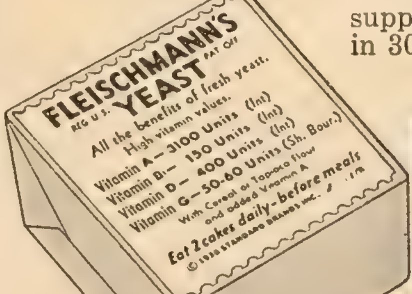
Fleischmann's *new* HIGH-VITAMIN Yeast is helping to solve these two problems for many young people. The *fresh yeast helps stimulate intestinal action. And,* 2 cakes a day now supply *over 6000 units of Vitamin A.*

Have your boy or girl with poor skin eat two cakes of High-Vitamin Yeast every day—one ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one ½ hour before supper. Many report results in 30 days or less!

Read how this* boy got help

"My skin was so broken out," he says, "I was ashamed to have people see me. Then I ate Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. I sure am grateful for how it helped me."

*name on request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All the benefits of fresh yeast.
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Vitamin A—3100 Units (Int)
Vitamin B₁—150 Units (Int)
Vitamin D—400 Units (Int)
Vitamin G—50-60 Units (Sh. Bour.)
With Cereal or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamin A
Eat 2 cakes daily-before meals
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New HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST helps this skin trouble even more!

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Carthy to von Killinger's Edgar Bergen until von Killinger tried to steal the act by reading the dummy's lines himself.

While von Killinger was in San Francisco there wasn't much doubt as to who sat in the driver's seat on all matters pertaining to the Bund. If Killinger had any virtues, it was in the frank manner in which he supervised Bund activities. But he counted too much on what he thought was an American Fascist sentiment in the West. He believed that the labor troubles which beset the West Coast, plus the protective instincts of the landed gentry in California, would form a sound basis for American Fascism. It didn't work. The California newspapers were quick to catch on, and their hue and cry forced Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop to recall von Killinger.

Hitler looked about him in Germany for a new consul general, and thought of his old company captain, Fritz Wiedemann. As a Bund member I heard Wiedemann's name whispered as if it were magic. Often I smiled to myself, because I knew Wiedemann in Germany. I was glad he was not appointed to New York, for he would have recognized me immediately had we met anywhere.

SO now we come to one of the smartest and most significant moves in Nazi diplomacy—the appointment of Captain Fritz Wiedemann as consul general at San Francisco.

Captain Fritz is a shrewd diplomat. With no German ambassador in Washington, the importance of his present position cannot be overemphasized. You may well believe that he will not make the mistakes charged against his predecessor, von Killinger. Nor will he make the mistakes of Fritz Kuhn. It would not be surprising if Kuhn's imminent retirement might be traced to Wiedemann's influence in Berlin.

It happens that only recently I had occasion to sit beside Kuhn in his favorite Café Hindenburg in Yorkville. I was more than tempted to ask him if he realized the inevitable fate of minority leaders in the Nazi Party, and what he thought would be his fate if Wiedemann gave Berlin an adverse report on his Bund administration. Even among the more successful second-rate Nazi leaders there is more than one example and warning for Kuhn. I refer to Henlein, Nazi leader in Czechoslovakia, who was once wined and dined by Hitler, and to Seyss-Inquart of Austria, who had his moments of triumph beside the Fuehrer. One doesn't hear much about them now. They have been demoted.

Wiedemann has performed many important missions in Hitler's service. The least publicized of these was his trip to Japan, where he is reputed to have worked out an exchange system with the Japanese spy service. Some prominence has been given to the part he played in England during the so-called Munich crisis. He is credited with having influenced Prime Minister Chamberlain in the matter of his policy of appeasement.

As a diplomat, Wiedemann knows his book. He laughs off any suggestion that he has any interest in the Bund. You will never find him at any Bund meeting. He would even have you believe that he is not in good standing with the German Fuehrer; that he was in disfavor because he had "protested against the persecution of the Jews," and that Hitler has "exiled" him to San Francisco to get rid of him. You would almost be led to believe that Hitler has him in the doghouse. Well, the post of consul general at San Francisco is not one of Hitler's doghouses. Those are the concentration camps.

THERE is no more important position in the Nazi foreign service than the one to which Wiedemann was appointed, and today the West Coast is the real hotbed of German propaganda in the United States. Yorkville is the nominal American capital of Nazism. Its real capital and the real headquarters of the German-American Bund are now located on the West Coast. Any well informed Bund member knows that.

Let me repeat: Captain Fritz Wiedemann will not be seen at Bund meetings nor, I suspect, will the best efforts of the F. B. I. ever connect him with the Bund. He is too smart. But in his entourage is the high Gestapo agent who controls such Bund activities as are not directed from Germany.

I have presented sufficient evidence in these articles to establish that the German-American Bund is nothing more than Nazism transplanted on American soil for the primary purpose of undermining American democracy, American institutions, and the Constitution of the United States. For my own part, I have adopted America as my country. I have had enough of Nazism. I have had enough of Hitler.

Since Russia has lined up with Germany, you may have a clearer understanding of the hook-up between the German-American Bund and the Russian Count Vonsiatsky and his military training camp at Thompson, Connecticut. Such anti-American institutions should not exist on American soil. Such troublemakers as Vonsiatsky, Klapprott, and Fritz Kuhn should not be tolerated here.

It is up to the Germans in America who are true to the institutions of the country they have adopted to correct this situation. The editor of Liberty has requested me to make it clear that I have not attempted an indictment of all people of German extraction living in the United States. Quite the opposite. I am convinced that a large majority of the German stock in this country is loyal—100-per-cent Americans who would like to see the Bund destroyed and Fritz Kuhn deprived of citizenship and sent back to Nazi Germany.

THE END

EX-LAX MOVIES
"The girl who punished herself"

BETTY: I don't know which is worse ... constipation or the remedy!

SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?

BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for *me* . . . a little chocolated tablet?

SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!

LATER

BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in *our* family for over 30 years.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS WHITE & YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN
18 tablets 25¢

See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

# NEWSPAPERMAN

A poignant chronicle turns to dark days as an idyll ends in heartbreak

## BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

**READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS**

His Wisconsin sweetheart Madge having unexpectedly refused him, it was a forlorn young Eddie Doherty who left the august Chicago Tribune for a better paying job on the Herald. The excursion boat Eastland rolled over on her side, and hundreds of people were drowned. In spite of his police card, the cops at the pier weren't going to let reporter Eddie through their lines. His father, Lieutenant "Butch" Doherty, intervened just in time to talk him out of swinging on one of them.

After a few months he met Marie, his childhood sweetheart, at his parents' silver-wedding celebration. He realized instantly that it was she whom he had always loved, and he was for getting married right off; but she made him wait two whole days. Their honeymoon was a day and a night in the Loop. They came home to the little flat where Marie had lived with her mother. She had a daytime job, while Eddie, on the Herald, worked nights.

### PART SIX—A LITTLE WHITE DREAM . . AND A TRAGEDY

IT was an odd life we lived. Odd but exquisite.

I'd come home about two or three o'clock in the morning. I'd take off my shoes and tiptoe. Yet Marie always woke.

"Sorry, dear. I didn't mean to wake you."

"I heard your key in the lock. And don't be sorry. It's wonderful to wake up and remember I'm married to you, and to know you're actually home at last."

Presently there'd be a bottle of cold beer on the table, and a pile of sandwiches, and maybe a piece of homemade cake or pie. Or there might be coffee.

Marie would grab the paper from me. "Don't tell me what you wrote. I'll tell you. I always know your stories."

Sometimes the dawn caught us whispering together.

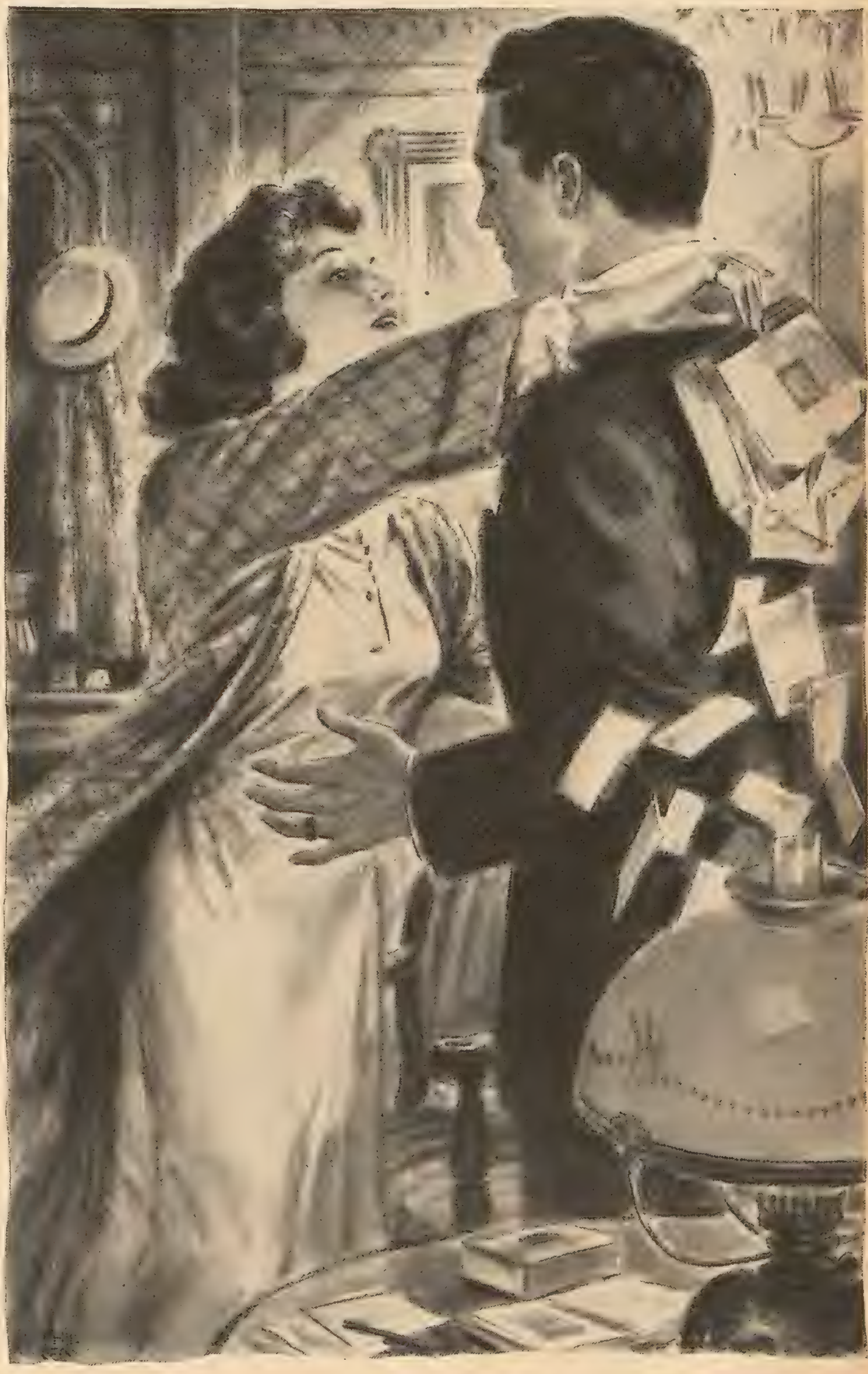
Marie went to work early—the middle of the night to me. I woke when she did, sometimes looking at her with half-shut eyes before I got out of bed, glorying in her.

"Don't get up. You need your sleep."

"Stay in bed and miss the chance of being with you awhile? Have you gone crazy?"

There was plenty of time to sleep after she left. If I couldn't sleep I'd go to the Loop and haunt the lobby of her building until she came down for lunch. Usually I went to the El station half an hour early, and waited there in the hope that she might come home early and I could have a word or two with her before I took the train. If she worked late, which was not often, she'd meet me in the Herald Building.

I can't say which was sweeter, the hours we spent together or the minutes we contrived to steal for each other.



She flung her arms about me, and envelopes and bills fell to the floor.

I had one night off a week, and that was never a Saturday or a Sunday. We planned for that night days ahead.

Early in the morning after the first payday that came into our married life I brought home thirty-five one-dollar bills. They made a whole handful of money.

"It isn't much. But it's all yours."

"Not much? Do you really think so? How many men your age make thirty-five a week? It's a lot of money. And with my twenty a week—why, we're rich!"

"But you're not going to work much longer. I feel like a squaw man."

"Eddie, what would I do, with you asleep most of the day? Please don't make me quit working. I love it."

She went into the living room and returned with a large cardboard box, a box shaped like a book. She opened the clasp and pulled up the cover, disclosing a concertina-like arrangement of paper pouches. In each pouch was an envelope. She shook the envelopes out. Each had its own label: Groceries. Meat. Rent. Gas. Electricity. Clothes. Doctor. Dentist. Amusements.

One envelope she slipped into the pocket of her bathrobe. "This is our budget," she explained, "and it'll have to be our bank until we open a checking account."

"So you're a business woman as well as a siren," I said. "That makes you president, treasurer, secretary, and general manager of this firm. I'll be the hired help. I'm working for you. Pay me a dollar a day, and give it to me each morning."

She handed me a dollar bill. "Your first day's pay, my good man. I think I'll keep you on."

"You mean—it's a permanent job?"

She flung her arms about me, and box and envelopes and bills fell to the floor.

We cleaned up the mess, laughing aloud, and I swiped the envelope she had tucked in her pocket. It had a magic name written across its face: "Eddie Junior."

She snatched it from me.

"Marie!" I cried.

"Oh, not yet, silly," she said, confused and embarrassed. "It's only a dream. A little white dream."

I WAS nearly two years on the Herald rewrite desk. President Wilson took me off it when he ordered the mobilization of the National Guard. I was sent to Springfield to cover the mobilization of the Illinois troops and their entrainment for the Mexican border. Marie spent a few days with me. Grand days. A second honeymoon trip. One afternoon, cutting across a field to see Colonel Milton J. Foreman, we heard a million bees buzzing around us.

We saw the colonel jumping up and down and waving his hands. He was shouting to us, but we couldn't hear him plainly. "Maybe a bee's stung him," I said.

"Either you two kids are blind," he said when we came near, "or you're altogether too much in love."

"What makes you say that, colonel?"

He shook his head from side to side. "My dear young man! Don't you realize you took your beautiful young wife across the rifle range?"

"The rifle range? Those weren't bees we heard?"

My knees shook and a cold breeze sprayed my back.

"Bees? Didn't you know those were bullets?"

Marie left for Chicago the night the troops were scheduled to entrain for the border. I took her to the depot, and saw thousands of soldiers sleeping in the streets, stretched out on the cobblestones. In the railroad yards, later, I found Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. He was cussing everything and everybody in Springfield, Chicago, and Washington, D. C., because there weren't enough trains. His son, Reed Landis, was one of those lying in the streets, and the judge was going to get those trains rolling or spout blood out of all his arteries. He electrified the entire railroad system in a few hundred blue-white words. He got action. He got the cars. He got the troops away.

Richard Henry Little and Keith Jones went with the soldiers. I went back to Chicago. And I found a job on an afternoon paper, the Chicago American.

"I can't give you more than thirty-five a week," Hector Elwell, the city editor, said. "I'll put you on rewrite. Eight in the morning until four in the afternoon."

THE money doesn't matter," Marie said. "The big thing is, you've got a day job. Now we can live like human beings."

"Then what about moving out of a flat into a house? Have we enough money to start buying a house?"

"A house? Oh, darling! I have a house picked out. In Irving Park. I was saving it up as a surprise. A couple named Bush own it. Grand people. We can buy it for forty-five hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars down. And, Eddie—Mrs. Bush said it might be a lucky place for a woman who wants a baby."

We signed the contract that night, and agreed to make the first payment on the following payday.

Monday morning Elwell called, "Doherty, take Buddy McHugh off my wire. Maybe you can help him."

Buddy had been working for the American ever since he left the City Press. He covered Central Police.

"Hello, Eddie. You know the Paisley banks? Heck says there's one near your house. Well, they've closed, Eddie. They've gone bust. There's riots around each bank. Heck thought maybe you knew some cop or drugstore clerk or somebody you could send over there, so we could get enough dope for the next edition."

"Must it always be you, Buddy?" I couldn't help saying.

"Gee, Eddie, I get it. You mean I called up about your kid sister. And now—that was your bank, was it?"

"With all my dough in it."

And my house, I thought. And my wife's happiness!

I called Marie and asked her to help us on the story. She didn't cry.

"Don't feel badly, dear," she said. "After all, it's only money."

Before she called back, the Examiner had agreed to let me work four hours a night after my day on the American was finished, and had guaranteed to pay me eighteen dollars every payday; and the owners of the house had assured me I might pay the two hundred dollars in weekly installments.

Marie wept as she told me of the riot.

"Those poor wretched people! Say a prayer for them, darling. And don't feel badly that we've lost the house. We'll get another one—a better one—some day."

"We haven't lost the house," I said. "We haven't lost anything, my dear."

No man ever felt such a glow of triumph since the world began.

WE moved into the house before the week was out. It was hard, working twelve hours a day; harder than I realized at the time. I felt like a boy again when I quit the Examiner, after the two hundred had been paid. And my work on the American became pure joy.

Elwell observed that I had some spare time in the mornings, so he gave me some extra work and a raise of two dollars and a half.

"The war's taking up too much space," he said. "We've got to write local news short. Suppose you go through the morning papers and take odd stories out of them. Rewrite them into paragraphs. Give the column a name. And make it funny. If I like it, I'll let you write a column for the Saturday funny section."

I called the column Atoms and Items. The Saturday column, which brought my pay check up to forty dollars, was called Up and Down.

"We'll need every cent of it," Marie said, when I told her the news. "I saw the doctor today."

"What's wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong. I'm going to have a baby."

We had four bedrooms upstairs. We put some Mother Goose paper on the walls of the sunniest one, polished the floor, bought a little white crib, and waited. Marie spent hours in that empty nursery. Dreaming.

She was probably there the morning Uncle Joe's postal money order arrived in the mail. Anyway, I didn't tell her about the money until the next morning.

I was lurking near the foot of the stairs when I heard her cry out: "Eddie! A twenty-dollar bill! I found it right outside the bedroom door!"

I pretended intense surprise. She started down the steps, and found another bill, and another. "Am I dreaming?" she asked. "Am I really finding money, Eddie?"

There were more bills in the corridor leading from the stair landing into the parlor. There were bills on the parlor rug and in the dining room. All of them twenty-dollar gold certificates.

"Maybe somebody's robbed a bank," I said. "He must have come through this house, trying to get away from the cops. Did you hear any burglars last night?"

Marie was counting the money.

"Two hundred dollars," she said. "Oh, Eddie! But, if it's stolen, we'll have to give it back."

"Sit down," Mrs. Ryan said. "Your eggs will get cold. Give me your plate, Marie."

Under her plate Marie found another hundred dollars in yellow bills. And then I told her.

"God bless Uncle Joe," she said. "But, Eddie, can he spare it? He makes so little."

"How can we refuse it? If we sent it back we'd hurt him. And we'd hurt ourselves too."

"And Eddie Junior," she said. "Oh, Eddie, feel my heart!" It was beating wildly. "And here, below my heart. Feel. The baby, Eddie. The baby!"

I felt him there, marveling.

"Life," Marie said. "I feel life. Mother, I feel life!"

"It's time you did," Mrs. Ryan said calmly. "It won't be long now. Four months or so."

"Amen to that," I said, and hurried to catch my train.

THIS was a month or so before President Wilson announced that the nation was at war.

I wanted to enlist that day, April 6, 1917, when war was declared. I wanted to be one of the first to volunteer. But how could I march away from Marie, and the baby growing within her? What would become of my family, my house? I couldn't keep my family in food and clothes on a buck a day. I couldn't keep up the payments on the house. I couldn't even pay a man to weed the garden.

"But if you could get a commission—later," Marie said, "then you could go, Eddie. I can get a job. Enough to live on. We could get along all right, darling. If you want to go—"

"I do. This is the greatest story of the age, and I've got to be in on it."

"Can't you be a war correspondent?"

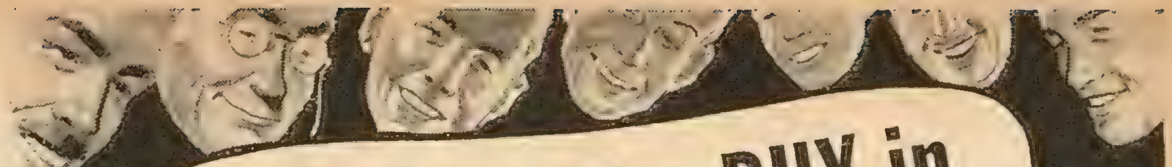
"Not a chance. The only war corresponding I'll do I'm doing now, on the rewrite desk."

"Why don't you join one of the Home Guard companies, Eddie? At least that ought to be fun."

I joined two of them. It was fun, but it wasn't being a soldier.

An army officers' training corps was established in Fort Sheridan; but I didn't try for it. I was still waiting for Eddie Junior.

He was born in our home late in the afternoon of July 11, 1917. I had wanted Marie to go to a hospital. So had her mother. But Marie preferred to stay at home.



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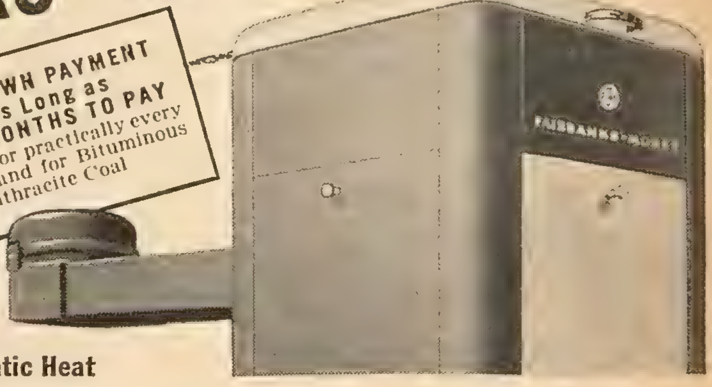
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"There's love in this house," she said. "Can't you feel it? There always has been. That's why Eddie must be born here. And my mother will be with me."

I was downstairs, trying not to bite my nails, when Mrs. Ryan called me.

"Come quick, Sir Galahad, and see your son."

Marie held my hand, gripping it hard. She was suffering terribly, yet she could smile and whisper, "Two Eddies! I have two Eddies! I always knew I would."

"It's a boy," the doctor said.

We could have told him that months before.

On July 18 I went before the examining board of the second army officers' training corps and took the mental and physical tests. If I passed I was certain to be commissioned a second lieutenant. After the examinations I was led into the office of Colonel Stacy Cromwell, the commandant, an old friend of mine.

"Congratulations," he said. "You passed with flying colors. Pick your branch of the service."

"Aviation," I said.

"Splendid. How's Mrs. Doherty, by the way?"

"Grand, colonel. And we have a baby."

The colonel rose from his chair and glowered at me.

"When the United States army gets so low that it will take a man from his wife and infant son," he said, "I hope I'll be a long time dead. Get out of here!"

THE war was over for me.

"I'm so glad," Marie said. "Now I can tell you something you must know. If you'd gone to war, Eddie, you never would have found me when you returned."

"You mean you'd leave me?"

"No. I'll never leave you while I live. But I'm not going to live very long."

"Nonsense, darling. You've had bad dreams."

"This was no dream, darling. I've always known I would die young. All the time I was carrying the baby I really expected to die giving him to you."

"You never let me know."

"No. Because I thought you might go away to war—and I didn't want you worrying about me."

"But what put this into your head?"

"It's always been there. I always knew I'd die young and send you another wife."

She laughed, but I was cold with dread. I turned the conversation with an attempt at a joke:

"I've got a new slogan: Vote for Eddie Doherty Junior. He kept us out of war."

I made no further effort to get into the service. And I considered myself something of a war profiteer, because Elwell gave me a raise. Fifty dollars a week now. But still it wasn't enough. The cost of living had risen too.

In the autumn of 1918 I began to write of the boys in the training camps who had been stricken with something the doctors called Spanish influenza. Husky young soldiers and sailors began to die by the hundred.

In September and October the plague crept into Chicago. One saw funerals every day, on every street. There weren't enough doctors. There weren't enough nurses. There weren't enough caskets or hearses. There wasn't enough space in the graveyards.

My mother called me, late at night.

"Eleanor is sick, and I'm worried about her. I think it's influenza. And Catherine and Eileen and Tom and Bill look bad too. I've called a doctor, but he hasn't come yet. Could Mrs. Ryan come and help me?"

When anybody was ill in our family, Mrs. Ryan was always asked to come and help. And she was always eager to go. She loved taking care of people.

"Mother," I had to say, "Marie has it too. It came on her suddenly. She's in bed, burning up. I've got a doctor coming; and I'm looking for a nurse. Mrs. Ryan will have to stay here and take care of Marie until the other nurse comes. After that she'll have to take care of the baby. But I'll get you a nurse."

"Marie! Don't tell me Marie is ill!"

"Yes. And I'm scared to death. Because she's pregnant again. And pregnant women—" I couldn't go on.

"We'll have to trust in God," my mother said. "Don't bother Mrs. Ryan, Ed. I'll get somebody. And if I can't, I'll nurse them all myself."

My doctor arrived eventually. He hadn't had his clothes off in a week.

"This child has to have a nurse," he said. "Fortunately, I know one I can get. Her patient died an hour ago."

"Can you save her, doctor?" I asked.

He shrugged his weary shoulders.

"I'll do my best," he said. "But you'd better get down on your knees and pray. I'll need help."

DURING Marie's illness I slept in a room near the nursery. The sun woke me every morning, and I'd lie still a moment, listening to the baby talking and singing to himself. I'd take him up and bring him to the door of the big room where Marie lay. Sometimes she smiled at him. And at me. Sometimes she did not waken. Frequently her eyes were dull and unaware of us.

Once or twice I found time to visit my father's house. There were five patients, upstairs and down. Mother tended them all, day and night, without help.

Eleanor lay in a big bed upstairs, her pretty face flushed with fever, her thick hair wet, her hands making meaningless gestures. Catherine and Eileen and Bill and Tom, though feverish and weak, were able to grin at me.

I tried to find a nurse to help my

mother. My father tried too. There wasn't a nurse to be had.

We had great hopes for Marie, even on the last day. "I think we've passed the crisis," the doctor said.

I breathed deep of the beautiful day. God was good. Marie would be sitting out on the front porch in a week or so. I must rake up all these leaves. . . .

Some one came hurriedly up the street. He carried a small black bag and he wore a Roman collar.

"Where's the sick girl?" he asked me.

"Upstairs, father."

He strode by me, went in through the open door of the house. Mrs. Ryan had sent for him, I thought. She was a nurse. She knew. She knew Marie was dying. And she hadn't told me.

I was standing between the mulberry trees, unable to move, when Mrs. Ryan came out to me. "Did you send for that priest?" she asked.

"No. Did you?"

"Of course I didn't."

We asked the nurse.

"No," she said; "I didn't call him. He asked me to leave the room. He's hearing her confession."

"Who is he?" Mrs. Ryan asked. "Where's he from?"

"From St. Viator's, I suppose," I said. "But I don't know. I never saw him before."

Marie was conscious when the priest left. She went smiling into sleep, her hand in mine. And in her sleep she died, her hand still fast in mine.

ON the afternoon of the following day I stood with my father and mother at the foot of Eleanor's bed and watched her fighting for breath.

"Do you think she has a chance?" my father asked.

"No," I said. "No chance at all."

He left the room, went downstairs.

"This is her birthday," mother said. "She's fifteen years old today."

Her face was barren of emotion, her voice dry.

My father came upstairs again. And again he asked if I thought there was a chance—asked it in the voice of a shy man begging a tremendous favor.

I stopped and talked to Gran before I went home.

"Ah, sorry the day," she said. "God have pity on us all! And your mother unable to ease herself with a single tear! Did you see that old silk shirt she wears around her shoulders? It's Jim's. She won't take it off. She thinks Jim's dead of the flu. We haven't heard from him."

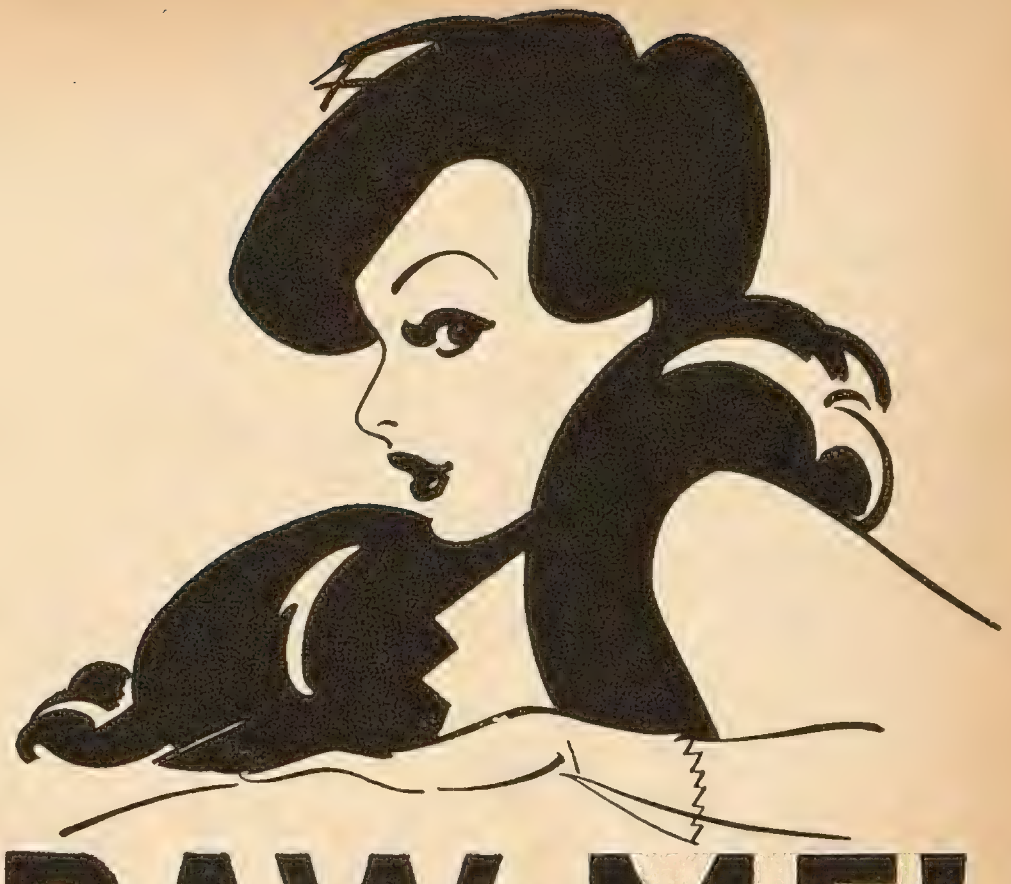
"Any word from Frank?"

"Yes. Frank's coming home. He read about Marie in the papers. And Marty's coming too."

She put her face in her apron.

"Sure, why couldn't the good God take me and spare them two? Me that's ninety and more, long past my usefulness to any one. And them so young and good."

The boys came back as soon as they



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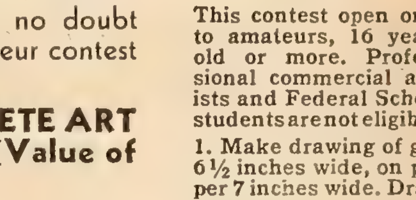

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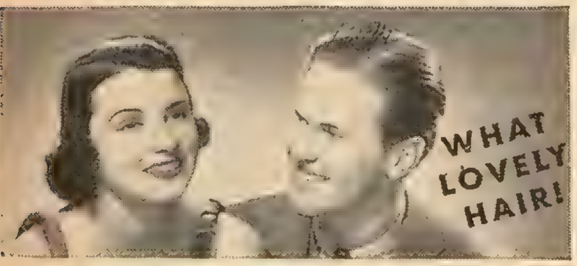
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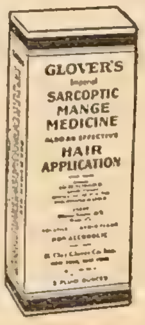

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could, Jim from an army camp in Kentucky, Frank from a battleship in Hampton Roads, Martin from a seminary in St. Paul. Mother's face didn't light up as it always did when she greeted her sons. Nor did it show any sign of grief or strain. The old shirt was still about her neck and shoulders. There was comfort in it, she said, and strength—as though the arms of God were in the knotted sleeves.

It was a beautiful day, the day we buried Marie. It was a perfect day.

"The irony of God," I cried. "To make a day like this, now that her few days have ended."

"That's blasphemy," my mother said in her sterile voice. "You must ask pardon for those words."

Mother did not attend either funeral. She could not leave the others until they were well. Then she asked me to take her to the cemetery. She took the silk shirt from her shoulders and looked at it queerly.

"Now where did I get that?" she asked. "And what was I doing with it tied around me?"

We went out to the cemetery on the streetcars. She stood, hanging heavy on my arm, for many minutes, looking at the mound that covered the body of Marie. Suddenly she fell, and her body quivered with sobs and the tears fell on the grave.

"Oh, Marie, Marie!"

It was a scream, a cry of anguish that has echoed and re-echoed through all the rest of my life.

Night after night, for many weeks after that day, I sat in my room—the bedroom with the little alcove in it—and stared at the pictures of Marie which I had tacked up on the walls. If I closed my eyes I could feel her there, hear her breathing, smell the fragrance of her hair, see the shine in her eyes. I could almost reach out and touch her. She was alive. She could never die.

Yet, when I opened my eyes, the room was empty.

"Suffering is good for a man," the monks had told me. "Suffering builds character. Suffering ennobles one."

Hour after hour I sat in my chair, night after night, looking at the pictures of Marie, looking at the bed in which she died. But I was not ennobled. I sat unstirring until I could endure no more-–when I fled outside, to drink, to carouse, to try to forget.

I returned to the office as soon as I could, seeking surcease of pain in work.

I FOUND Joe McHugh sitting at the desk next to mine. "Lots of changes here since you last saw the shop," he told me. "Including a couple of girl reporters."

A couple? That made four on the staff. There would probably be a lot of women working for newspapers now, with so many men gone to war or going. But why should I care? Let them take over the papers. I too was going to war. I'd be sent to France for training. And maybe I'd see some action before I was killed.

Somewhere behind me I heard one of the new girls telling a story. There was a crowd of men around her, laughing at everything she said. I listened a moment, but didn't turn to look. I was annoyed. What did she think a local room was? A tea party? I looked at Joe, and noticed with surprise that he was laughing, was strangling on a mouthful of coffee.

The girl went by me, a slim girl with a mass of bright gold hair. She walked in a peculiarly graceful way. Her hair fell low over the right side of her forehead. It hid her ears. It was full of waves and curls and twists, and the ends of it had been done into a great shining pile at the back of her neck. Her face was startling in its loveliness. There was a bright lamp glowing in her.

She made me think of Marie.

Why should there be a girl like this alive to torment me with the memory of the girl I had lost?

Joe saw me looking at her. "Her name is Frisby. Mildred Frisby. Would you like to meet her?"

"That scatterbrain?" I said. "Not me."

"She's no scatterbrain. She's a swell newspaperman. And, besides, she's a honey."

"Boloney! Her mind is as light as her hair."

ONE afternoon Eddie Mahoney, Elwell's assistant, handed me a page of her copy to rewrite. It was delicately written. It was funny.

"They never read her stuff," McHugh whispered. "They think she's a dumbbell, like you do. Just because she's kidding all the time."

I copied the story word for word and gave it back to Mahoney.

"Good stuff, Eddie," he said, laughing. "Funny as the devil."

"Read this." I handed him the original. "It's even funnier."

Mahoney read my copy, and sauntered to Mildred's desk. What he said to her I don't know. But she came to me a bit later, to thank me.

I was always running into her after that. I saw her in the office a dozen times a day, and she was always laughing. But I never had much to do with her.

The day came when Elwell wearied of her effect on the staff. "You'll have to quit talking to her," he said. "I'll fire the next man I catch talking to her."

Joe told me about it when I returned from lunch. Mildred was sitting at her desk. I got up immediately, though I had work to do, crossed the room, and plumped myself into a chair at her side.

*How he became acquainted with this girl he had thought a scatterbrain—and found she kept reminding him of Marie; how the armistice upset his plan to take his grief into battle; how, eventually, he proposed to Mildred, and why she said "No" . . . these and other unforgettable heart secrets Mr. Doherty will bare to you in Liberty next week.*

# WIN YOUR SHARE OF $2,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

## Liberty Presents

# WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APP'LD FOR

## *Every One Can Enter. Any One Can Win!*

ON this page Liberty presents the first diagram of a fascinating language game in which one word leads to another toward substantial cash prizes, in which you can test and possibly enlarge your vocabulary, and in which your application and skill can be developed.

The Rules give complete directions for playing the Words Within Words game. An example to help you get started toward the prizes is shown above the official diagram at the right. Briefly, if you can build words across the diagram, starting with the letter in the key word and using only letters appearing in the key word, your chance to build a prize-winning entry is excellent. Scoring, as detailed in the Rules and illustrated in the example, is controlled by the number of times you find it possible to use the letters of the key word in completing the diagram horizontally. The first time a letter is used it counts one point. The second time it is used it counts two points, etc. Thus, if you are skillful, by the time you work to the bottom line some letters may be scoring twenty points or more.

Do not send in any diagrams until the end of the contest when your set of ten will be completed. The second diagram of this series will be published in next week's Liberty.

### THESE SIMPLE RULES TELL YOU HOW TO WIN!

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters; the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i. e., if T appears in the key word three times, it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the slanted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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### HOW TO SCORE

| | | | | | | | | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1<br>A | 1<br>N | 1<br>T | 1<br>I | 1<br>C | | | | 5 |
| 2<br>C | 1<br>O | 1<br>M | 2<br>M | 1<br>E | 2<br>N | 2<br>T | | 11 |
| | | | | | | | | |

*The two horizontal lines above represent the first two lines of Diagram No. 1 below. The filled-in words show how the score should be computed. In this example the total score is 16 points. You can undoubtedly fill in the diagram with words that have a much higher scoring value. This is simply an illustration.*

| | | | | | | | | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | | | | | | | | |
| C | | | | | | | | |
| C | | | | | | | | |
| O | | | | | | | | |
| M | | | | | | | | |
| P | | | | | | | | |
| L | | | | | | | | |
| I | | | | | | | | |
| S | | | | | | | | |
| H | | | | | | | | |
| M | | | | | | | | |
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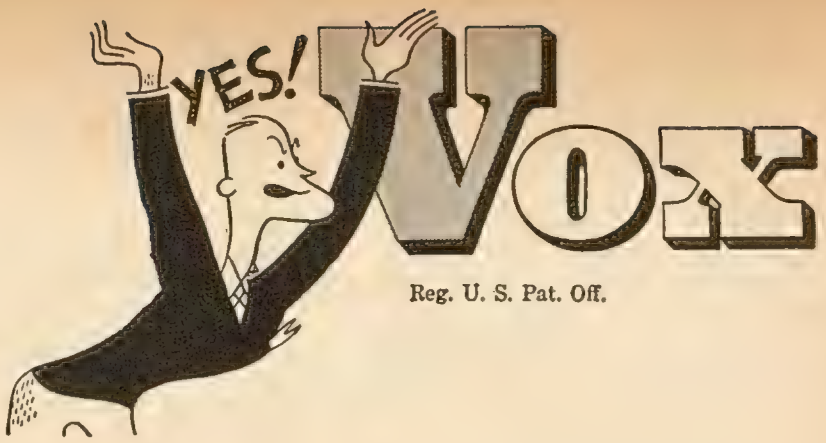
| T | | | | | | | | |

**DIAGRAM NO. 1, *Total*..........**



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## VERY LITTLE TO GET EXCITED ABOUT?

BATESVILLE, ARK.—To be sure, I read with a great deal of interest the series of articles Hell in Hot Springs, written by Mr. Frederick L. Collins (July 22, 29, August 5 Liberty).

As chairman of the legislative committee which made the investigation of alleged political corruption in the Hot Springs district to which Mr. Collins frequently refers in his articles, I am familiar with not only most of the matters mentioned by these articles but with many others as well. In the light of the testimony before our committee, I see very little to get excited about in the conviction of a former chief of police and a former chief of detectives, both of whom had already been repudiated by the powers that be in Hot Springs long before the F. B. I. caused their arrest.

Certainly there is no foundation in fact for the assumption so strongly hinted in the last of these articles that the F. B. I., by its conviction of Wakelin and Akers, has changed Hot Springs from a seething caldron of judicial and political corruption to a model of civic virtue.

While the legislative committee to which Mr. Collins so often refers had only thirty days in which to make its investigation, had only the investigators at its disposal, and spent less than two thousand dollars for attorneys, office rent, stenographers, and witnesses, the F. B. I. spent almost four years, had numerous investigators at its disposal, spent thousands of dollars otherwise, and was backed by one of the ablest district attorneys in the entire country. Yet they were unable to reach a single person in the upper brackets of either the county or the municipal government.

One cannot help but wonder if the accomplishments of the F. B. I. in this matter really justify the publicity which Mr. Collins' articles have given this wonderful city, unfortunate in but one respect—the corrupt political machine which, by methods condemned not only by all Arkansas but by a large part of the people of the city itself, dominates its politics.—*W. M. Thompson.*

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## OF ALL MORONIC NONSENSE!

PINEVILLE, KY.—Referring to Rasputin's Watch (August 26 Liberty), Mr. Zimmer implies that he met Wassermann in the International Jockey Club in Mexico City in 1923.

He did not! To my knowledge, there has been no Jockey Club in Mexico City since Francisco Villa used it as a stable, the time he took *la capital.*

What was the old Jockey Club has been Sanborn's Restaurant (also known as La Casa de Azulejos) since about 1917 or 1918, or maybe 1919.

Of all the moronic nonsense, your stuff takes the cake.—*Ben P. Alcorn.*

## PRINCESS KROPOTKIN BURNS HER UP

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—It burns me up to read such gross misrepresentation of Southern dialect as written by Princess Kropotkin (August 12 Liberty). The sketch of the actress who married in Virginia is perfectly ridiculous, and as a Southerner I resent the Princess putting such words into the mouths of our ministers.

Admittedly there is a softer cadence in our speech than is found in the North, but do give us credit for using words that convey meaning correctly.

Tell the Princess to include the South in some of her travels, and she will hear no speech as she has written it, except in sections of illiteracy that one may find anywhere in the United States.—*Mrs. C. O. Green.*

## WHAT YANKEE STADE OVERLOOKED

MIAMI, FLA.—In Ten Billions a Year for Fun (August 19 Liberty) Yankee Stade quotes:

"The best games are those which promote social activities and the exchange of ideas, conversation, laughter, and sometimes temper."

That quotation, it seems to me, would fit the sport of fishing better than almost any other. Yet in his story Yankee Stade somehow managed to completely overlook fishing.

Best authorities number the anglers in the United States at 18,000,000, with the annual expenditures by these anglers $1,600,000,000. More money is spent by anglers each year than is spent by devotees of the next seven most popular sports.

It might be interesting to you to know that, by actual check-up, more than 70 per cent of Miami's visitors name fishing as their favorite form of sports recreation. More than 107,000 participated in the 1939 Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament. Last year's sales of angling equipment in Miami ran well over $500,000.

People naturally take to fishing. It is their "personal" sport. It takes them into the open air, out in the woods, on the bays and lakes and rivers, out on the ocean. It furnishes them with healthful exercise and creates within them an admiration of the works of nature.—*Erl Roman.*

## "REVANCHE POUR SADOWA"

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Two German Students Speak Up (August 19 Vox Pop) and prove the standard of education in Nazi Germany. You Germans of "the younger generation," you students from Hitler Germany, you Kiskers and Fritsches who "back Hitler, whatever policy he sees fit for the best of his country," you should be ashamed not to know that Sadowa has been the battlefield where Germans fought against Austrians in 1866!

*Revanche pour Sadowa* was the slogan of Hitler's Austrian compatriots, and Hitler Germany seems to me Austria's *revanche pour Sadowa.*—*A German Student of the Older Generation.*

## SHAMED AND PAINED?

HINCKLEY, MINN. — Emil Ludwig's biography of the Duke of Windsor, like his biography of F. D. R., was disgustingly sentimental and womanish. He writes like a mawkish sixteen-year-old deb. I am sure F. D. R. and the Windsors (if they read his gush) were shamed and pained.

Let us have no more from Ludwig. His writings could be used only as a horrible example of how not to write biography.

Three cheers for Bernarr Macfadden! There's a vigorous, manly writer!—*Constant Reader.*

## DRAMATIZE WORD "TAXES"

SAGINAW, MICH.—Here is a recipe to get the New Dealers out of office: Twenty-five of the largest advertisers in the country should spend a million dollars each to publicize and dramatize the word "taxes" in 1940 and let people know where their money goes to and what it accomplishes and what damage debt does to them. It would be worth the price for the manufacturers to have prosperity return.—*C. H. K., Sr.*

## “HE SHOLY HIGHLY RECOMMENDS HISSELF!”

KARNES CITY AND GOLIAD, TEX. — Having represented more than two hundred defendants in criminal cases and the state in at least fifty criminal cases, I of course enjoyed reading the Lawyer-Criminal articles by Mr. Leibowitz (August 5, 12, 19, 26 Liberty).

However, the articles remind me of the story of the party who arrived at a political meeting a little late and asked an old colored man, “Who is the gentleman speaking?” and the answer was, “I don't know, boss, but he sholy highly recommends hisself!”

I have represented many defendants that I knew were guilty of some crime, but yet not the greater crime that the ambitious prosecuting attorney insisted on getting a verdict for.

The public is very generous to her prosecuting attorneys who are able to get many behind prison walls and in the graveyards.—*Tom Smiley.*

## WILLING TO RISK ONE EYE APIECE

VAN HORNESVILLE, N. Y.—For six years I have read Liberty, and have but one fault to find with it. On the covers you have a nice-looking lady in very light dress parade for the gentlemen to admire. Now, why not have a nice-looking gentleman in light dress parade on one copy for the ladies to admire?

I am eighty-three years old, my daughter-in-law is sixty-five years old, and we will risk one eye apiece, if not both.—*Mrs. Sabra Tennant.*

## CORSETS AND EARLY GRAVES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I believe that one of Mr. Macfadden's editorials on the subject of corsets and corsetry would be timely.

As a medical man I happen to know something about the history of corsets and the damage they have done to the health and well-being of women, especially mothers, and unborn children.

Millions of women went to early graves because of the damage that corsets did to their bodies, because of the wasp waists, kangaroo shapes, binding and constriction, and pressure on diaphragm and vital organs.

Medical history indicates that about four times as many women as men suffer with gall-bladder trouble, which is attributed to the constriction of the body at the waistline.

Remember, Anna Held died at the age of fourty-four in 1918 and Lillian Russell a few years later at the age of fifty, because of their hourglass figures and pinched-in waists. The medical world attributes their early deaths to the damage of their corsets and tight lacing.—*W. W. Ziege.*

## MEALY-MOUTHED

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Re* the NYA: The article by Charles W. Taussig is a mealy-mouthed explanation which does *not* explain.

Ask “Bill” Ball (I think that is his name) to write a reply asking why the majority refused to condemn Communism, compelling “Bill” to lead his contingent out of the convention. Taussig ignores that.

Your readers and the public in general want the real facts. At present the general impression is that the Communists are making inroads on the youth movement.—*A. F. Durand.*

## “I WOULD RATHER STAND UP AND BE SHOT”

MONITOR, ORE.—Mahatma Gandhi's article (September 2 Liberty) clearly shows the difference in the psychology between white people and the people of India.

Mr. Gandhi clearly indicates that he thinks it is better to live in the most abject poverty or even slavery than to put up a fight, at the risk of being killed, for the sake of being secure from foreign dictation and control.

Personally, I would far rather stand up and be shot than to have to live such a life as he indicates.

That, in my opinion, is why the Hindu people are so poverty-stricken today. They breed like rabbits but haven't the spunk of a rabbit to fight to protect their families from want.—*Z. M. Chase.*

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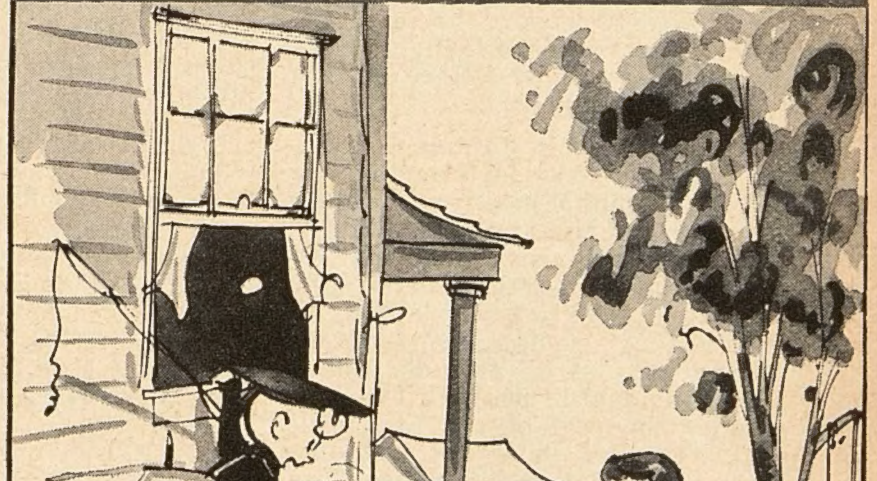
## AUGUST VOX POP SCORE

Howdy! During this month of vacationing we heard from every state in the Union, as well as from Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. . . . New York and California were neck and neck in number of letters (109 and 110 respectively), but we think the Golden West had it on the Empire State in variety of topics. . . . That may be because so many deep thinkers and efflorescent intellects find California congenial. . . . Father Cox's I Saw a People Rising from the Dead and Is Father Coughlin Anti-Semitic? provoked a bale of mail. . . . George Britt's I Disagree, Father Coughlin, brought in another, while I Was a Communist in the U. S. A., by Comrade X, completed the epistolary deluge. . . . Then there was the Bernarr Macfadden editorial on Glorifying Skinny Women, which had a wake of feminine boos and cheers, depending on the weight of the fair writers. . . And to cap the chorus, the birth-control debate between Mahatma Gandhi and Mrs. Margaret Sanger seemed to stir up every stratum of our citizenry. One proud father sent us a photograph of his ten happy children, and one prouder mother airmailed us a picture of her seven sons —40 feet of stalwart manhood. . . . We only wish we had room to reproduce them in our hard-pressed corner. . . . And we appreciated a candid-camera shot of a vacationing family all reading their copies of Liberty while floating around a lake on inner tubes. . . . Apropos of pictures, we wish also to thank the nine artists who sent us specimens of their work for our space. Unfortunately, they have to suffer the fate of the many poems sent in to us—they must be content to blush unseen, though we don't think their efforts are wasted on the desert air, exactly. . . . Our Poppers were quick to resent the change made by President Roosevelt in Thanksgiving's date, and most of them were going to eat their turkey and fixin's according to honored custom. . . . Requests to reprint Liberty's articles were many and far-flung for Regimentation of Labor—Maybe? for I Am Deaf—and Glad of It, for I Was a Communist in the U. S. A., for Do Our Young People Really Want Jobs? For Heart, Head, Hands, Health, for How to Lower Your Taxes, and for Benjamin Franklin and the Jews — A Lie Smashed. . . . We want to acknowledge the oilcloth medal sent us for being the Champion Nitwit of the World. It was awarded by one who said he could never break into our precincts. Only 39 “we-dare-you-to-print-this letter” challenges reached us this month. . . . Now, what will sweet September bring?

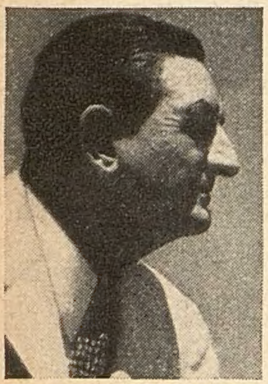
VOX POP EDITOR.

## “HARDTACK”



"Oh, hello, mom—I wuz tryin' to close my window and slipped!"

# More They Would Not Let Me Tell You On The Air


**FULTON OURSLER**
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

**NOW THAT** censorship has been clamped down so hard in so many places, the extraordinary peacetime restrictions placed on speakers by the American broadcasting companies may go unnoticed. As I pointed out on this page recently, the NBC has been cutting out what I considered the most interesting part of my talks ever since I have been discussing Liberty on Tuesday nights since the first of the year. A recent example may serve to keep this really serious question of radio censorship (as I see it, by surrender to government intimidation and group pressure) in the public mind. The facts are simple. As you all remember, John L. Lewis called Vice-President Garner an "evil, whisky-drinking old man." I then asked Walter Karig to talk with Mr. Garner and write the Vice-President's side of the story. He did so, and went so far as to send word to the Vice-President that we were using Mr. Lewis' amiable phrase as our title.

**THEN CAME THE CENSOR**—not of a free press; in times of peace no one can censor the American press. No, it was the air censor who sat down and read, in advance of delivery, the script I had prepared. Here is the script, absolutely unedited:

"One night early in January of this year, I had the good fortune to be a guest at the annual White House dinner and reception for Mr. and Mrs. John N. Garner. It was a lavish and formal reception to the Vice-President of the United States and his lovely lady.

"During that evening, some of the Vice-President's close friends talked about his Presidential possibilities right there under the roof of the Executive Mansion. Some of those not well disposed toward his candidacy discussed him, too. The point that impressed me most of all was the unvarying respect and friendship expressed for him by friend and foe, New Dealer and anti-New Dealer, Republican and Democrat.

"Then I read recently the characterization of Vice-President Garner by John L. Lewis, president of the C. I. O. You remember what Mr. Lewis said: he called Mr. Garner a 'labor-baiting, whisky-drinking, poker-playing, evil old man.'

"As I read those explicit charges, my thoughts went back to another visit that I had made to Washington. This other visit was last summer, when I was a speaker at the Conference on Public Health. On that occasion I was a guest at a small luncheon at which I met, for the first time, Mr. John L. Lewis. Remembering that luncheon as I read Mr. Lewis' characterization of the Vice-President, I decided for myself that Mr. Lewis was wrong when he called Mr. Garner evil. I decided that because I had seen Mr. Lewis in action. I knew he was hasty in his judgment—I knew that he characterized people and attributed motives to them through prejudice and without a full knowledge of the facts. I knew that because I had seen and heard him perform that way. I think you will be interested in hearing of this incident.

"At the luncheon table I told the story of a friend of mine who had recently come into a lot of money—nearly half a million dollars. He was a war veteran who had been badly wounded. He was a poor man, comparatively speaking, but he was also a religious man. And so instead of stopping work, which a man with his wounds might well have done, he kept at his job and meanwhile gave his half million dollars away to charity.

"I told this as an admirable example of Christian charity. Mr. Lewis knew no more about this case than you now know, yet he proceeded to pronounce an opinion. He declared that the man had made this gift to charity in order to evade the taxes. I asked him how he knew that. He said: 'That's how people behave.' I said this wasn't so. He then said: 'All right, then. I'll tell you what his motive was. He wanted to be a big shot, and that was his way of making a great man out of himself. But the time will come when people will not have half a million dollars to give away while others have nothing to live on.'

"Here was prejudice sitting in judgment. Here was class hatred blinding itself to the good that some one had tried to do. Here was intolerance—here was the leader of the C. I. O. characterizing a man he did not know."

**YOU WERE NOT ALLOWED** to hear me read those words. The censor forbade it. Here are the official reasons:

"1. It is felt that the material tends toward the defamatory in the editorial view that it presents of John L. Lewis.

"2. The question discussed is highly controversial in nature. As you know, this company does not sell time for discussion of controversial subjects.

"3. It is felt that John L. Lewis might reasonably require opportunity on the air to refute the reflections on his reputation that might be drawn from Mr. Oursler's talk. Such refutation on the air by Mr. Lewis would involve further controversial discussion which would again violate the company policy on this point.

"The title of Mr. Karig's article, 'Is Garner an Evil, Whisky-Drinking Old Man?' is somewhat more sensational than is compatible with the NBC policy which reads—'Figures of national prominence, as well as the people of all nations, shall be presented with fairness.'"

More will come later of what you were not allowed to hear. In the meantime, let me repeat—this is one hell of a state of affairs in a free United States of America.

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**
**FULTON OURSLER.**

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# Liberty

*for Liberals with Common Sense*

■

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY RALPH P. COLEMAN

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